THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An ...ly
Founde... Franklin

AUG. 26, 1911 ... 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

The first store you come to

Cigar stores, drug stores, candy stores, tiny stands—all sell the helpful tidbit.

The pure mint leaf juice makes it loved by all, from six to sixty. Every store sells it because everyone likes it. Millions of white teeth, pure breaths and fine digestions come from it. Chew the beneficial confection after all meals!

Look for the Spear! *The Flavor Lasts!*

The Hose of a Million Stylish Dressers

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. IN A Carl Freschl Pres

It is useless to make hose that wear six months if the hose are not stylish. If the maker wants the stylish trade he must see that his hose hug the ankle. "Holeproof" has gained the pinnacle place among hosieries as much because of its style as its wear. A million people are probably wearing "Holeproof" today—a million stylishly dressed men and women. We would never have built such a business on hose that stretched out of shape and hung loosely, though they wore twice as long as we guarantee.

See what we use in the making. Note what we spend. Judge if these hose could be coarse and ill-fitting.

We pay for our yarn an average of seventy cents per pound, while common yarn sells for thirty cents. Ours is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton that money commands. It is long-fibre, three-ply, soft and pliable. Two-ply short-fibre yarn of the same weight would be coarse and stiff in comparison. And, though lighter, our yarn is much stronger. Thus we make hose that are sheer but that wear as guaranteed—six pairs for six months.

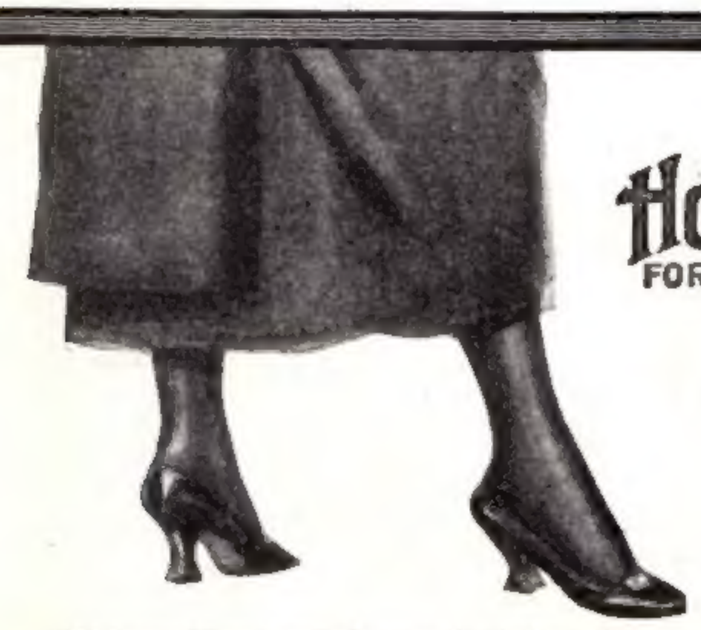
There are no other hose that are softer or lighter or cooler or that make ankles look any neater than "Holeproof."

We spend $55,000 a year merely to *see for ourselves* that "Holeproof" are made right in style and in texture. For we have a great reputation at stake. We couldn't afford to put out any hose that the *wearers* would criticise. So all who buy "Holeproof" buy them again.

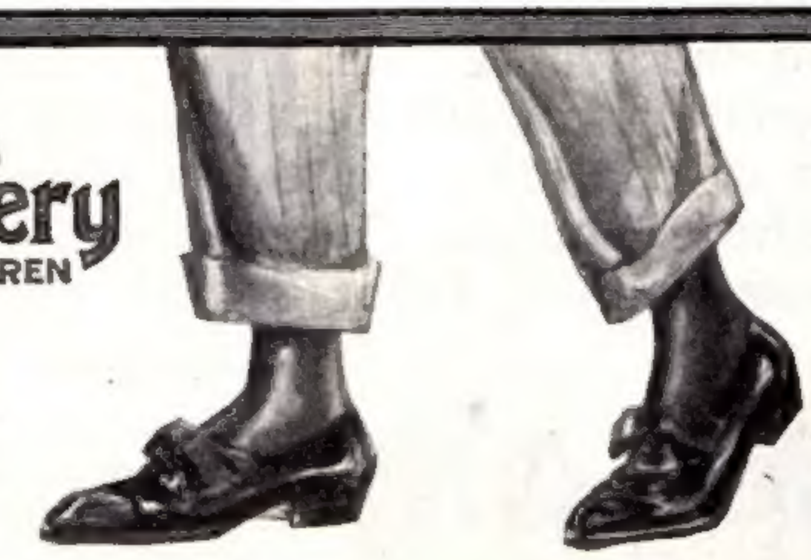
Don't judge Holeproof Hose by what you have heard of the coarse and unsightly guaranteed kinds. "Holeproof" are the ORIGINAL guaranteed hose—the first ever sold. 38 years of hose making experience goes into every pair.

The *first* pair was backed by 26 years of experience. Until "Holeproof" were past the experimental stage they were not placed on the market.

Carl Freschl, Pres.



FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN



The signature in the panel above is that of the originator of guaranteed hose, the present president of the Holeproof Hosiery Co. It appears on the toe of each pair of genuine "Holeproof." No other hose but these are "Holeproof" no matter who says so. You want this mark, if you want the best hose ever made.

"Holeproof" are made for men in twelve colors, ten weights and five grades; for women in seven colors, three weights and three grades, and for children in two colors, two weights and three grades.

Six pairs cost from $1.50 up to $3.00, according to finish and weight. We make silk hose for men at $2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months, and for women at $3.00 for three pairs with the same guarantee. Try "Holeproof" today. Don't put it off. See how long and how neatly they wear. See what they save in hose expense.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY 911 Fourth Street **Milwaukee, Wis.**

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada
Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

Opportunities for New Dealers:

Thousands of dealers know today of the wonderful success of Holeproof Hose. The business has multiplied fifty times since it was started. All because we make quality hose that wear as we guarantee. We want you to know these facts if you are in a certain locality. For we have some territories where we need a live dealer to take care of a good, live, existing demand. "Holeproof" is the biggest trade-getter in the furnishing business. If you have a good shop we want to hear from you. Write us today, before others do. Ask for the details of how we help dealers sell, and for the Special "Holeproof" Proposition.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(216)

"Come in and get warm!"

The really complete home has the air of generous hospitality. It is warm all over. Even the first breath of air from the hall causes the visitor to say, with Shakespeare: "The air smells wooingly here." Our radiator heating accomplishes that, and more. It puts cordial warmth into family life. It means hospitable halls, genial living-rooms, healthful sleeping-rooms, surely-warmed bathroom.

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

supply these steady comforts, with the least expenditure of money and household energy. IDEAL Boilers are so easily regulated that they produce just the degree of warmth necessary for mild to severe weather. They bring no dust, dirt or coal-gases into the rooms. Compared with old-fashioned methods, you get *full returns* from coal burned, while the entire house-cleaning labor is reduced fully one-half.

A No. 2-19-S IDEAL Boiler and 226 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $130, were used to heat this cottage.

A No. 1-25-W IDEAL Boiler and 680 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $255, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN Radiators are built in many heights and shapes which admit their location in any part of a room. They radiate warmth at the exposed points where most needed. Made in handsome plain or ornamental designs with smooth surfaces and bas-reliefs, which take the finest bronze or enamel finish in tints to harmonize with any furnishings, however artistic. Easy to keep clean; our radiator brushes quickly reach every angle. Made also in special forms for ventilating purposes, insuring liberal volumes of fresh air throughout the building.

No parts in IDEAL-AMERICAN outfits to loosen, warp, corrode. They have a popular reputation which increases property rentals and selling prices. Made in special sizes for cottages, residences, churches, schools, stores, public buildings of all kinds.

Are you having trouble with your present equipment? Are you planning to build? In either case—write us about your heating problem. If you want cordiality and comfort united for family and guests, our booklets and special service (available in every section of the country) will be helpful. Inquiries welcomed—puts you under no obligation to buy.

Sold by all dealers.
No exclusive agents.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 8
Chicago

Public Showrooms and Warehouses located at Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Spokane, Brantford (Ontario), London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Milan, Vienna.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch Street Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1911
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1911 Number 9

What Shall We Do With the Coal in Alaska?—By Gifford Pinchot

WHAT shall we do with the coal in Alaska? Use it, of course.

How much coal is there in Alaska ready for use? Alaska is two and one-half times as big as Texas. So far as we know now, about two square miles in every hundred contain coal—that is to say, coal is found over about twelve thousand square miles. Not all of this coal, however, is high enough in grade or accessible or otherwise valuable enough to be worth mining under present conditions. Only about ten per cent of it—or twelve hundred square miles—would pay for development; and of this less than one hundred and fifty square miles contains high-grade coal. In other words, the coal measures of Alaska are as extensive as Maryland; the minable part is as large as Rhode Island; while the valuable high-grade coals cover less than the area of an ordinary county.

Nevertheless, there is more good coal in Alaska than there ever was in Pennsylvania. Most of the best of it, so far as our knowledge goes, is contained in two great fields of high-grade coal. The Matanuska field lies one hundred and eighty-five miles by rail from the coast and its port is Seward, on Resurrection Bay. It contains about six thousand million tons. The Bering River field is smaller, but nearer the coast and more accessible to the great markets which border the Pacific. It contains about thirty per cent of the known high-grade coal in Alaska, or not less than four thousand million tons. Here are or were the well-known Cunningham claims, which have recently been declared fraudulent and invalid by the Interior Department. These claims alone have coal enough to supply Washington, Oregon, California and Alaska for nearly twenty years at the rate they are using it now. It is the Bering River field that is tributary to Controller Bay.

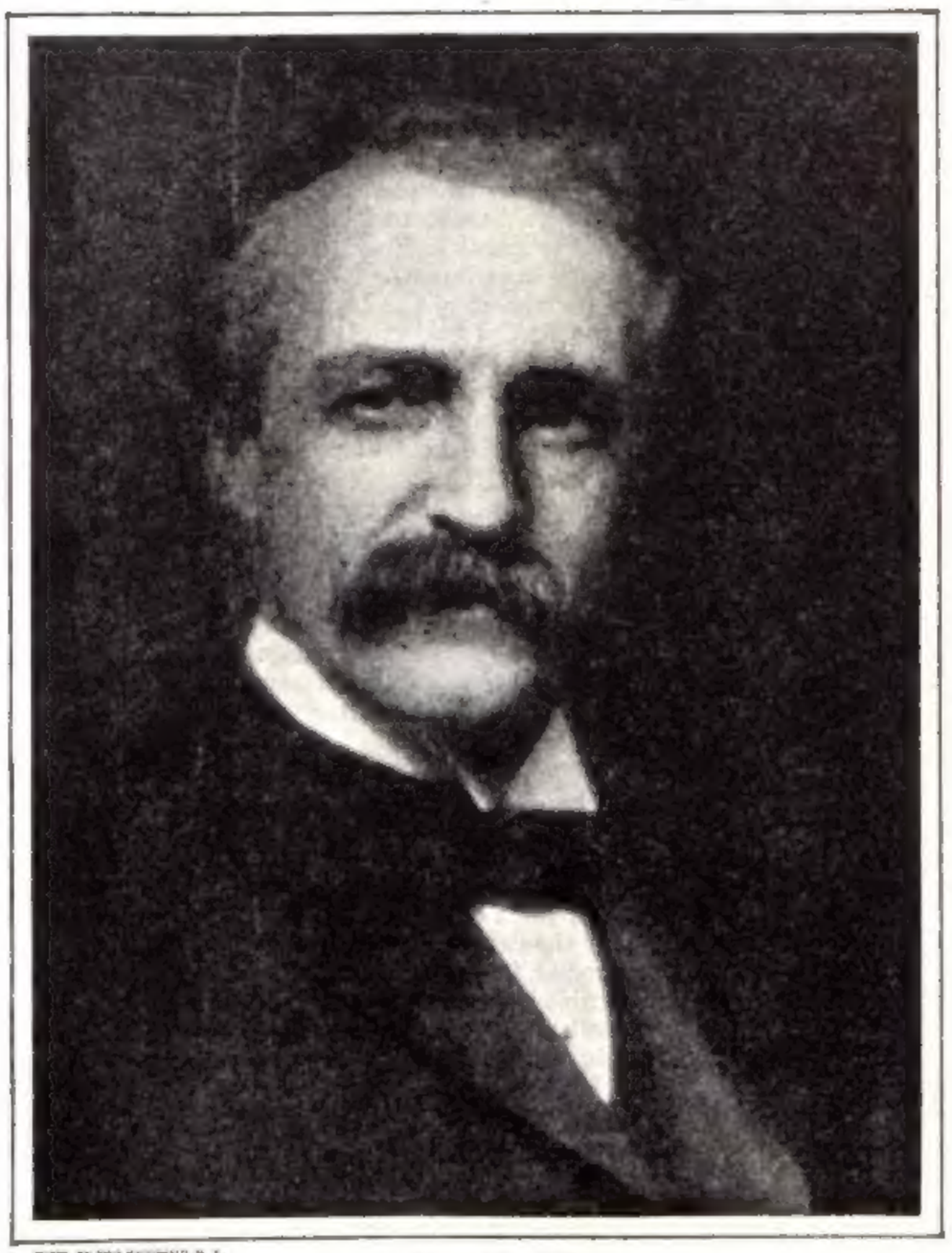


PHOTO. BY PAUL MACDONALD, N. Y.

Gifford Pinchot

The quality of Alaska coal is as remarkable as its quantity. About half of the Bering River field is high-grade bituminous coal comparable to the Pocahontas and New River coals of West Virginia; and about half is anthracite but little inferior to the best anthracite of Pennsylvania. It lies within twenty-five miles of tidewater. There is urgent need and strong demand for it in Alaska and beyond, and yet none of it has turned a wheel or smelted a pound of ore.

There must be a strong reason why these prodigious stores of fuel, in seams measuring, some of them, twenty to fifty feet or more of solid coal—easy to reach, easy to mine and easy to sell—should have remained locked up until now. The wonder grows when we consider that Washington, Oregon and California are without any considerable supply of high-grade coal of their own, and that good steam-coal sells in San Francisco for more than three times what it brings in New York. The Government recently paid twenty-eight dollars a ton in Alaska for coal it could have bought at Newport News for less than three. Yet, not half a dozen coal mines have been opened in Alaska and the combined product of all of them is altogether insignificant.

Here is a situation that well deserves to be called amazing and intolerable. Let it be kept clearly in mind that the non-use of Alaska coal serves no good purpose whatever. The less coal is burned in the long Alaskan winters, the greater the drain upon the forests for fuel. The present industries of the territory are hampered and restrained by the high cost of fuel; transportation suffers and the establishment of new industries is discouraged and deferred. If coal were as cheap in the market as Nature has made it abundant in the ground the new growth for which Alaska has waited would now be well begun.

What power has checked the development of Alaska coal? From first to last, the delay lies mainly at the door of the obstructionists in Congress, who kept bad laws on the statute-books; and in part also at the door of the men who tried to seize what they had no right to get—the syndicates of claimants, and their friends and backers, who preferred to take their chance of illegal gains under the old conditions rather than see the coal opened on terms that would be fair to all.

The Bering River coalfield was discovered in 1896, the Matanuska coalfield about two years later. At that time and for years afterward Alaska was little known in comparison with today. The possibility of a railroad to the Bering River field lay in the future, as it does still, and the prompt development of the mines was impossible. Nevertheless, the Bering River field was in time thickly covered with coal-mining locations and the process of getting title from the Government was begun.

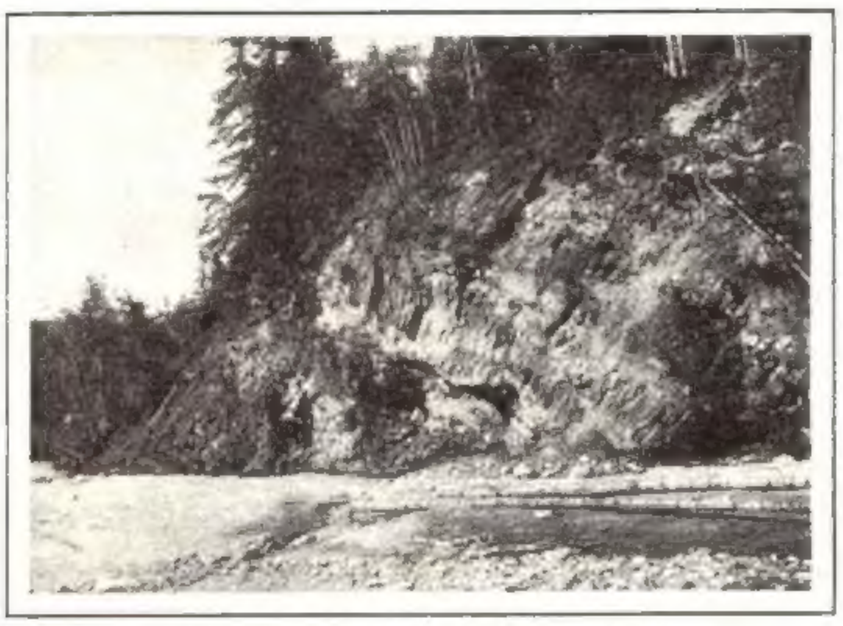
Unfortunately for Alaska, very many of these claims were fraudulent in character. The law under which they were located is a difficult one to work under, but none the less it must be obeyed. Since there were believed to be many infractions of the law, investigation by the Government became necessary; and that involved delay. Thus the well-founded suspicion of lawbreaking on the part of the coal claimants retarded development at the start. Meantime coal-land frauds in the United States called the attention of President Roosevelt and his advisers to the reasons why the nation ought not to part with its coal. After careful study of the question the President, in 1906, withdrew from entry the coal still in the public hands, both in Alaska and in the United States. In his message of December 3, 1906, he said:

> It is not wise that the nation should alienate its remaining coal lands. I have temporarily withdrawn from settlement all the lands which the Geological Survey has indicated as containing—or in all probability containing—coal. The question, however, can be properly settled only by legislation, which in my judgment should provide for the withdrawal of these lands from sale or from entry, save in certain special circumstances. The ownership would then remain in the United States, which should not, however, attempt to work them, but permit them to be worked by private individuals under a royalty system, the Government keeping such control as to permit it to see that no excessive price was charged to consumers. It would, of course, be as necessary to supervise the rates charged by the common carriers to transport the product as the rates charged by those who mine it; and the supervision must extend to the conduct of the common carriers, so that they shall in no way favor one competitor at the expense of another. The withdrawal of these coal lands would constitute a policy analogous to that which has been followed in withdrawing the forest lands from ordinary settlement. The coal, like the forests, should be treated as the property of the public; and its disposal should be under conditions which would inure to the benefit of the public as a whole.

It has been charged that this withdrawal was a barrier to the development of the coal lands in Alaska. Nothing could be farther from the fact. Practically the whole of the Bering River coalfield was covered with locations before the withdrawal was made, and every valid location was excepted from withdrawal and could be freely developed and patented; and the coal could be put on the market. It was not the withdrawal, but a defective and unworkable law and the lack of valid entries, that locked up the coal.

President Roosevelt did not rest with a single effort to get the law amended and open the coalfields to legitimate development. Just two weeks after the message quoted above he sent a special message to Congress in which he urged again the recommendations already made, and added that the result of adopting them would be "not only to stop the land frauds but to prevent delays in patenting valid land claims and to conserve the indispensable fuel resources of the nation."

In one more special and two more regular messages the subject was pressed again and again upon the attention of Congress; and the whole power of the Administration was applied in repeated and unwearied efforts to get the law amended as private enterprise and the public welfare both required. In 1907, among others, a model coal-leasing bill



Bituminous Coal Bed, Matanuska Field

was drawn by Judge Woodruff, then Assistant Attorney-General under Mr. Garfield, and introduced by Senator Nelson. In the same year another excellent bill was drawn and offered by Senator La Follette after consultation with President Roosevelt, and it has been introduced by him in every succeeding Congress. In House and Senate alike, however, it was impossible to get favorable action in the matter.

A Premium on Law-Breaking

IN 1909 and 1910 came the conflict between the Forest Service and the Interior Department over the Conservation policy and the Cunningham claims. While it was in progress Congress waited for the recommendation of the Investigating Committee, part of whose purpose, it was declared, was to prepare a plan for the wise development of Alaska. The investigation taught the public much that it had never suspected about Alaska, and its conclusion opened wide the way for constructive legislation genuinely in the interest of all the people.

Once more the friends of privilege stood in the road. Bills were reported from the Public Lands Committees of the House and Senate, each yielding to the demand for a leasing system where yielding was necessary, but each containing "jokers" so carefully devised to favor the special interests, and so plainly hostile to the general welfare when uncovered, that neither bill could pass. Of the Senate bill I said in a public statement at the time:

> The National Conservation Association is now and has steadily been a vigorous advocate of the immediate opening of the Alaska coalfields to development under a system of leasing by the Federal Government; but any bill for the purpose of developing Alaskan coal under lease should be fair to the people of Alaska and the Pacific Coast—and free from "jokers" favorable to the special interests.
>
> The Nelson coal-leasing bill—Senate bill 9955—reported with amendments on January thirtieth, is unduly favorable to the special interests, both in its open and in its concealed provisions, and leaves the consumer of coal wholly without the protection against extortion which it pretends to give him.
>
> If the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate should succeed, directly or indirectly, in leasing the coal lands covered by the Cunningham claims, under the royalty fixed in this bill, the net profit to the syndicate above what it would have made out of its bargain with the Cunningham claimants would be from eighteen to more than thirty-five millions of dollars, according to whether the whole or only half of the coal was included. . . . By the agreement of July 20, 1907, between the Cunningham claimants and the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, . . . the syndicate was to get fuel for its railroad at cost, while it was to pay a profit or royalty of fifty cents a ton on all coal intended for the market. As against this royalty of fifty cents a ton, established by actual bargain, the Nelson bill proposes to lease the coal at a royalty of five cents a ton. This price is not to be increased during the period of the lease, which is for thirty years. The advantage to the lessees under the bill, as compared with the Cunningham-Guggenheim bargain, is therefore forty-five cents a ton, or more than thirty-five millions of dollars for the available coal in the thirty-three Cunningham claims.
>
> . . . As it stands, the bill is a most unfortunate example of the legislation so common in the past, under which—at every critical point—the people get the worst of it.

The House bill, reported by Mr. Mondell, was no better. It was so framed as to give claimants for coal the opportunity to secure, under color of the coal land law, townsites, harbor fronts, and substantially any other lands they might desire to control. Under its provisions the very men who had attempted fraudulently to get possession of these Alaska coal lands were given a preferential right to lease the lands they had tried to steal, as against the honest applicants whose records were free from any effort to practice fraud upon the Government. I do not happen to recall a more flagrant case of putting a premium on breaking the law.

If the Mondell bill had passed it would actually have given the Cunningham claimants a preferential right to lease from the Government the claims they had already vainly tried to get possession of by unlawful means.

If the Nelson bill and the Mondell bill had been free from provisions such as those I have just described it is highly probable that the coal of Alaska would now be open to development. The responsibility for keeping it inaccessible rests squarely upon the men by whom these bills were framed in committee, and not on the men who rightly refused to let them pass.

It is due, then, to the inactivity of Congress as a whole and the bad activity of certain elements in Congress that the problem of how to handle the Alaska coal is still unsettled, although the lines along which the settlement should come have long been known.

Alaska, with all its resources, was bought and paid for by the people of the United States. It belongs to them now. The fur seals in Alaska belong to all the people of the United States and are held in public ownership. The coal in Alaska belongs to all the people of the United States and must likewise be held in public ownership. How should it be developed?

The coal the people own in Alaska must be opened to use honestly, promptly, without special privilege and without discrimination. It must be opened under conditions that will offer attractive business investments to practical business men. But that is not all. The conditions of its use must defeat special privilege and make monopoly impossible. As the situation is now in Alaska, that is impossible—except under Government supervision and control.

Advantages of the Leasing System

AT THE time when, in message after message, the enactment of a law to lease Alaska coal lands was being urged upon Congress, when bill after bill was being introduced to provide for the development of the coal without injustice to the consumer, few men in Congress looked upon leasing as a practicable method of handling Alaska coal. Now substantially all are agreed that the leasing system is necessary and right, and that the title to the coal must be held in the public hands. The country knows now that private ownership in the coal lands of Alaska means monopoly—and can mean nothing else.

A Typical Log Cabin in Process of Construction

Coal and Shale Outcrops in Bering River Field

To lease the public coal lands in Alaska means that the Government will retain the right to regulate the development and sale of the coal in the public interest. And here it is well to recall that—unless a monopoly is what he wants—a good lease is better for the coal miner than the right to buy. Under a lease, the miner pays only for the coal he takes from the mine and he pays no faster than he takes it; under the present laws, he is obliged to invest his capital in the purchase of the land itself at a price of ten or twenty dollars an acre. Thus, for an area of eight square miles—not an excessive holding for a coal-mining company—the initial investment in the purchase of the land at ten dollars an acre would be upward of fifty thousand dollars. This preliminary investment would be wholly unnecessary under the leasing system.

Conditions to be Embodied in Leases

IS IT possible to draw a Government lease that will safeguard the public interests and at the same time be attractive enough to investors to secure prompt opening of the mines? It is done commonly and with entire success in Australia and other countries, and assuredly it can be done in ours, where the leasing of privately owned coal mines is well known. In the mining of the precious metals, also, it is a growing practice in our own country, despite the hazardous nature of the undertaking. Coal-leasing, on the other hand, is comparatively free from the element of risk.

The man who puts his capital into the ground to promote the general welfare by supplying coal is entitled to fair treatment. Under a Government lease, the coal operator is not given the mine in perpetuity; but he must have it long enough to get the capital invested out again—a length of time we may estimate at thirty or forty years. He must have coal land enough to maintain a profitable output during the whole term of his contract with the Government, and so may need in certain cases as much as five thousand acres under his lease. The royalty on a ton of coal mined must be set low enough and the price he may charge must be set high enough to insure a profit commensurate with the risk he faces; and the regulations under which he operates must be simple, practical from the point of view of the man who does the work and wholly free from unnecessary restrictions and needless red tape. At the termination of his lease the lessee must be protected in his right to remove from the Government land the buildings, machinery and equipment he has brought there for use in his business, except those things whose removal would endanger the future safety or workableness of the mine.

Then the safety of the men who actually mine the coal must be provided for. If, for a single year, accidents on any railroad should become as great and as horrible as the mining fatalities the newspapers constantly relate, the passenger trains on that road would pass empty day after day from the beginning to the end of their run. Yet the losses we hear about are smaller than those which never reach the public ear. There is no reason why multitudes of men should die by suffocation year after year in the coal mines of the United States. There must be no repetition of these horrors in Alaska; and so the lease must guarantee, under the inspection of the Bureau of Mines, all possible safety to the men who do

the work. To provide for the health and safety of the miners is a public duty and should be made a public charge.

Finally, and most important of all, the rights of the people of the United States—that vast, undying owner to whom the coal belongs—must be considered. The coal must be taken out clean in mining, for what remains is wasted and eventually the people will need all the coal. At the end of a reasonable time the lease must terminate, so that it may be renewed on such conditions as the public welfare in the future may require. The people must receive a reasonable but not a large return for the use of their property. And there must be complete publicity of all business under the lease.

One of the principal reasons why the great corporations have been able to control our politics as well as our business is that the public has had no legal right to be informed of their affairs. Any company that mines the people's coal upon the people's land may fairly be required to keep the people fully informed of what it does. The day is well-nigh over when the business man who supplies a necessity of life, like coal or oil, can be considered to have no public function or responsibility. How such a man conducts his business is of immediate interest and intimate concern to all the people who use what he supplies. So, under a coal-land lease in Alaska, the people may fairly require that what is being done upon their property by their agent—for that is what the lessee really is—shall be laid fully before them.

One thing remains, and that the most vital of all. The consumer must be protected against extortion. To this end, it is by no means enough to provide Government regulation of the price at which the lessee shall sell his coal. It is a middleman, not the consumer, who will buy from the lessee—a middleman often three or four times removed from the man who will ultimately burn the coal. Therefore the price to be charged to the ultimate consumer must be kept under Government control. For the time being, no agency exists so well adapted as the Interstate Commerce Commission to perform this difficult but practicable and most important task.

A Monopoly by the People

A BILL has recently been introduced in the House by Mr. Robinson, of Arkansas, and in the Senate by Mr. Works, of California, which follows the lines advocated in this article. This bill has behind it the strong support of the National Conservation Association and, at the coming session of Congress, there is hope that it will pass. It proposes to meet the difficult problem of regulating the price to the consumer by adopting the course already followed with success by Kansas. It provides that, in determining a maximum beyond which the price to the consumer shall not rise, the Interstate Commerce Commission shall first establish a reasonable price at the mouth of the mine, and then add the cost for transportation—which it may regulate—and for handling, plus a reasonable profit—thus determining the highest price the consumer ought to pay. Without some such device, the regulation of the business in Alaska coal in the public interest must fail of its principal purpose. The man who needs protection most is the man who actually burns the coal. There is much question as to whether the regulation of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by the Interior Department, under the present law, will prevent monopoly in its practical results. If it does, well; if not, then we must come to Government construction or ownership of railroads in Alaska, in favor of which the last year has seen a most significant growth of public sentiment.

The opening of the coalfields under Government regulation is but a start in the great work for Alaska which the Congress of the United States has yet to do. Alaska is the storehouse of the nation. Most of its timberlands are already fairly protected against destruction, while remaining open to use, for they have been included in national forests; but the fisheries, the copper, the gold, the power, the land, are other resources whose value to this country it is impossible to compute.

No comprehensive plan for the development of Alaska resources ought to be adopted—and I believe that none can be put into effect—which fails to provide for equality of opportunity in the use of them under Government supervision and control. If conditions are such in Alaska that development without monopoly is impossible, then let us, the people of the United States, become our own monopolists and hold the monopolies in our own hands. As a nation, we can afford to assume the risks of development without taking from the consumer the huge profit of the promoter who succeeds, or saddling the public with the huge losses which are often shifted upon it by the promoter who fails. If conditions make for monopoly in Alaska let it be a monopoly of which the people are the owners, not the tollpayers—the beneficiaries, and not the victims.

THE DREAM PRINCESS

An Irish Fairy Story—By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

Terry Rode on T'roo the Water, Thinkin' to Cool the Horrse's Feet

ASTRING of horses passed my place on the way down to the spring market at Harrington, and among them was the smallest Shetland pony I had ever seen—several sizes smaller than a Great Dane.

Dan McCormack was doing some gardening for me—for I will have a kitchen garden, although it makes vegetables almost prohibitorily expensive—and as we looked at the little pony Dan rested on his spade and said in a reminiscent tone: "Sure he's twice or three times as lar-rge as Terry Ryan's hor-rse, the time he took it to King Cormac—an' it eighteen han's high be rights."

I looked at the clock on the Congregational church amid the elms, and seeing it lacked but a few minutes of noon I said:

"Suppose you knock off, Dan, and tell me all about the horse and Terry Ryan."

"Sure it's a story I hair-rd when I was a boy," said he, dropping his spade and sitting down on a pile of sod, where he lighted his pipe and prepared to enjoy himself.

I swung into an apple tree and made ready to listen, as if I had been a boy instead of a middle-aged man with the cares of a family in the country on him.

. . . . . .

It was in Tipperary, where there's been Ryans ever since there's been the Lakes of Killarney. There was this Patrick Ryan, Terry's father, ownin' a small farm, an' King Cormac ruled over him an' the rest of 'em—a silly ould king that never thought of anny one but himself, but a peaceable king enough because he was too cowardly to go to war. He'd a great love for odd things—things that was different. He'd pay a big price for a hen that'd lay two eggs a day, or a strawberry plant that bore shamrocks, or a three-headed pig with a shaggy tail—but he hated dwar-rfs. They tell me that kings generilly has dwar-rfs wid them to be funny an' amuse them, but King Cormac if he saw a dwar-rf 'd tur-rn pale an' holler for help.

Ould man Ryan had little more than an acre in the way of property, but he had a colt that was fourteen hands high before it was a year ould an' he'd hopes 'twould grow to be a giant hor-rse, an' then he'd sell it to the king for as much money as would keep him in comfort the rest of his days—even if he died immediately.

But wan day he comes in from the field an' he says to his wife: "I feel queer in the back of me head; I think it's dyin'-like I am. Tell Terry when the hor-rse is big enough to sell him to the king. The cabin is yours an' the pigs an' bit of ground, but he's to have whatever he gets for the hor-rse ——"

Then he gev a bit of gur-rgle, showed the whites of his eyes, an' before she could call in the priest he'd gone.

Well, Terry sorrowed mightily for the ould man an' so did his mother, but that didn't bring him back again; an' after a time his grievin' grew less, an' at last he took notice of the hor-rse an' said to his mother: "Sure the hor-rse me father left me is eighteen han's high an' the most beautiful black hor-rse in County Tipperary. Tomorrer I'll go take him to the king an' come back wid a bag of gold."

That night in a drame a beautiful ger-rul wid golden hair an' widout doubt some one high up appears to Terry an' says: "Whichever way you go to the king's palace don't set foot on Corbally Bog, or your hor-rse'll go out like a bubble, unless you're quick enough to get him out while he has anny size." Well, Terry enjoyed the drame an' was cross whin his mother laid her hand on his shoulder an' said: "Terry, me boy, the sun is shinin', an' this is the day you're to go to King Cormac's. Get a move on you"—well, probably she didn't say that, for I never hair-rd it till I came to this country, but that's what she meant.

"Oh, Mother," says Terry, "I was just dramin' of the most beautiful young leddy I ever saw in me life. Sure if she'd have me I'd folly her on me knees all over Irelan'. Ah, if ye'd let me sleep a bit longer she might have gev me her ad-dress."

Terry gets up and feeds Paidrick, the hor-rse, an' then he ates his own breakfast; but it's little of the king he's thinkin' or of the money he's likely to get, but it's of the beautiful ger-rul that had tould him to avoid Corbally Bog.

Paidrick was as gentle as a sheep an' Terry never used a whip on him, but he carried wan for the looks of the thing;

In Her Lap Was a Gerrul About Five Yairrs Old be the Face of Her, But as Lairrge as a Gerrul of Twenty

an' as he rode along on the shiny black baste it was not a bad-lookin' felly he was. An' manny's the ger-rul that saw him that mor-rnin' an' said: "If *he* looked like that, now, I'd say yis."

Merry an' light-hair-rted he rode along, an' at last he come to a bit of water an' stopped to water his hor-rse. There was no sign to say what place it was at all at all, an' whin the hor-rse had finished drinkin', instead of tur-rnin' back to the road, Terry rode on t'roo the water, thinkin' to cool the hor-rse's feet. Now just beyant the strame was the bog, an' the minute the baste set foot on it he began to grow smaller, like a bubble left in a pipe. When Terry's own legs, astraddle of the hor-rse, touched the bog, he pulled them up like he'd bur-rned them, an' jist then he remimbered his whip. He brought it down wid all his stren'th on the flank of Paidrick, an' he, not bein' used to ill treatment, lept forward an' got out of the bog. But he was on'y four han's high!

Well, Terry's hair-rt was like lead. Here he was wid a monstrosity as small as ever he see at a fair or annywhere.

At fir-rst he was for tur-rnin' back, but the Ryans have a way of finishing what they begin—me mother was a Ryan—an' so instead he cur-rls himself up be the side of the road, usin' the little hor-rse for a piller—an' him as gentle an' as intelligent as ever, mind ye—an' goes to sleep, hopin' for what happened.

It's aisy guessin' what that was, sir, an' he'd not been asleep five minutes when the beautiful ger-rul came to him an' said: "You're lucky you got out alive. If you'd stood in the bog you'd have got little like Paidrick, but the cut of the whip showed ye have sinse in your head. An' now if ye'll go to King Cormac an' offer him the smallest hor-rse in the wer-ruld he'll pay tin times as much as he would for a hor-rse eighteen han's high." "Where do ye live?" says Terry in his drame, an' the ger-rul smiles at him an' says: "An' you a peasant!" But she smiles again an' says: "When ye need to find me'll be time enough." "Sure I need to find ye now," says Terry, as bould as brass; but just then the little hor-rse gev a twitch in his sleep an' Terry woke up. "Always too soon," says he. "I'd ha' found out in another minute."

But he lifts up the little hor-rse an' goes along wid big strides, for it was five leagues to the palace of the king an' almost noon. Some of the time the little hor-rse ran on his own legs, an' a good speeder he was; but most of the time Terry carried him across his shoulders, an' late that afternoon he arrived at King Cormac's castle.

'Twas an odd-lookin' castle, wid rooms hangin' outside the walls like bir-rd cages, an' trees growin' t'roo the main roof, an' the stable in the front hall, an' the king's coort in a big tint outside of everything.

Terry's eyes was near poppin' out of his head at the strangeness of it, but he walked along wid the hor-rse hid in his shir-rt—for he didn't know what schemers there might be on the lookout for just such a curiosity.

Terry, very polite, stepped up to a big seven-foot guar-rd in uniform an' asks can he see the king. "Sure he's busy wid important affairs of state," says the sojer, "an' can see no wan till avenin."

Now Terry was the impatient wan an' he didn't want to be coolin' the bare feet of him, waitin' for the king; so, seein' the sojer looked honest-like, he says: "Do you think he'd come out to look at this?" Wid that he sets Paidrick on the ground an' chirrups to him, an' the little hor-rse begun to run around in a cir-rcle, tossin' his mane an' wavin' his beautiful black tail.

"Glory be to the saints!" says the sojer. "Whin the king sees that he'll ayther mur-rder you for it or else give you a bag of gold big enough to supply peraties for all in Tipperary for fifty years."

"It's little I feel like bein' mur-rdered," says Terry, removin' his cap, "an' if you'll tell me the best way to act wid him I'll be thankful to Your Lordship," says he, not knowin' just how to address a sojer.

"Let's see," says the sojer, standin' a little straighter; "today he's actin' silly. Some days he does be pompous, an' some days sad an some days quite, but today he's silly. Do you act silly, too, an' it'll keep him in good humor."

Then the sojer blows on a hor-rn slung be his side, an' two of these pages comes out of the tent an' comes up to him. The sojer tells them to tell the king's chamberlain that the smallest hor-rse in the wer-ruld is passin' t'roo, an' maybe he'd like to look at it before it's too late.

Off runs the two pages an' disappears in the tint, an' a moment later out comes the king, lookin' as silly as a fool at a fair.

"Hide the hor-rse," says the sojer, an' Terry hides him in his shir-rt.

"Where's this little hor-rse?" says the king, while all the aldermen in the coort was lookin' at their watches an' wonderin' will the serious affairs of the kingdom ever be attinded to while there's anny foolishness in the wer-ruld.

Then Terry drops the lids half over his eyes an' smiles like he'd stopped too often on the way there, an' in a squeaky voice like a child's he says: "An' is it the likes of you is king?" Then he bur-rst out into a silly laugh an' poked the king in the ribs.

This tickled the king an' he begun to laugh. "Why," says he, "you're the mer-ry lad. Is it you have the little, bittle, kittle, mittle hor-rse?"

"Yes, sir," says Terry, hunchin' his shoulders like a half-witted man an' runnin' his tongue around his lips. "It's the smallest, wallest, ballest, callest hor-rse in the wer-ruld."

The sojer was near sick wid all this silliness, but the king roared wid laughter an' Terry set the hor-rse down an' told him to trot to the king.

Liftin' his feet high like a t'orobred, Paidrick trotted to the king, and the king sat down har-rd on the grass, he was so amazed-like.

"Send for me pur-rse keepers," says he, an' in a minute ten men bearin' ten bags full of gold came out of the palace an' halted in front of the king.

"What do you want?" says King Cormac wid a foolish grin—"one bag or two bags or all ten. Take your choice."

"Wan would be easier takin' home, but seein' it's you, King Cormac, I'll take all ten," says Terry, an' tur-rns a back summersault for joy.

This put the king in an awful good humor an' he says: "When this young man wants to go home send him on hor-rseback wid two hor-rses to carry the gold. But you must stay to dinner, young man, an' tomorrer we'll go huntin' together."

Then he stoops down and picks up Paidrick an' sets him on his shoulders, an' the hor-rse trots from one shoulder to another like a kitten.

"The most wonderful thing in the wer-ruld," says the king, "an' I got it chape."

"You did that," says Terry. "There's few kings I know that I'd sell my hor-rse to for a beggarly ten bags—that I haven't opened yet."

Some of the king's aldermen or coortiers or whatever they call them had come out of the tent, an' they gasped at the insolence of the lad; but the king slapped him on the back an' said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you after the princess. You'll get her sure enough."

"An' who is the princess?" says Terry, lookin' silly, an' yet wonderin' to himself if she was the lovely ger-rul he'd dramed about.

The king begins leppin' about like th' ould fool he was, an' grins half again the len'th of his mouth an' says: "The princess is the wan that's soon to be the wife of King Cormac. I've sint for her to come an' be married three times altogether, an' aich time she sinds back wor-rd that there's time enough. Aich time I sint her an expinsive present." He'd stopped leppin' like a calf be now an' comes up in front of Terry an' says: "Tomorrer I'll sind her no present, but it's you I'll sind wid a couple of hor-rses an' you must bring her back on one of them."

"Sure, Your Majesty," says Terry, "it's a fine job for a summer's day. An' how far is it?"

"It's north of here at the other end of me kingdom, an' you may have trouble gettin' her, for she's a pack of Irish hounds that are hungry for strangers. Wan of me messengers lost his ar-rm before she could call them off, an' the secon' was pulled to pieces, an' the thir-rd on'y for bein' a cowar-rd might have fared wor-rse. But when he saw the dogs he dropped the present, yelled to the princess to come an' get it, an', tur-rnin' about, gallops back an' never stops till he gets to me stables in there," he says, pointin' to the front hall of the palace, where you could hear a hundred head of hor-rses whinnyin' an' stampin'.

Airly in the mornin' Terry set out to get the princess, wid full instructions how to go an' what to do. He'd a fine hor-rse, an' another—for the princess—trotted be his side, as if he liked his company. When he was halfway there, the sun bein' overhead he felt sleepy, an' leppin' a fence into a field full of rich grass—sure, sir, there's no grass so rich as Irish grass—leppin' into the field an' the other hor-rse leppin' after, he said, to the both of them: "Ate your fill an' if ye don't mind I'll sleep a bit." So he lies down, hopin' to be visited in a drame as before. Sure enough, as soon as his head touched the ground he was off, an' there was the beautiful ger-rul standin' by him.

"Are you the wan I'm after?" says he. "After for what?" says she haughty-like. "After for King Cormac," says he. "Yes," says she, "but I'll not be ready to go." "An' what'll I do to be saved from bein' eaten be the hounds?" says he. "I'm not afear-rd of dogs, but fifty on wan man is likely to be serious." "Whistle them to ye when ye fir-rst see them an' they'll not har-rm ye. Every other messenger has yelled at them, an' hounds is sensitive," says she.

Just then his hor-rse comes up and nuzzles him, an' Terry woke up.

"Oh, may ye never stop! Sure I wasn't half t'roo dramin'." But he got up an' continued on his journey; an' about sunset he come to the princess' beautiful castle an' saw her sittin' under a big fuchsia tree, atin' white strawberries an' crame. When he crossed the bounds of the place—she had no gates nor no fences, the dogs bein' better than barb-wire—he sees them come bayin' in a way to give anny wan cold creeps. But Terry remimbers his lesson an' whistles long an' loud an' shrill. An' every last dog comes jumpin' up on him, latherin' an' slatherin' an' waggin' his tail. At this the princess rises an' comes slowly down, an' when Terry seen her he knew she was the princess of his drames.

"An' what may you want?" says she, like she was sp'akin' kind to a beggarman.

"It's Little I Feel Like Bein' Murrdered, an' if You'll Tell Me the Best Way to Act Wid Him I'll be Thankful to Your Lordship"

"It's aisy guessin', Mavourneen," says he familiar-like, the way a felly will be whin he's met a ger-rul in t'ree drames.

"Well," says she, in a har-rd-enough voice, "I never cared about guessin', so if ye've not a civil answer to a civil question you can tur-rn about before I set the dogs on ye."

"An' is it you would do the likes of that after tellin' me how to make fri'nds wid them?"

"I never saw you before," says she.

Well, that made Terry stare the eyes out of him for fear he'd been mistaken; but, no, it was the drame princess right enough.

"Well, to make a long story shor-rt," says he, "I'm Terry Ryan, an' King Cormac has sint me to fetch you to your weddin'."

At that she asked him off his horse an' a groom took the both of them to a stable; an' then she asked him to stay an' sup a bit an' meet her father.

But always Terry was wonderin' if she didn't know she had come to him in drames.

Th' ould dook, her father, wore a long white beard an' played a harp beautiful. But that was after supper.

As the avenin' wore away Terry fell more an' more in love wid the princess, an' she seemed to think he was a fine young man to be goin' barefoot. For he still had the two feet he had started wid an' not a stitch of leather on them, which showed what a simple lad he was to visit a king an' a princess in the bare feet of him.

"Sure King Cormac never sint anny wan like you before. The last wan I couldn't see for he ran away, but the others couldn't have been much ayther or me dogs wouldn't have touched them, bein' as kind as kittens."

"Well, it's the way a man trates a dog," said Terry. "Tell me, Princess, are ye goin' back wid me tomorrer?"

"I have to, for I promised me father I'd go whenever a messenger got inside the palace; but I'd rather I was goin' to meet—to meet ——"

"Me?" says Terry, squarin' his shoulders an' lookin' proud.

"Yes," says she, an' the next minute he was kissin' the hands of her an' sayin': "If an Irish lad has wit to scheme it out King Cormac will never marry you."

"I'd be just as happy," says she, an' smiled on him in a way that made him ready to fight half Irelan' for her.

Next mor-rnin', wid her father's blessin'—an' him sittin' in a balcony like playin' the har-rp to keep the feet of them fresh—she started away wid Terry. The dogs wint wid them for a league or two an' then wint back, howlin' for sorrer at losin' the lovely princess.

All the time Terry's wits was har-rd at wor-rk an' after a while he thought of the Corbally Bog an' he flings his cap in the air an' dug his bare heels into the hor-rse so that it set off at a canter, an' he shouts for joy.

"Princess," says he, when the other hor-rse had caught up wid him, "if there's wan thing that the king hates more than another it's a dwar-rf. Have ye courage to go wid me to Corbally Bog an' l'ave me set your foot in it long enough to make a dwar-rf of you? Then when the king sees you he'll holler for help; an' I'll take me ten bags of gold an' we'll off an' be married an' go back to live wid your dear ould father an' the hounds. An' me mother can come an' visit us."

The princess no sooner hair-rd this than she clapped her hands like a child an' tould him to hurry to the bog, of which she had often hair-rd.

On the way there Terry asked her again if she wasn't the ger-rul that had warned him in t'ree drames, an' she says, havin' a good dale of sinse for a princess: "Sure, how'd I know? 'Twas your drame, not mine. But I had a drame in which a lad that looked like you, on'y he was dressed like a prince, was walkin' be me side in our par-rk."

"Oh, if I could on'y remember doin' it," says Terry sadly. "Dressed like a prince! An' me barefoot."

When the princess looked at his bare feet she leaned over from her hor-rse an' pressed his hand an' smiled at him. An' it seemed to him as if all the bir-rds in the wer-ruld were singin' to him, he was that happy.

At last they come to Corbally Bog an' he gets off his hor-rse an' walks careful-like to the edge of it, an' then he beckons her to come to him.

"Don't be afear-rd," says he; "I'll pull y'out before ye disappear altogether."

The princess was a true spor-rt—which they ginerally is, I belave—an' walks right on to the bog, he holdin' her 'round the waist an' wishin' she'd be bog trottin' forever. But rememberin' 'twas a special bog he whisks her out when she's down to two feet high, an' settin' her on his own hor-rse, wid her permission, he set out for the castle.

"How does it feel to be a dwar-rf?" says he. "I'd not know it," says she, "on'y that you look so big. But how'll you change me back to me usual size?" says she suddenly.

"Glory be to the saints!" says Terry, his jaw droppin', "I never thought of that at all, at all."

"Oh, well, wan trouble at a time," says she, an' they kept on to the castle. An' twice she tould him she was very happy to be havin' such a ride.

King Cormac had not come back from huntin', so Terry asks the sojer can he hide the princess in his sintry box for a while.

"Sure ye can that," says the sojer, "an' be sure that the king doesn't see her, or he'll t'row a fit an' like as not mur-rder her. Who is she annyway?"

But Terry thought it best not to tell, an' mountin' his hor-rse he rode out to meet the king.

Now this day was the king's pompous day an' when Terry saw him he wouldn't have known him for the same king. He rode his hor-rse as if he was seven feet high, he had a face on him like he'd just finished makin' Irelan', an' when he saw Terry there was nothin' silly in the greetin' he gev him. "Ah, me young fri'nd, have ye carried out the task I set yesterday?"

The Princess Was a True Sporrt—Which They Ginerally Is, I Belave—an' Walks Right On to the Bog

"I have, Your Majesty," said Terry, just as pompous, an' bowin' but very little, "an' the beautiful princess awaits you in the sintry box beyant."

"The what?" cried the king.

"The little red sintry box beyant," says Terry, pointin' in the direction of the palace. At this two of the coortiers fell off of their hor-rses wid the shock it gev them to think of a princess bein' in such a vulgar place. "I didn't know where to put her," says he, "an' the outside rooms seemed full."

Well, to make a long story short, the king rode up to the palace gate an' Terry jumped off his hor-rse an' said: "Here she is, Your Majesty."

Now Terry was fully prepared to whisk her out of har-rm's way if the king tried to kill her. But when King Cormac saw her he made a face like in one of these mirrors at Drameland an' he falls off his hor-rse in a fit.

While the king was bein' bled be his doctor-rs Terry took the princess to a safe place—an ould woman's hut outside the town—an' paid the ould woman to take care of her till he called for her. Then he rode back to the palace as innocent as a lamb, an' found the king wigglin' his mouth like he tasted somethin' bad, an' swallerin' har-rd.

Of coorse Terry tould him how it happened, an' the king begun to cry. "I can never marry a dwar-rf," says he, the tears running' off his nose in a torrent, "an' the princess is the on'y woman I ever loved, so I'll die a bachelor."

Then wan of the king's wise men went up to him an' whispered to him, an' the king's tears stopped at the bridge of his nose an' he says: "Is that so? Where is the place?" The wise man beckoned the king in the stable an' walked into a stall wid him. An' Terry creeps in an' hides in the next stall.

"Where did you say the place was?" says the king.

"She'll grow her full height," says the wise man, "if she sets foot on ——"

"Atchoo!" sneezes the king. "I didn't hear. Say it again."

"The place is ——"

"Atchoo!" sneezed the king again, but when it was over he said: "Oh, yes, I've often hair-rd tell of that place."

Poor Terry's hear-rt sunk in his boots—an' him bare-foot at that—but the king went on: "Well, have her taken there tomorrer. Let the young feller take her."

Terry was near leppin' out of his skin at this, but it's sad enough he was when the wise man said: "Sure if ye wasn't a king you'd be an omadhaun, beggin' Your Majesty's par-rdon. Sure the boy knew what he was doin'. It's in love wid her he is himself, an' he found out you hated the sight of a dwar-rf an' dwar-rfed her comin' t'roo Corbally Bog. But it's not likely he knows where this place is, an' that's why I brought ye here to tell you—the way he wouldn't be findin' out."

"Send him back tonight wid his bags of gold," says the king in a rage. "I'll not have him overnight."

Sure it wasn't a half an hour later that Terry was headed for home, wid two hor-rses to carry his gold an' two men to mind the hor-rses.

But when he came to the cottage where he'd left the princess he gave a handful of gold to aich man an' said: "We'll not go farther tonight. Yonder's an inn. Do you put up there an' I'll stay here wid me Aunt Judy. I'll be star-rtin' at seven in the mor-rnin'."

Then he goes in an' has a bowl of bread an' milk an' some peraties wid the princess an' the ould woman. An' the princess was delighted, for she'd never been in so small a cottage before.

After supper Terry tould the princess what had happened an' said: "If ye were far away I'd sleep on it an' drame, but perhaps ye have a way out."

"Sure I have," says she. "Can you tark like the wise man?"

Terry gev a laugh. "Annybody could do that, for he tarked like a fool, in a pinched voice."

"Well," says she, "go you to the king when his lights are out an' make out you're the wise man an' ask him to be sure that he has the name of the place right. Then when he says it, come away an' star-rt on your journey at once, before he finds out what has happened."

Sure Terry thought this a fine adventure, so off he star-rts, an' guided be the royal snor-res of the king he comes to his bedroom, which is in the highest hangin' room of all. He creeps in at the door, an' it wide open an' unguarded, an' goes to the bedside of the king. The king snor-red again an' Terry plucks the sleeve of his royal nightgownd.

"Who's there?" says the king, half awake.

"It's me, Shaun the Wise," says Terry, imitatin' the wise man's voice so his own mother would have been desaved.

"An' what do yez want, distur-rbin' me rest?"

"Are you sure," says Terry, "that you got the name of the other bog?"

"Sure I did," said the king angrily—"it's Clubberly Bog."

"Clubberly Bog it is, an' it's sorry I am to disturb Your Majesty's drames," says Terry, laughin' to himself at the thing. "Good night, Your Majesty."

"Good night!" growled the king, an' tur-rned over for another nap, while Terry slips out an' away widout meetin' a soul, most of the servin' people bein' off to a ball in the lodge rooms—or whatever they'd have for balls in a town of that size.

Back comes Terry an' wakes up the two men an' says he's changed his mind an' will go right on to Clubberly

(Continued on Page 30)

A Leading Lady's Impressions of Richard Mansfield

By Florence Rockwell

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

ONE of my friends not long ago, looking through my scrapbook, noticed the following from Judge's Favorites:

We look upon your face, miss,
And we feel a kind of awe;
And doubtless you would like to know the reason.
Well, you're the only leading woman that we ever saw
Who led with Richard Mansfield a whole season.

Laughingly my friend said: "Why don't you write an account of some of the happenings of your year with Mansfield? The eccentricities of genius are always amusing and you were in a position to view him in a different light from most people."

Her Present From the Star Was a Doll as Big as Herself

And so here are a few of the memories of that year which, instead of being the ordeal I had feared it might, proved really delightful. Mansfield excelled in eccentricity, as he did in everything, and ennui in his society was an unknown sensation. To become well acquainted with such an unusual personality was an experience worth having; and, no matter what interesting things may come to me in the future, I shall always remember that season with pride and pleasure.

I began it very dubiously, for I was convinced that I shouldn't be able to stand the strain a week. I was engaged without ever having met Mr. Mansfield, but he had seen me play and liked me; so, when his manager sent for me, all the business details were settled so smoothly that I felt there would surely be stormy times ahead to even things up, as it were.

Judging from general report, leading ladies were this star's particular pest. He had twelve in one season; and I had read long interviews in which he had asserted that not one of them could dance or even walk gracefully, or understand French, or speak cultured English. This seemed to me an impossibility. Any accomplished actress knows such things, as a matter of course, and it couldn't be true that he had met twelve who didn't. Therefore I decided he must be unreasonable in his fancies and unreliable as to facts. The leading ladies, on their side, told how he would, during some tender scene, swear volubly under his breath—how he would send peremptory orders by his valet about playing a scene; and one poor girl said that when she had to support him up a long flight of steps during an exit, he had pushed her against the balustrade until she cried with pain. So it was with very gloomy forebodings that I appeared at the first rehearsal.

The Father and His Players

THE company was very large—about seventy people; and I found that several of the actors had been with Mr. Mansfield a number of years. I thought this was encouraging; and these old members spoke of him quite affectionately as "Father," which was more encouraging; but when the word was passed around that Father would not be present that day there was such a sigh of relief from everybody that all my terrifying apprehensions returned at once.

In his absence, work was begun on the established plays of the repertoire in which the stage business had been settled: Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The Parisian Romance and Beau Brummel.

I observed that one was at liberty to do anything and everything one pleased—except in the scenes with Father. There were several stage managers, not one of whom had absolute authority; and this in most cases would have produced dire and dreadful results, but Mr. Mansfield's company was an unusually brilliant one. This astonished me, for there seemed to be a general notion that he was "afraid" to have fine support. How absurd this was is proved by merely glancing at a few of the names on the roster that year.

Among the men were A. G. Andrews, Arthur Forrest, Clarence Handyside, Fuller Mellish, Lester Kenyon, Sheridan Block, Ernest Warde, Walter Howe, Sydney Mather and Henry Wenman; and among the women were Eleanor Barry, Irene Prahar, Adelaide Nowak, Alma Hathaway, Vivian Bernard and Margaret Greet. Certainly I have never seen a finer classic company anywhere.

One day, after we had been at work about a week, there was a sudden hush and I felt before I saw him that Father had arrived at last. He walked slowly to the prompt table followed by Mr. Stevens, his manager, Mr. Wilstach, his press representative, and Mr. Greet, his secretary. It was a very majestic entrance and he greeted his friends in the company in the same manner. He smiled quite affably when Mr. Stevens introduced me, but I got the impression of having been presented to an emperor. It was a dull, rainy day and he wore a long tan raincoat and soft hat, but he looked as if he had stepped out of a bandbox and never afterward did I see him look otherwise.

During our long season, through the heat of the desert and the mountain snows, in awful one-night stands and even in Pittsburgh, his white hair gleamed, his glasses shone, his trousers were creased and his tie was set just so; and always there was the fine linen handkerchief, never unfolded. I have occasionally seen him use it, but never unfold it. I am very sure even in the heat of his most frenzied outbursts he never "mopped his brow." I know he said once to one of his actors: "Don't perspire, sir; it's so vulgar." He had a particularly healthy-looking skin—smooth and soft; and, though a sort of pink, it was too dark to be florid. His eyes were like little black beads and his small, straight nose I thought sometimes was his most expressive feature. He used to crinkle it into the funniest shapes to express his disapproval—and as he disapproved so frequently he kept it busy.

There was something German about him when he spoke—not in accent, certainly, for that was ultra British; but the timbre of his voice and the way he rolled certain words around his tongue revealed his German blood.

Don Carlos was to be the first new production of the season, so the parts were distributed and we started to rehearse without delay.

I, as the Queen, began the play, entering with my ladies-in-waiting. He looked at us, each and every one, as if we were the most painful sights he had ever gazed upon. That look alone aroused my antagonism and I promptly froze into icy indifference. When I think how difficult I was during those early rehearsals, and of the cool calmness with which I "talked back," I can't understand how Mr. Mansfield tolerated it. They told me it was because evidently I was not afraid of him—and that was a pleasing novelty. I positively hated him and was only waiting for him to say something to give me an excuse to leave—and then one day the atmosphere cleared, as if by magic; because we laughed together—a foolish little laugh, but it broke down the wall of antagonism with which I had surrounded myself. It was in the garden scene, where Carlos is kneeling at the feet of Elizabeth. Suddenly Mr. Mansfield interrupted his lines and said to me solemnly:

"My dear child, please—*please* don't look at me with that dying-duck-in-a-thunder-storm expression!"

It sounded so ridiculous, mixed in with the high-flown sentiments of Don Carlos, that I laughed—and so did he. When we began again everything seemed changed. I responded to the emotion of the situation. I forgot myself and my taskmaster; and when it was over I knew that for the first time the scene had really moved. Every player knows what a supreme joy it is when, after working away at a scene day after day, fearing it can never be vitalized, despairing almost—suddenly it "goes"! It is the sensation I imagine the airmen must feel when for the first time they sail into space.

When I found that I was going to really like acting with Mr. Mansfield I began to make allowances for his irritability. I still "talked back"—every one who wished to retain any self-respect had to—but I was more good-natured about it.

A State Paper Missing

HE WAS not an especially fine stage director. He was apt to expect the actors to be mindreaders, and he would cruelly criticise many times without suggesting a remedy. I remember an incident that occurred about this time. It was our first "prop" rehearsal and the stage manager charged me not to forget the paper I was to hand to Carlos at the end of the first act. I didn't forget it, but during the action of the scene Mr. Mansfield knocked it from my hand; and, as he was very nearsighted, he didn't notice what had happened. I thought it best not to stop to pick it up, and when the time came to hand the paper to him I simply went through the action without the "prop." Then the storm broke. The stage manager was berated soundly for not attending to his business: "I expressly said that all 'props' must be provided at this rehearsal; and now, in the most important situation of the act, Miss Rockwell has no paper to hand me!"

I hastened to explain that I had dropped the paper; and the stage manager, having recovered the fatal document, held it out as a mute evidence of his innocence. Mr. Mansfield seized it and regarded it with disgust.

"So that," he thundered, "is your idea of what a state paper looks like! No wonder she dropped it. How could

For Exercise, He Took Long Walks Every Afternoon Without an Overcoat

she be expected to carry such a thing as that?" And he tore it up and threw it on the table.

"What kind of a paper shall I get, Mr. Mansfield?" said the stage manager.

"Try to use the small amount of intelligence you seem to possess and get a very different looking paper from that," said the star loftily; and the poor stage manager was left to guess again in regard to what was wanted.

The dress rehearsal of Don Carlos was a most exciting affair. Some of the massive scenery couldn't be set properly and there was a long, dreary wait in the dressing rooms before we began. Then the atmosphere seemed fairly charged with electricity and there was trouble over everything. "Keep mum!" counseled the senior members. "He'll soon run down if we don't say anything." That didn't often happen, however. There was one scene where I had to enter quickly, followed by one of my ladies-in-waiting, and say: "What means this noisy tumult in the palace? Countess, go and see what it portends." The noisy tumult was being supplied by twenty lusty young men who stood in plain sight at the right of the stage, with Father beside them, trying to get them to "holla! holla! holla!" to his satisfaction.

The Countess, instead of going toward the noise, bowed and went back through the doorway which we had just entered. Father danced first on one foot and then on the other in his rage.

"Come back!" he called. "Come back! Haven't you any intelligence? Haven't you one grain of common, ordinary sense? Where did you expect to find the noise—in the room you just came out of—under the bed?"

The Countess refused to commit herself; and then he launched forth into a tirade that seemed to last ten minutes, and I wondered how she could possibly stand it to follow the "keep-mum" maxim. When he had exhausted his vocabulary he finished up with: "Why don't you answer me? Haven't you any spirit? No; you haven't! Well, now we'll proceed."

Mrs. Simon's Retorts Courteous

THE next hitch came when several of the noblemen appeared in ridiculous looking hats. "Send for Mrs. Simon," said Father. "Simy," as everybody called her, was the wardrobe woman, and she had held her job for sixteen years. She was a "character" if ever there was one. Knowing her business thoroughly and being afraid of no one, she spoke her mind emphatically and freely in a delicious German dialect, and was the only one who could put her employer to rout when he started on a tantrum.

"Mrs. Simon," said Father, "what kind of hats are these that you have given my artists? Do you know what they look like?"

"Sure," said Simy. "They look like the devil!"

"Why haven't you provided others?"

"You give me no money; so I buy you no hats."

"Very well," said Mansfield, looking almost meek. "Go to Mr. Stevens and get the money—and some new hats."

"Sure!" said Simy.

After this, things moved along fairly well until there was trouble over the lights. I have been in a number of productions and never have I seen a dress rehearsal go through without a serious row with the electricians. So it was small wonder that at this adventuresome session there was a final upheaval and a seeming deadlock over some detail about the calciums. The auditorium was in darkness and Father was a picturesque figure as he stood in the limelight hurling imprecations at every electrician that ever was born. After raging until he was tired, he began to seek corroboration of his complaints from those about him. All the actors in the scene were appealed to, then the manager and the secretary were summoned, and finally Mr. Wilstach was demanded—but there was no response. "Mr. Wilstach!" rang out the stentorian call. No answer.

"Turn up the house lights!" said Mansfield suddenly; and there, in the fifth row, sat Mr. Wilstach, probably with every intention of keeping out of the fracas. "You coward!" said Mansfield sternly. "You coward!" And Mr. Wilstach was obliged immediately to join the commiserating circle.

Then Father made a long speech to his children. He said he was exceedingly sorry to have to announce that the season would end before it began. That we had all worked faithfully and sincerely, and it was too bad that we should have to suffer for the incompetence of a mere mechanic; but that he couldn't stand it any longer—that he didn't have to work under such conditions and he wouldn't—that the manager would settle all business details and we could consider the season closed. Then he went to his dressing room and banged the door. The new members of the company looked bewildered, the old members resigned, and there was a dead pause.

"What shall we do now?" said one of the stage managers.

"Begin the act again," said Mr. Stevens crisply; and so we did—and at his proper cue Father emerged from his dressing room and went on with his part, and everything proceeded as if nothing had happened.

The season was to open in Toledo and we journeyed thither by special train, which is a most uncomfortable way to travel—and the Mansfield special was worse than any other; for, if ever the engineer tried to put on a little speed, Mr. Mansfield would pull the bellrope and command him to slow down.

The train consisted of two sleepers, a diner, the private car and a number of baggage cars, for we carried the scenery for eight plays. The private car was very luxurious and Mr. Mansfield often preferred it to the hotels.

The last disturbance of the Don Carlos series came on the day of the première. The actress who was cast for the Princess Eboli was too small and slight for the part, and she lacked the experience and poise to give the necessary weight to some of the scenes. This had been apparent from the earliest rehearsals, but it was not until the very day of the first performance that she was taken out of the rôle and Miss Barry substituted. If ever any one was literally thrown on the stage in an important rôle, Miss Barry was. The costumes, which had been fitted on the small, slight woman, had to be slashed and lengthened—and there was only time for one rehearsal; but being a fine actress Miss Barry went through with flying colors and never a grumble, though her position as heavy woman of the company had entitled her to the rôle from the first.

Don Carlos was well received, but it did not show Mansfield at his best. In one scene, however, he was tremendous—in the prison, where Carlos denounces the King for the death of Posa. In this his wonderful voice had full range and the audiences were roused to high-pitched enthusiasm. I think his voice was his greatest gift. We have many actors with as much magnetism and more feeling than he possessed, but I have never heard the equal of his voice. No strain was too trying for it and it always rang true. This *tour de force* in Don Carlos was his pet scene; so one night when the King stood between him and the calcium, casting grotesque shadows over his face, he was awfully upset. Everybody made wild signs to the King to step aside, but he either couldn't or wouldn't understand. So, when the curtain fell, he was discharged after a furious tirade. This must have been heard in the audience, for the New York papers had a story next day that Mansfield had discharged six prominent members of his company.

The truth was that nobody was discharged—not even the King—for no one ever paid any attention to a verbal dismissal. The stage manager used to be discharged regularly—every night! Once it was posted on the call board that every man in the company was discharged; but, before the nine women had puzzled out how the tour was to continue with an all-woman-but-the-star cast, the men were all told to come back and be good.

One night something was wrong with the supers' costumes and Simy was summoned. Father was in an awful rage, even for him, and everybody said this was the end of Simy. When she appeared at the dressing-room door he shook his fist at her, saying:

"Mrs. Simon, you are ——"

"Oh, tut!" said Simy. "I discharge myself!" And then everybody laughed, Father loudest of all. It is needless to say she didn't go.

I never found acting with Mr. Mansfield difficult, as so many have. Instead, it was an inspiration and a pleasure. He always gave the best that was in him to his audience. He might go before the curtain and scold the public, but he never "walked through" his part. He was the first in the theater and the last to leave, and his art was the highest consideration of his life.

From Wrath to Roses

ONE evening, while acting Marcelle in The Parisian Romance, I remarked to a fellow player how surprised I was that everything had gone so smoothly with me during the season and that I had never had any trouble during performances. Immediately afterward I went on the stage for my scene in the third act with Baron Chevrial. It seems that I stood too far away from him during one of his speeches. After his exit I had a long scene, which was practically a monologue, and then came the curtain. When he reached the wings I could hear him storming and realized that I was the culprit, but by the time my scene was over he had retired to his dressing room. The actor with whom I had been chatting earlier in the evening met me as I left the stage, saying: "Well, young lady, your Waterloo has arrived at last. He is furious and you are going to catch particular fits." I went to my dressing room thinking what I could say to fire back when the bombardment began; and presently, down the corridor, I heard Brown, the valet, inquiring for my room. "Now," I thought, "if he has dared to send me a message by his valet I'll walk right out of the theater." There was a knock. "Come in," I ordered haughtily.

"Mr. Mansfield's compliments, Miss Rockwell," said Brown, and handed me a gorgeous bunch of roses. Never in my life was I more astonished; and the actors who had heard the wrathful outburst against me but a short time before simply couldn't believe their eyes when they saw those flowers.

I never grew tired of watching Chevrial's death scene, though it always left such a creepy sensation. Every one knows that it was in this character that Mansfield made his first success at the Union Square Theater, New York; and the story of that first night, as he himself told it to me,

(Continued on Page 49)

Father Was in an Awful Rage, Even for Him, and Everybody Said This Was the End of Simy

Hurling Imprecations at Every Electrician That Ever Was Born

The Ostable Postmastership

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Know It Looks Pretty Foggy Ahead to You Just Now, But Keep Up Your Pluck"

WHEN I shook hands with Mary Blaisdell, and left her standin' under the wistaria blossoms at the front door of the little old house that had belonged to Henry, all I said was for her to keep a stiff upper lip and not be any bluer than was necessary.

"Ostable's lost a good postmaster," says I, "and you've lost a kind, thoughtful, providin' brother. I know it looks pretty foggy ahead to you just now and you can't see how you're goin' to get along; but you keep up your pluck and a way'll be provided. Meantime I'm goin' to think hard and perhaps I can see a light somewhere. My owners used to tell me I was consider'ble of a navigator; so, between us, we'd ought to fetch you into port."

Her eyes were wet, but she smiled—rainbow fashion—through the shower and said I was awful good, and she'd never forget how kind I'd been through it all.

"Whatever becomes of me, Cap'n Snow," she says, "I shall never forget that."

What I'd done wasn't worth talkin' about, so I said goodby and hurried away. At the top of the hill I turned and looked back. She was still standin' in the door, and, in spite of the wistaria and the syringa bushes and the new green spring stuff everywhere, the whole picture was pretty forlorn. The little white buildin' by the road, with the sign "Post Office" over the window, looked more lonesome still. And yet the sight of it and the sight of that sign give me an inspiration. I stood stock-still and thumped my fists together.

"Why not?" says I to myself. "Why not?"

Half the way back to the "Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store" I was thinkin' of my new notion and makin' up my mind. The other half I was layin' plans to put it through. When I walked into the store Jim Henry Jacobs, the Chicago feller who was my partner and manager, met me.

"Hello, Skipper," says he, brisk and fresh as a no'theast breeze in dogdays, "did you ever hear the story about the office-seekin' feller in Washin'ton, back in President Harrison's time? He wanted a Gov'ment job and he happened to notice a crowd down by the Potomac and asked what was up. They told him one of the Treasury clerks had been found drowned. He run full speed to the White House, saw the President and asked for the drowned chap's place. 'You're too late,' says Harrison. 'I've just app'inted the man that saw him fall in.'"

I'd heard it afore, but I laughed out of politeness and wanted to know what made him think of the yarn.

"Why," says he, "because that's the way it's workin' here. Poor old Blaisdell's funeral was only yesterday, and it's already settled who's to be the new postmaster."

Considerin' what I'd been goin' over in my mind all the way home from Mary Blaisdell's, this statement just at this time knocked me pretty nigh out of water.

"What?" I gasped. "How did you know?"

"Why wouldn't I know?" says he. "I got the advance information right from the oracle. I was told not two minutes since that the app'intment was to go to Abubus Payne."

I stared at him. "Abubus Payne!" says I. "Abubus —— Are you dreamin'?"

He laughed. "I'd never dream a name like 'Abubus,'" he says, "even after one of our Poquit House dinners. No; it's no dream. The Major was just in and he says his mind is made up. That settles it, doesn't it? You wouldn't contradict the all-wise mouthpiece of Providence, would you, Cap'n Zeb?"

I never said anything—not then. I was realizin' that if I wanted Mary Blaisdell to be postmistress at Ostable—which was the inspiration I was took with when I looked back at her from the hill—I'd got to do somethin' besides say. I'd got to work and work hard; and, even at that, my work was cut out from the small end of the goods. To beat Major Cobden Clark in a political fight was no boy's job; but Abubus Payne! Abubus Payne—postmaster at Ostable! Think of it! Maybe you can; I couldn't without stimulants.

You see, this critter Abubus—did you ever hear such a name in your life?—had lived around 'most every town on the Cape at one time or another. He and his wife wan't what you'd call permanent settlers anywhere, but had a habit of breaking out in new and unexpected places, like a p'ison-ivy rash. He worked some at carpenterin'—when he couldn't help it; but his main business, as you might say, had always been lookin' for an easier job. In Ostable he'd got one. He was caretaker and general nurse of Major Cobden Clark. His wife, who was about as shiftless as he was, was the Major's housekeeper.

And the Major? Well, the Major was a star, a planet—yes, in his opinion, the whole solar system. He was big and fleshy and straight and gray-haired and red-faced. He belonged to land knows how many clubs and societies and milishys, includin' the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston and the Old Guard of New York. He had political influence, a long pocketbook and a short temper. Likewise he suffered from pigheadedness and chronic indigestion. 'Twas the indigestion that brought him to Ostable and Abubus; or, rather, 'twas his doctor, Dr. Conquest Payne, the celebrated food and diet specializer—see advertisements in 'most any newspaper—who sent him there. Abubus was Doctor Conquest's cousin and I judge the two of 'em figgered the Clark stomach and income as things too good to be trusted outside of the family.

Anyway, down comes the Major, buys a good-sized house on the lower road nigh the waterfront, hires Abubus and his wife to look out for the place and him, and settles down to the simple life—which wan't the kind he'd been livin' by a consider'ble sight. But he lived it now—yes, sir, he did! He lived by the clock and he ate and slept by the clock, and that clock was wound up and set accordin' to the rules prescribed by Dr. Conquest Payne, "world-famous dietician and food specialist"—see more advertisin', with a tintype of the doctor in the corner.

Nigh as I could find out, the diet was a queer one. It give me dyspepsy just to think of it. Breakfast at seven sharp, consistin' of a dozen nutmeats, two raw prunes, some "whole-wheat bread"—whatever that is—and a pint of hot water. Luncheon at quarter to eleven, with another assortment of similar truck. Afternoon snack at three and dinner at half past seven. He had two soft-b'iled eggs for dinner, or else a two-inch slice of rare steak; and, with them exceptions, the whole bill of fare was, accordin' to my notion, more fittin' for a goat than a human bein'. He mustn't smoke and he mustn't drink. Considerin' what he'd been used to afore the "world-famous" one hooked him, it ain't much wonder that he was as crabbed and cranky as a live-oak windlass.

However, it—or somethin' else—had made him feel better since he landed in Ostable and he swore by that Conquest Payne man and everybody connected with him. And, if he once took a notion into his tough old head, nothin' short of a surgeon's operation could get it out. He'd decided to make Abubus postmaster, and he'd move Heaven and earth to do it. All right, then; it was up to me to do some movin' likewise. I can be a little mite pigheaded myself if I set out to be.

And I set out then. It may seem funny to say so, but I was about as good a friend as the Major had in Ostable. Course he had a tremendous influence with the selectmen and the like of that, owin' to his soldier record and his pompousness and the amount of taxes he paid. And he and I never agreed upon one single p'int. But just the same he spent the heft of his evenin's at the store, and I was always glad to see him. I respected the cantankerous old critter—and liked him, in a way. And I'm inclined to think he respected and liked me. I cal'late both of us enjoyed fightin' with somebody that never tried for an underholt or quit even when he was licked.

So that night, when he comes puffin' in and sets down as usual in the most comfortable chair, I went over and come to anchor alongside of him.

"Hello," he grunts, "you old salt hayseed! Any closer to bankruptcy than you was yesterday?"

"Your bill's a little bigger and more overdue—that's all," says I. "See here, I want to talk politics with you. Mary Blaisdell, Henry's sister, is goin' to have the post-office, now he's gone, and I want you to put your name on her petition—not that she needs it or anybody else's, but just to help fill up the paper."

Well sir, you ought to have seen him! His red face fairly puffed out like a young-one's rubber balloon. He whirled round on the edge of his chair—he was too big to move in any other part of it—and glared at me. What did I mean by that? Hey? Was my punkin'-head sp'ilin', now warm weather was comin' on, or what? Had I heard what he told my partner that very mornin'?

"Yes," says I, "I heard it; but I judged you must have broke your rule about drinkin' liquor. No sober person

"My, My!" Says I. "I'm Glad I Made a Whole Kettleful of This Stuff; I Can Use a Grown Man's Share of It"

would set out to make Abubus Payne anythin' more responsible than keeper of a pigpen. You didn't mean it, of course!"

He didn't? He'd show me what he meant! Abubus was the most honest, able man on the whole blessed sandheap; and he was goin' to be postmaster! Mary Blaisdell was an old maid—good enough of her kind, maybe; but the place for her was some kind of an asylum. He'd sign a petition to put her in one of them places, but nothin' else. Abubus was just as good as app'inted already!

We had it back and forth. There was consider'ble chair-thumpin' and hollerin', I shouldn't wonder. Anyhow, afore 'twas over every loafer on the main road was crowdin' round us and Jim Henry Jacobs was pacin' up and down back of the counter with the most worried look on his face ever I see there. It ended by the Major's jumpin' to his feet and headin' for the door.

"You—you—you tarry old imbecile!" he hollers, shakin' a fat forefinger at me; "I'll show you a few things. I'll never set foot in this rathole of yours again!"

"You better not!" I sings out. "If you dare to I'll ——"

"What?" he interrupts. "You'll what? I'll be back here tomorrer night. Then what'll you do?"

"I'll show you Mary Blaisdell's petition," I says; "and the names on it'll make you curl up and quit."

"Humph! I'll show you a petition for Abubus Payne, next postmaster of Ostable, with a string of names on it so long you'll die of old age afore you can finish readin' 'em. Bah!"

With that he went out and I went into the back room to wash my face in cold water.

I wrote the headin' to the Blaisdell petition afore I turned in that very night. Next mornin' I hurried over and, after consider'ble arguin', I got Mary to say she'd try for the place. All the rest of that day I put in drivin' from Dan to Beersheby, gettin' signatures. And I got 'em too—a schooner-load of 'em. I had the petition ready to show the Major that evenin'; but when he come into the store he had a petition too, just as long as mine. And the worst of it was, in a lot of cases the same names was signed to both papers. Accordin' to them petitions, the heft of Ostable folks wanted somebody to keep post-office and they didn't much care who. They wanted to please me and they didn't like to say no to the Major.

He was mad and I was mad—and we had another session. But he wouldn't cross the names off and neither would I; and so, after another week or so, both petitions went in as they was. All the good they seemed to do was that we each got a letter from the Post-Office Department and Mary Blaisdell was allowed to hold over her brother's place until somebody was picked out permanent. And every evenin' Major Clark come into the store to tell me Abubus was sure to win and get my predictions that Mary was as good as elected. One month dragged along and then another—and 'twas still a draw, fur's a body could tell.

However, old Ancient and Honorable Clark was workin' his wires on the quiet and I must give in that he pulled one on me that I wan't expectin'. The whole town had got sort of tired of guessin' and talkin' about the post-office squabble and had drifted back into the reg'lar rut of pickin' their neighbors to pieces. The Major had set 'em talkin' on a new line durin' the last fortnight. He'd been fixin' up his house and havin' the posy-beds seen to—and so forth. Likewise he'd bought an automobile—one of the nobbiest kind. This was somethin' of a surprise, 'cause afore that he'd been pretty much down on autos and did his drivin' around in a high-seated sort of buggy—"dog cart," he called it, though 'twas hauled by a horse and he hated dogs so that he kept a shotgun loaded with rock salt on his porch to drive stray ones off his premises.

"Who's goin' to run that smell-wagon of yours?" I asked him, sarcastic. He kept comin' to the store just the same as ever and we had our reg'lar rows. I cal'late we'd both have missed 'em if they'd stopped. I know I should.

"Humph!" he snorts. "Smell-wagon, hey? If it smells any worse than that old fish-dory of yours I'll have it buried for the sake of the public health."

By "fish-dory" he meant a catboat I'd bought. She was named the Glide—and she could glide away from anything of her inches in the bay.

"But who's goin' to run that auto?" I asked again. "'Tain't possible you're goin' to do it yourself? If she went by alcohol power I could understand; but ——"

"Hush up!" he says, forgettin' to be mad for once and speakin' actually plaintive. "Don't talk that way, Snow," says he. "If you knew how much I wanted a drink you wouldn't speak lightly of alcohol."

"Why don't you take one, then?" I wanted to know. "I believe 'twould do you good—that and a square meal. If you'd forget your prunes and your nutmeats and your quack-doctorin' ——"

He was mad then, all right! To slur at the "world-famous" was a good deal worse than murder, in his mind. He expressed his opinion of me, free and loud. He said I'd ought to try Doctor Conquest myself for developin' my brains. The doctor was pretty nigh a vegetarian, he said, and my head was mainly cabbage—and so on. Incidentally he announced that Abubus was to run the new auto.

"Abubus!" says I. "Why, he don't know a gas-engine from a coffee-mill! He wouldn't know what the craft's for."

"You—You—You Tarry Old Imbecile!" He Hollers; "I'll Show You a Few Things. I'll Never Set Foot in This Rathole of Yours Again!"

"That's all right," he says. "He's been takin' lessons at the garage in Hyannis and he can run it like a bird. He knows what it's for. He-he! So do I. By-the-way, Snow, are you ready to give up the post-office to my candidate yet?"

"Give up?" says I. "Tut! tut! tut! I hate to hear a supposed sane man talk so. Mary Blaisdell handles the mail in the Ostable post-office for the next five years—longer, if she wants to."

"Bet you fifty she don't!" he says.

"Take the bet," says I.

He went out chucklin'. I wondered what he had up his sleeve. A week later I found out. Congressman Shelton, our district Representative at Washin'ton, come to Ostable to look the post-office situation over; and, lo and behold you! he comes as Major Cobden Clark's guest, to stay at his house.

When my partner, Jim Henry Jacobs, learned that, he took me to one side to give me some brotherly advice.

"It's all up for Mary now," he says. "She can't win. Clark and Shelton are old chums in politics. There's only one chance to beat Payne and that's to bring for'ard a compromise candidate—a dark horse."

"Rubbish!" I sung out. "Dark horse be hanged! Shelton's square as a brick. Nobody can bribe him."

"It ain't a question of bribin'," he says. "If it was, you could bribe too. Shelton is square and that's why he'd welcome a compromise candidate. But, if it comes to a fight between Mary Blaisdell and Abubus Payne, Abubus'll win because he's the Major's pet. Shelton knows the Major better than he knows you. Take my advice now and look out for the dark horse."

But I wouldn't listen. All the next hour I was ugly as a bear with a sore head; and along afore dinnertime I told Jacobs I was goin' for a sail in the Glide. "Goin' somewhere on salt water, where the air's clean and not p'isoned by politics and automobiles and Congressmen and Paynes," I told him.

I headed out of the harbor and then run, afore a wind that was fair but gettin' lighter all the time, up the bay. I sailed and sailed until some of my bad temper wore off and my appetite begun to come back. All the time I was settin' at the tiller I was thinkin' over the post-office situation; and, try as hard as I could to see the bright side for Mary Blaisdell, it looked pretty dark. The Major would give that Shelton man the time of his life and he'd talk Abubus to him to beat the cars. I couldn't get at the Congressman to put in an oar for Mary and—well, I'd have discounted my fifty-dollar bet for about seventy-five cents at that time.

I thought and thought, and sailed and sailed. When I come to myself and realized I was hungry the Glide was miles away from Ostable. I come about and started to beat back; then I saw I was in for a long job. Let alone that the wind was ahead, 'twas dyin' fast; and if I knew the signs of a flat calm there was one due in half an hour. I took as long tacks as I could, but I made mighty little progress.

On the second tack inshore I come up abreast of Jonathan Crowell's house at Heron P'int. Jonathan's just a no-account longshoreman or he wouldn't live in that place, which is the fag-end of creation. There's a twenty-mile stretch of beach and pines and such close to the shore there, with a road along it. The fust eight miles of that road is pretty good macadam and hard dirt. A land company tried to develop that section of beach once and they put in the road, but the land didn't sell and the company busted; and after that eight mile the road is just beach sand, soft and coarse. The strip of solid ground, with its pines and scrub-oaks, is, as I said afore, twenty mile long; but it's only half a mile or so wide. Between it and the main cape is a tremendous salt marsh, all cut up with cricks that nobody can get over without a boat. Jonathan's is the only house for the whole twenty mile, except the lighthouse buildin's down at the end. The land company put up a few summer shacks on speculation, but they're all empty and fallin' to pieces.

I knew Jonathan had gone to the banks fishin' and that his wife was visitin' over to Wellmouth; so, when the Glide crept in toward the beach and I saw a couple of folks by the Crowell house, I was surprised. I didn't pay much attention to 'em, however, until I was just about ready to put the helm over and stand out into the bay again. Then they come runnin' down to the beach, yellin' and wavin' their arms. I thought one of 'em had a familiar look; and as I come closer I got more and more sure of it. It didn't seem possible, but it was—one of them fellers on the beach was Major Cobden Clark!

"Hi-i!" yells the Major, hoppin' up and down and wavin' both arms as if he was practicin' flyin'. "Hi-i-i! You man in the boat! Come here! I want you!"

That was him all over. He wanted me, so of course I must come. I run the Glide in as nigh the beach as I dared and then fetched her up into what little wind there was left.

"Ahoy there, Major!" I sung out. "Is that you?"

"Hey?" he shouts. "Do you know —— Why, I believe it's Snow! Is that you, Snow?"

"Yes; it's me," I hollers. "What in time are you doin' 'way over here?"

"Never mind what I'm doin'!" he roared. "You come ashore here. I want you."

If I hadn't been so curious to know what he was doin' I'd have seen him in glory afore I'd ever thought of obeyin'

an order from him; but I was curious. While I was considerin', the breeze give a final puff and died out altogether. That settled it. I might as well go ashore as stay aboard. I couldn't get anywhere without the wind. So I hove anchor and dropped the mains'l.

"Come on!" he kept yellin'. "What are you waitin' for? Don't you hear me say I want you?"

I had on my long-legged rubber boots and the water wa'n't more'n up to my knees. When I got good and ready I swung over the side and waded to the beach.

"Hello, Maje!" I says, brisk and easy. "You ought not to holler like that. You'll bust a biler. Your face looks like a fire balloon already."

He mopped his forehead. "Shut up, you old fool!" says he. "Think I'm here to listen to a lecture about my face? You carry Mr. Shelton and me out to that boat of yours. We want you to sail us home."

So the other chap was the Congressman; I'd guessed as much. I went up to him and held out my hand.

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Shelton," says I. "Had the pleasure of votin' for you last fall."

Shelton shook and smiled. "This is Cap'n Snow, ain't it?" he says, his eyes twinklin'. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure. I've heard of you often."

"I shouldn't wonder," says I. "Major Clark and me are old chums and I cal'late he's mentioned my name at least once. Hey, Maje?"

The Major grinned, sort of sick. I grinned too, and Shelton laughed out loud.

"I never saw such a talkin' machine in my life," snaps Clark. "Don't stop to tell us the story of your life. Take us aboard that boat of yours. You've got to get us back to Ostable, and quick, too d'you understand?"

"Have, hey?" says I. "I appreciate the honor, but—— However, maybe you won't mind tellin' me what you're doin' here, twelve miles from nowhere?"

The Major was too mad to answer, so Shelton did it for him.

"Well," he says, smilin' and with a wink at his partner, "we came in the Major's auto; but——"

He stopped without finishin' the sentence.

"The auto!" says I. "You came in the auto? Well, why don't you go back in it? What's the matter? Has it broke down? Humph! I ain't surprised; them things are always breakin' down—specially the cheap ones."

That stirred up the kettle. The Major gave me to understand that his auto cost six thousand dollars and was the best bleasedly blank car on earth. It wa'n't the auto's fault. It hadn't broke down. It had stuck in the everlastin' sand and they couldn't get it out—that was the trouble.

"But Abubus can get it out, can't he?" says I. "Abubus runs it like a bird—you told me so yourself. Now a bird can fly; and if you want to get from here to Ostable in anything like a straight line you've got to fly. By-the-way, where is Abubus?"

Three or four more questions and a hogshead of profanity on the Major's part and I had the whole story. He and Shelton had started for a ride 'way up the Cape. They was cal'latin' to get home by eleven o'clock, but the machine went so fast that they got where they was goin' early and had time to spare. Shelton happened to remember that he'd sunk some money in the land company I mentioned and he thought he'd like to see the place where 'twas sunk. He asked Abubus if they couldn't run along the beach road a ways. Abubus hemmed and hawed, and didn't know for sure—he never was sure about anything; but the Major said course they could—that car could go anywhere. So they turned in 'way up by Sandwich and come bilin' down along shore. Long's the old land company road lasted they was all right; but when, 'runnin' thirty-five mile an hour, they whizzed off the end of that road, 'twas different! The automobile lit in the soft sand like a snowplow and stopped—and stayed!

They tried to dig it out with boards from Jonathan Crowell's pigpen, but the more they dug the deeper it sunk. At last they give it up; nothin' but a team of horses could haul that machine out of the sand. So Abubus starts to walk the ten or eleven miles back to civilization and livery stables, and the Major and Shelton waited for him. And the more they waited the hungrier and madder Clark got. 'Twas all Abubus' fault, of course! He ought to have had more sense than to run that way on that road anyhow. He ought to have known better than to get into that sand—a feller that had lived in sand all his life! He was an incompetent jackass! Well, I knew that afore; but it certainly did me good to hear the Major confirm my judgment.

I went over and looked at the automobile. It had always acted like a mighty lively contraption, but now it looked dead enough. And not only dead but two-thirds buried.

"Well," fumes Clark, "how much longer have we got to stay in this hole?"

"It's consider'ble of a hole," says I, "and it looks to me as if she'd stay there till Abubus gets back with a pair of horses. Considerin' how fur he's got to tramp and how long it'll be afore he can get a pair, I cal'late the hole'll be occupied until some time in the night."

That wa'n't what he wanted and I knew it. Did I suppose he and Shelton was goin' to wait and starve until the middle of the night? No, sir; the auto could stay where it was; he and the Congressman would sail home with me in the Glide.

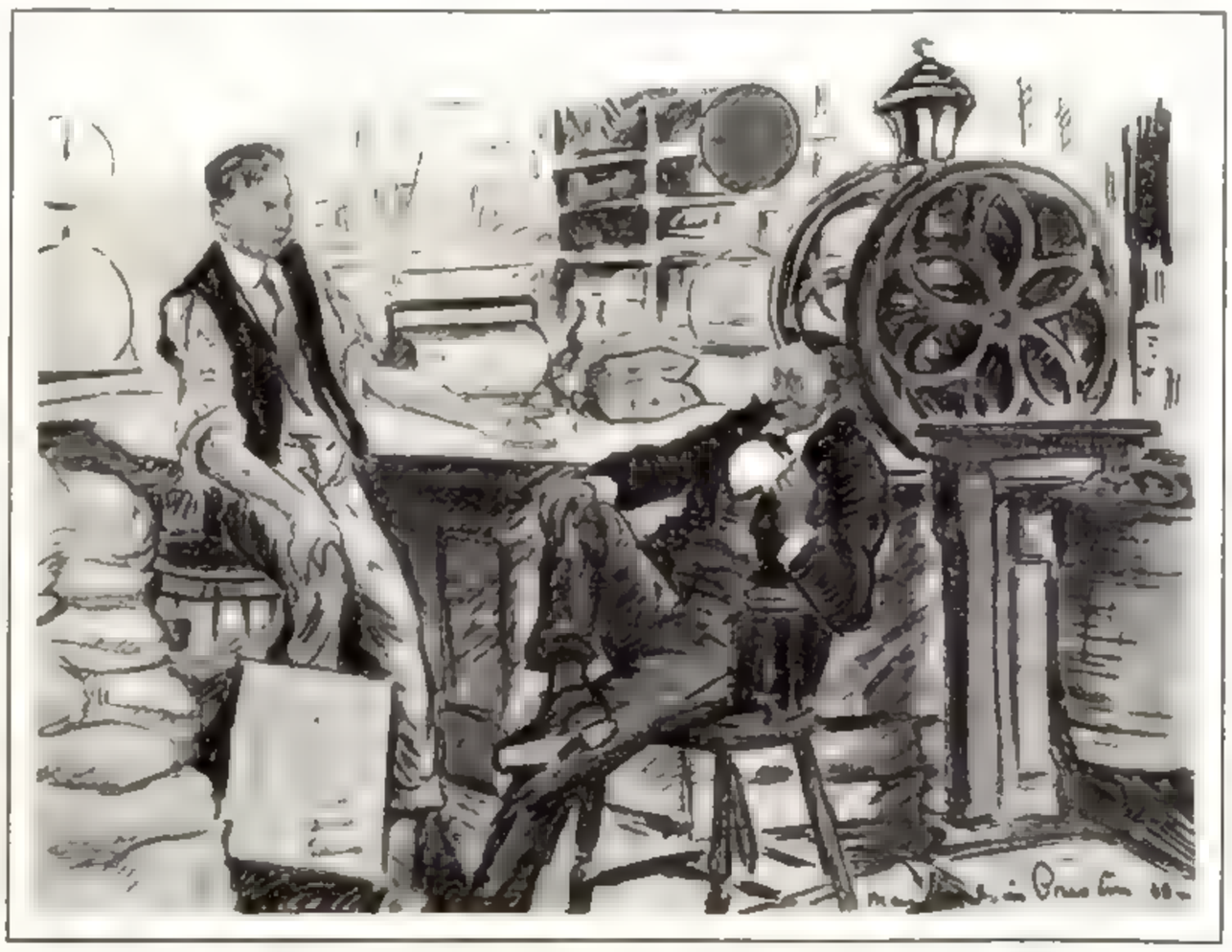
"I hope you ain't in any partic'lar hurry," says I, lookin' out over the bay. There wa'n't a breath of air stirrin' and the water was slick and shiny as a starched shirt. "The Glide runs by windpower—and there's no wind. This calm may last one hour or it may last ten. As long as it lasts, I stay where I am."

What? Did I think they would stay there just because I was too lazy to get my whoopety-bang fish dory under way—stay there and starve on that hot sand?

"Oh," says I, "I won't starve. I'm goin' to get dinner."

Dinner! The very name of it was like a life-preserver to a feller who'd gone under for the second time.

"Can you get us dinner?" roars the Major. "By George, if you can I'll ——"



"It's All Up for Mary, Now. She Can't Win"

"Not for you, I can't," I says. "You live accordin' to the Payne schedule—on prunes and pecans and such. The prune crop round here is a failure and I don't see a pecan tree in Jonathan's back yard. No; any dinner I'd get would give you compound gallopin' dyspepsy; and I can't be responsible for your death—I love you too much! But I cal'late I can scratch up a meal that'll keep folks with common insides from perishin' of hunger. Anyhow, I'm goin' to try."

Well, sir, even the Major's guns was spiked for a minute. I cal'late that, for once, he'd forgot all about his dietizin' and only remembered his appetite. He gurgled and choked and glared. Afore he could get his artillery ready for a broadside I walked off and left him. He'd riled me up a little and I saw a chance to rile him back.

I went round to the back part of the Crowell house and tried the kitchen door. 'Twas locked, for a wonder; but the window side of it wasn't. I pushed up the sash and reached in far enough to unhook the door. Then I went into the house and begun to overhaul the supplies in the galley. I found flour and sugar, and salt and pepper, and coffee and butter, and canned milk and salt pork—about everything I wanted. Jonathan and me was friendly enough so's I knew he wouldn't care what I used so long as I paid for it. If he had I'd have taken the risk just then.

The woodbox was full and I got a fire goin' in the cookstove and put on a couple of kettles of water to heat. Then I went out to the shed and located a clam-hoe and a bucket. There was clams aplenty 'most anywhere along that beach and the tide was out fur enough for me to get a bucketful of small ones in no time. I fetched 'em up to the house and set down on the back stoop to open 'em.

The Major and Shelton was watchin' me all the time and they looked interested—that is, the Congressman did and Clark was doin' his best not to. Pretty soon Shelton walks over and asks a question.

"What are you doin' with those things, Cap'n Snow?" says he, referrin' to the clams.

"Oh," says I, cheerful, "I'm figgerin' on makin' a chowder if nothin' busts."

"A chowder!" he says, sort of eager. "A clam chowder? Can you?"

"I can—that is, I have made a good many; and I cal'late to make this one unless I'm struck with paralysis."

"A clam chowder!" he says again, sort of eager, but reverent. "By George! That's good—er—for you, I mean."

"I hope 'twill be good for you too," says I. "I'm sorry that Major Clark's dyspepsy's such that 'twon't be good for him; but that's his misfortune, not my fault."

Shelton looked sort of queer and went away to jine his chum. The two of 'em did consider'ble talkin' and the Major appeared to be deliverin' a sermon—at least, I heard a good many orthodox words in the course of it. I finished my clam openin' and went in and got my cookin' started. The flour and the butter made me think that some hot spider-bread would go good with the chowder, so I started to mix a batch. Then I got another idea.

'Twas blackberry season and out back of the shed, beyond the pines, was a little swampy place. I took a tin pail, went out there and filled the pail with high-bush blackberries in five minutes. As I was comin' back I noticed an onion patch in the garden. A chowder without onions is like a camp-meetin' Sunday without your best girl—pretty flat and impersonal—so I hauled a few.

After a short spell that kitchen begun to get fragrant and folksy, as you might say. The coffee was bilin', the chowder was ready, there was a pan of red-hot spider-bread on the back of the stove and a blackberry shortcake—'twould have been better with cream, but to skim condensed milk is more exercise than profit—in the oven. I'd opened all the windows and the door, so the smell drifted out and livened up the surroundin' scenery. Clark and Shelton were settin' on a sand hummock a little ways off and I could see 'em wrinklin' their noses.

When the table was set and everything was ready I put my head out of the window and hollered.

"Dinner!" I sung out.

There wa'n't any answer. The pair on the hummock stirred and acted uneasy, but they didn't move. I ladled out some of the chowder and the perfume of it got more pervadin' and extensive. Then I rattled the dishes and tried again.

"Dinner!" I hollered. "Come on! Chowder's gettin' cold." Still they didn't move, and I begun to think my fun had been all for myself. I was disapp'inted, but I set down to the table and commenced to eat. Then I heard a noise. The pair of 'em had drifted over to the doorway and was lookin' in.

"Hello!" says I, blowin' a spoonful of chowder to cool it. "Am I givin' a good imitation of a hungry man? If I ain't appearances are deceitful."

"Hog!" snarls Clark, with enthusiasm.

"Not at all," says I. "There's plenty of everything and Mr. Shelton's welcome. So would you be, Major, if there was anything aboard you could eat. I'm awful sorry about them prunes and nutmeats. I only wish Crowell had laid in a supply—I do so."

The Major's mouth was waterin' so he had to swallow afore he could answer. When he did I realized what he was at his best. Shelton didn't say a word, but the looks of him was enough.

"My, my!" says I. "I'm glad I made a whole kettleful of this stuff; I can use a grown man's share of it."

Shelton looked at Clark and Clark looked at him. Then the Major yelps at him like a sore pup.

"Go ahead!" he shouts. "Don't stand starin' at me like a cannibal! Go in and eat, why don't you?"

You could see the Congressman was divided in his feelin's. He wanted dinner worse than the Old Harry

(Continued on Page 28)

THE EFFICIENT SALAMANDER

He Puts Over Some Scientific Management on Kaidin & Sift

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Sitting on a Stool at the Far End of the Factory, With His Feet Cocked Up on a Window-Sill

YOU see, Kaidin," said Isaac Sift to his partner Harris Kaidin, as they sat in the office of their waist factory one morning in April, "with all Mr. Salamander's money his boy is a loafer anyhow."

"What do you mean Philip Salamander is a loafer?" Kaidin protested.

"Couldn't you say a feller is a loafer when he gets twenty-five years of age, understand me, and he ain't earned a dollar so long as he lives?" Sift retorted.

"Why should he got to earn money?" Kaidin said. "In the first place, his father is a millionaire, pretty near, understand me; and in the second place, Philip is still going on the college."

"Sure I know," Sift rejoined. "There don't seem to be no end to that feller going on the college. When Mr. Salamander was twenty-five, Kaidin, he was *oser* going on the college, and his father wasn't exactly a *Schnorrer* neither, y'understand. Them Salamanders was always pretty well fixed, for people in the old country."

"*Gewiss*, well fixed for the old country," Kaidin commented. "People ain't considered poor in the old country till they go around the streets with their tongues hanging out from their mouths *mit* hunger yet. But, anyhow, that ain't here or there, Sift. What is it skin from our nose if Philip Salamander is a loafer *oder* he ain't a loafer. His father collects the rent from us just the same, and for my part he could spend it keeping his boy on the college if he wants to, Sift, so long as he don't raise it on us when our lease is up next month."

"Don't you be afraid for Salamander raising on us our rent, Kaidin," Sift replied. "Nowadays a feller which he is owning real estate is tickled to death supposing he is got only enough tenants to fill it, without he should go to work and raise rents on 'em. I ain't worried about that at all, and you would see, Kaidin, I would even ask him he should paint a little the office also, so much I am afraid for that feller."

He turned away and started for the factory, but hardly had he reached the doorway when he discerned the bulky form of Jacob Salamander approaching from the elevator.

"*Wie gehts*, Mr. Sift?" Salamander cried. After twenty years of house ownership he had adopted toward his tenants an attitude calculated to discourage requests for improvements. "Give 'em an inch and they would take a mile," was his motto; and the manner in which he enunciated, "*Wie gehts*, Mr. Sift?" made it not so much a greeting as a challenge.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Salamander?" Sift replied. Compared with the full round tones in which he had uttered his defiance a moment before, his voice had become reduced in timbre to that of an infant's prattle; and Mr. Salamander would never have guessed that his tenant harbored such revolutionary ideas as the painting of the office, had not Kaidin betrayed them.

"*Nu*, Sift," he said maliciously, "tell Mr. Salamander what you was just saying to me."

Salamander turned on Sift a beetling look and thrust his hand into his trousers pocket. It was a top, not a side pocket, and to Sift the gesture seemed to foreshadow the appearance of a blackjack.

"Why, I didn't say nothing," he declared tremulously. "All we was talking about was your boy Philip."

"Not that part," Kaidin interrupted. "I mean where you says you was going to get Mr. Salamander to paint for us the office."

Ordinarily this statement would have provoked from Salamander a bellowing demand to be informed whether or not the tenant wanted to be made a present of the house, free for nothing, and if he, the tenant, thought Salamander was crazy or what. Having put these rhetorical questions, Salamander would have proceeded to anathematize tenants in general and particularly those tenants who worked for years in a subcellar with two machines, understand him, and just so soon as they could afford to hire it a decent loft, they wanted the landlord he should put down for them Oriental rugs with mahogany partitions yet.

The mention of his son's name, however, seemed to mollify Salamander, so that he wrinkled his face in what he considered an amiable smile and the beetling look disappeared.

"Well, why not?" he said to Kaidin. "Why shouldn't I paint the office for youse two boys? You always paid your rent prompt to the day. Ain't it?"

Kaidin nodded gloomily. He thought that Salamander's urbanity was the prelude to the increase of that same rent.

"Certainly we always done our best," he said, "and sometimes it was pinching us pretty much."

Salamander made a gesture with his right hand indicating skepticism.

"*Yow*—pinched you!" he said. "Youse boys could stand paying me a whole lot more rent as you do."

"*Oser*," Sift moaned, turning pale.

"But, anyhow, I ain't going to raise you none, so you shouldn't be scared," Salamander continued. "I just stopped in to tell you something—an idee which I got it for you."

"For us?" Kaidin cried.

"That's what I said," Salamander continued. As a matter of fact, his visit had been in the nature of a fishing excursion to ascertain if Kaidin & Sift would move rather than stand a raise of rent, but the mention of his son's name had altered his plans. "Ain't you got a chair a feller could sit down on at all?"

"Zoitenly, Mr. Salamander," Sift exclaimed. "Kaidin, give Mr. Salamander a seat."

Kaidin drew forth a revolving chair and Salamander disposed his two hundred and fifty pounds in it with a heavy sigh.

"I see you boys take an interest in my boy," he began, and Kaidin could not forbear a shrug.

"Certainly we *like* the young feller," he said, in a manner implying that he never lay awake nights worrying about Philip's future.

"We take a big interest in him," Sift corrected, with an admonitory frown at his partner; "we think a whole lot of that boy."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," Salamander rejoined, "because I just made up my mind to one thing, boys. Philip is coming to work for you here *oder* I must got to raise the rent on you twenty dollars a month."

"But, Mr. Salamander," Sift protested, "we don't need no salesmen just now."

"I didn't say you did," Salamander retorted. "Philip ain't no salesman nor never would be."

"But we don't need no bookkeeper neither," Kaidin volunteered.

"Did I say you needed a bookkeeper, Kaidin?" Salamander asked with some asperity. "If I said you needed a bookkeeper, then you could say you don't need one, and not before."

Thereupon Sift saw a great light.

"Might you mean as a partner, maybe?" he cried, with a broad smile.

Salamander made an effort to remain calm.

"What d'ye mean—partner?" he roared. "D'ye think I would consider you—you—gentlemen to go as partners together with my Philip?"

It was plain that he employed the word "gentlemen" as a euphemism, and Kaidin resented it accordingly.

"Gentlemen we may be," he said, "but we ain't exactly *Schnorrers*, y'understand; and let me tell you, Mr. Salamander, your boy could do a sight worser as come in with us as a partner here."

Salamander began to think that he had gone too far, and his manner softened in proportion.

"Maybe he could and maybe he couldn't," he admitted; "but Philip don't want to go as a partner, he wants to go as a foreman."

"Foreman!" Sift exclaimed. "Why we already got it one foreman—a decent, respectable feller by the name Manesseh Agatstein."

"What has his name got to do with it?" Salamander said. "If you already got a foreman, that's your business, Sift. I am telling you my boy wants to come to work by you as foreman, and if the feller's name is Agatstein *oder* Goldstein *oder* Perlstein, you should get rid of him anyway and give my boy a show."

"What d'ye mean, give your boy a show?" Kaidin demanded. "Do you suppose for one single, solitary minute, even if you would raise the rent on us, that we would fire out of here a decent, respectable feller with a family, which he worked by us for ten years already, just on account your boy wants a job yet?"

Salamander glowered. "Say, lookyhere, Kaidin," he said, "you are acting altogether too independent around here. The way you are talking to me, you would think I was the tenant and you was the landlord."

Sift trembled visibly.

"Mr. Salamander is right, Kaidin," he murmured. "You do act fresh and it ain't *bekoved* to Mr. Salamander. Might if we took in Philip at first as assistant foreman—might he would work his way into Agatstein's job maybe. Them things takes time, Mr. Salamander, and you couldn't expect us we would bring into our place as foreman a feller like Philip, which he ain't got no business experience at all."

"Business experience!" Salamander retorted. "What d'ye mean the feller ain't got business experience? For three years now my Philip goes on the School of Commerce and Accounts, and what that feller don't know about business experience ain't written in books at all. The feller got at his finger ends everything there is to know about business experience."

"But ——" Sift began.

"But nothing," Salamander cried. "Make an end, Sift, because I am telling you right now Philip comes to work here Monday morning sure as assistant foreman, if you must have it that way. Wages is no object."

Sift turned to his partner.

"Did you hear that, Kaidin?" he said. "Wages is no object."

"What d'ye mean wages is no object?" Kaidin cried.

"Why, I mean you should pay him what you think he is worth," Salamander said. "If you couldn't give him

"What Do You Think We Are Running Here—a Rest Cure?"

twenty-five dollars a week, give him fifteen. The feller is simply crazy to be a foreman in a factory."

Kaidin grew suddenly furious.

"What the devil you are talking nonsense, pay the feller fifteen dollars a week?" he yelled. "You say fifteen dollars a week like Sift would be spending that much on neckties alone."

"All right," Salamander replied. "Give him ten. I am satisfied."

"I wouldn't give him five," Kaidin shouted, and Salamander rose to his feet. He held out his hand to Sift with a smile that seemed to rejoice over the successful termination of his errand.

"Then it's agreed that Philip comes to work as assistant foreman Monday morning," he said, "at four dollars a week."

Sift took his landlord's proffered palm and shook it limply, while Kaidin shrugged his shoulders in surrender.

"And while I'm about it," Salamander concluded, "you might just as well give me a check for the rent which is due the day after tomorrow, and I could kill two birds with one feather."

II

WHEN Sift, under pressure of his partner, had screwed up his courage to speak to Manesseh Agatstein about Philip Salamander's hiring, by a singular coincidence Agatstein had just concluded a period of anxious cogitation sufficient to acquaint Sift with the news of Miss Bessie Feinson's impending discharge. Since Agatstein's resolve had the greater deliberation behind it, however, he managed to speak first.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Sift," he began, "if I am a foreman, I am a foreman, and if not otherwise. Ain't it?"

"You talk in riddles, Agatstein," Sift said.

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," Agatstein rejoined; "but if Miss Bessie Feinson would be a hundred times a cousin from your wife, Mr. Sift, I must got to say she is lazy like the dirt on the ground. Moreover, she got such a *Chutzpah*, understand me, that she wouldn't let me open my mouth to her at all."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Sift asked.

"I want you should give me permission to fire her," Agatstein said.

"Fire her!" Sift cried in terrified accents. "Why, you don't know what you're talking about, Agatstein. It's true the girl is here only an operator, but if I was to fire Bessie Feinson, Agatstein, my wife would never let me hear the end of it. The thing is impossible."

Agatstein snorted indignantly.

"Of course, Mr. Sift, if we are running here a home for your wife's relatives, that's something else again," he said. "Me, I always thought we got it here a waist factory, and if that is the case, Mr. Sift, we must got to fire that girl, otherwise we might just as well close up the shop and be done with it."

Sift shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

"I don't see what you are always picking on that girl for, Agatstein," he said, sparring for time. "It isn't as if we would be paying her twenty dollars a week, or even fifteen dollars a week."

"No," Agatstein retorted, "but you are paying her twelve dollars a week, Mr. Sift, and not alone she is getting a whole lot more as the other girls, understand me, but she sets 'em also a bad example. She don't care what time she comes down here in the morning and she don't take it so particular what time she goes home neither. Furthermore, the way she fixes herself up you would think she was a model, not an operator, y'understand, and she goes so much on moving pictures, balls and parties, Mr. Sift, that the next day she couldn't do her work at all."

Sift distorted his face impatiently and flapped the air with his right hand.

"*Lass bleiben*, Agatstein," he said. "You make me crazy in the head with your kicking. What d'ye want the girl to be—an old woman?"

"I want her she should lift her hands when she works," Agatstein retorted. "Instead that she pays attention and guides the goods under the machine so"—here Agatstein made a dozen swift motions with his fingers—"she does it so." He moved his hand languidly four or five times. "She is a sleeper around here, Mr. Sift."

"*Nah*, well! Give her another show," Sift said, "and if she don't improve none I'll talk to her myself and see what I could do."

He returned to the office where Kaidin awaited him.

"Well, Sift," Kaidin said, "did you tell him?"

Sift snapped his fingers impatiently.

"Why do you ask me such a thing at all?" he said evasively. "What did I go out there for?"

"How did he took it?" Kaidin inquired.

"Honestly, Kaidin, you ask me such foolishly questions which I couldn't answer at all," Sift retorted. "How should he took it?"

Kaidin raised his eyebrows.

"I don't know how he should took it," he said, "but the way he acted, Sift, he looked like he wasn't too pleased over it, and I don't blame him none."

"It Ain't Often I Get the Pleasure Twicet in One Day Yet"

"What difference does it make if he is pleased *oder* not, Kaidin?" Sift interrupted. "We done a big thing for ourselves when we decided we should hire that feller."

"*We* decided!" Kaidin cried with a guffaw.

"That's what I said," Sift continued, "and what is more you would soon agree with me too. Why, I met Mr. Salamander on Lenox Avenue last night and he shows me in the college paper is an article which this here young feller writes, such a smart young feller he is."

"Sure, I know," Kaidin said. "It's got a whole lot of influence on the operators that the foreman writes in the paper articles, Sift. Might he plays on the pianner, too, maybe. A feller like that *Schlemiel*, Aaron Saltpeter, or that girl which is your wife's a cousin, Sift, I suppose if they would find out that the foreman writes on the paper an article, Sift, they would get busy and do a little work once in a while. Ain't it?"

"The girl does the best she could," Sift mumbled, as he walked past Kaidin toward the cutting room. There he once more sought Agatstein, who stood with his arms akimbo, placidly hiccoughing away the uneasiness caused by a too hearty breakfast.

"Agatstein," Sift said with his eyes blinking rapidly and in husky tones, "comes tomorrow a feller by the name Salamander to work by us which you should teach him the business. Y'understand?"

Agatstein's attack of hiccoughs became cured immediately and he stared at his employer.

"What d'ye mean?" he said—"another operator?"

"Not an operator," Sift mumbled.

"Well, I ain't no salesman, Mr. Sift," Agatstein protested.

"I know you ain't," Sift replied, "but this here young feller wants to learn how to be a foreman."

"But you got one foreman here," Agatstein said.

"Sure, I know," Sift agreed; "but this ain't the only waist factory in New York, and the young feller wants to learn the business so he could get a job somewheres else."

Agatstein commenced to perspire with apprehension.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Sift," he said, "don't make me no bluffs. If you want to get rid of me say so, and I would look around for another job, because you know as well as I do, Mr. Sift, I got a wife and family, and if I would have some money in savings bank that would be something else again. But nowadays everything is so high, with rents and everything, that a feller like me don't stand no show at all."

"We ain't going to get rid of you, Agatstein," Sift protested.

"And then again, Mr. Sift, if you would get in your place a foreman which he got money, understand me, what is it? The first thing you know, Mr. Sift, he turns around and goes to work and starts up in opposition to you, and *ganvers* all your styles and customers and everything. Am I right or am I wrong?"

"Listen, Agatstein," Sift said. "I couldn't stand here and talk to you all day, understand me; but any time you don't want your job no longer, say so, and we would let you go. Otherwise, so long as you do your work around here, y'understand, you could stay with us just so long as you want to. Now are you satisfied?"

Agatstein nodded gloomily. Nevertheless, he was quite convinced that Sift's positive statement was subject to some mental reservation, and he sought the consolation and advice of no less a person than Aaron Saltpeter.

Aaron occupied the humble situation of a waist operator, more by reason of a taste for *tarrok* and pinocle than by reason of any lack of mental equipment, and Agatstein respected his judgment accordingly.

"Well, Saltpeter," he said, "I guess I am up against it pretty soon here."

"What d'ye mean?" Aaron ejaculated. "You are going to get fired?"

Once more Agatstein nodded.

"But how could they fire you?" Saltpeter asked. "You are a first-class, A-number-one foreman, Agatstein, and you work hard here."

"Sure, I know, but what's that got to do with it?" Agatstein said. "If the boss says you are fired, you are fired, and that's all there is to it."

"Not when you got a yearly hiring contract," Saltpeter corrected.

"But I ain't got no yearly contract, Saltpeter."

"No?" Saltpeter said. "What's the reason you ain't?"

Agatstein shrugged.

"Why, everybody's got a yearly hiring contract nowadays," Saltpeter went on; "operators, buttonhole-makers, pressers got it yearly contracts, Agatstein—verbal contracts in the presence from witnesses."

"What d'ye mean, in the presence from witnesses?" Agatstein said. "I ain't got no witnesses."

"*Schmooes!* You ain't got no witnesses!" Saltpeter exclaimed. "All you need to got is a smart lawyer, Agatstein. For a ten-dollar bill a smart lawyer could find a dozen witnesses willing to swear they seen Jonah in the whale's belly, understand me, and that the plaintiff was there also, and that Jonah says to the plaintiff he would take the premises for two years at three hundred and sixty dollars rent a year, payable monthly in advance. Witnesses you could always get, Agatstein. The trouble is, another job you couldn't get it so easy."

Agatstein sighed heavily. He was about to inquire the name of some lawyer of Saltpeter's acquaintance, when he observed Kaidin's presence in the cutting room. He moved away and the next moment he stood behind Miss Bessie Feinson, whose machine was temporarily idle.

"*Nu!*" he cried. "What do you think we are running here—a rest cure?"

Miss Feinson made no reply. Her relations with Agatstein were conducted on the principle that one could afford to ignore the impertinence of a social inferior. Hence Bessie tossed her well-shaped head, and since this involved the displacement of two hairpins and a sidecomb she adjusted them with both hands in an attitude of careless indifference. To be sure there was something attractive about this posture, for Bessie possessed all the charms of an Andalusian as depicted on the posters of Broadway musical comedies. That is to say, her eyes and hair were glossy black, and her figure was molded on the generous proportions that to the theatrical lithographer's eye are typical of Iberia. The picture she presented, however, was completely lost on Agatstein, who snorted indignantly.

"Say, lookyhere," he demanded, "are you going to work or ain't you?"

And for answer Miss Feinson lifted the snowy material that billowed over her lap to the floor and carelessly inserted one end under the machine needle. Then under the disgusted surveillance of her foreman she switched on the power and languidly conducted the operation of sewing up a seam. It was not until Agatstein had disappeared into the cutting room that she again suspended her labor and resumed an interrupted conversation.

"And after the movings closed up, Sadie," she said, "he took Ray and me to a restaurant."

"I wonder at you, you are running around the streets with strange young fellers late at night," Sadie remarked stiffly. There was nothing of the Andalusian about Sadie, either in appearance or temperament.

"Ray was along," Bessie said, pouting her red lips.

"That don't make no difference," Sadie retorted. "For a young lady to go on restaurants with strange fellers ain't proper, even if Ray's mother was along even."

"Ain't it?" Bessie snapped, as she bent over her machine. "Well, maybe if I was as plain like you, Sadie, I would think that way too."

Sadie ignored her neighbor's repartee.

"What did he call himself?" she asked.

"He didn't call himself nothing," Bessie concluded. "He was a gentleman by the name ——"

It was at this interesting juncture that Agatstein reappeared from the cutting room. "*Koosh!*" he bellowed, and the buzzing of Sadie's machine drowned the remainder of Bessie's sentence.

III

PHILIP SALAMANDER possessed none of the ambition that crowds the law list and medical register with young men of moneyed parentage. Indeed, if he had been asked to adopt a profession he would have chosen

unhesitatingly the occupation of passenger on a steam yacht, and he had selected the School of Commerce and Accounts as the scene of his post-academic labors merely because law, medicine and engineering looked too much like hard work.

At last, when Philip's twenty-fifth birthday made it patent to even so doting a parent as Jacob Salamander that Philip was a confirmed undergraduate, there was a stormy scene over the breakfast table, and he was told firmly but not kindly that he had come to the end of his scholastic tether.

"A big, lowlife bum like you should never done a stroke of work so long as you lived," Jacob had declared. "Ain't it a shame for the people?"

"Aw, what's biting you all of a sudden?" Philip had retorted. "Ain't I doing my best?"

"Otherwise than scribbling a few words something for that rubbishy paper on the college, I don't see what you are learning over there at all," Jacob continued. "Bookkeeping you don't know, and a salesman you never would be so long as you live. What is the use you are fooling away your time there? If you must loaf, loaf at home, and I could anyhow save a couple of hundred dollars them suckers charge me every year for your nonsense over there."

"You give me a pain," Philip rejoined. "I've told you a hundred times I'm specializing on scientific management."

"What do you mean, ziontific management?" Jacob demanded, whereat Mrs. Salamander burst into tears.

"After all this time," she wailed, "we are doing our best for you, Philip, and then you are telling us this!"

"Other young fellers at your age is got wives and children," Jacob added, "and good businesses also. What I want to know is: never mind this ziontific management, when are you going to quit being a loafer and go to work?"

Philip shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

"All right," he said, in a manner implying that the responsibility for the shattering of a brilliant academic career rested with his parents. "All right, I give up. Find me a job as foreman with one of those tenants of yours and I'll go to work."

"What for a job is foreman in a shop?" Mrs. Salamander asked tearfully.

"Never mind," Salamander said; "it's anyhow a job."

And thus the interview between Jacob Salamander and Kaidin & Sift, above set forth, had its inception. To be sure, the possible necessity of going to work had often suggested itself to Philip and he had occasionally dwelt on aviation as a calling that gives the maximum of return for the minimum of labor. The selling of automobiles also appealed to him as a life full of generous commissions coupled with demonstration rides along the Connecticut shore; but it was not until he had attended a lecture on Shop Management that he made tentative choice of an occupation.

According to the lecturer, a modern foreman observes the labors of his workmen and induces each one to use his best endeavor, all his technical knowledge, his skill, his ingenuity and his good will, so as to yield the largest possible return to his employer. From this it is plain that the heavy work falls entirely on the laborer, while the foreman does merely the inducing part, smoking cigarettes the while and wearing neat but serviceable clothing. At the same time the lecturer assured his students that scientific managers of men were paid generous salaries by the large industrial plants that employed them, and although the factory of Kaidin & Sift could not by any stretch of the imagination be termed a large industrial plant, Philip reflected when his father had acquainted him with the opening in their shop that, after all, everything must have a beginning.

Hence he started for the business premises of his new employers at half-past eight on the Monday morning following his hiring, in the highest possible spirits and an oxford-gray suit with a quiet hair-line pattern, which his tailor had made hurriedly for the occasion. Nevertheless, it was an excellent fit, and with the dark-blue tie he had selected for that morning's wear he flattered himself that he looked extremely business-like. Even the elder Salamander, accustomed as he was to the quality of Philip's ordinary attire, was impressed by its soberness; but when they entered Kaidin & Sift's establishment and the thirty-odd females caught sight of Philip, work was entirely suspended.

"My Gawd!" Bessie Feinson exclaimed to Sadie. "What shall I do?"

Sadie turned to her neighbor whose red cheeks were temporarily blanched.

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"I told him my name is Hortense Raymond and I am working as a bookkeeper by a big real-estate concern," Bessie said, "and he is coming in here now. We got a date for tonight even."

"Who's got a date?" Sadie inquired.

"Jack Wilson and me," Bessie replied. "The young feller which is just coming in here. He's an actor."

Sadie sniffed.

"Is that Jack Wilson?" she asked, and Bessie nodded.

"Well, then I wouldn't worry myself none," Sadie concluded, "because his name ain't Jack Wilson at all and he's just so much an actor as Aaron Saltpeter is. I heard 'em talking this morning, Mr. Kaidin and Mr. Agatstein, and they says he's Philip Salamander and he comes to work here as assistant foreman."

Five minutes later Agatstein sought his employers in the office.

"Mr. Sift," he said, "I would like to speak to you a few words something."

"Come right in, Agatstein," Kaidin called cheerfully. "I want you to meet Mr. Philip Salamander which he is coming to help you out here."

"*Aber* Mr. Sift," Agatstein replied in agitated tones. "I ain't got no time now."

"Don't be scared, Agatstein," Kaidin said encouragingly.

"I couldn't help it," Agatstein replied. "Might the girl is dead already."

"What!" Kaidin and Sift cried with one voice, and they immediately followed Agatstein on the run to the end of the factory. It was not until a quarter of an hour had elapsed that Kaidin came back and sat down at his desk.

"Oo-ee! What a *Schreck* that girl gives me!" he said.

"What was the trouble?" Salamander inquired.

"Only an operator goes to work and faints on us," Kaidin replied. "A girl by the name Bessie Feinson, which she is some sort of relations to Sift's wife. They want to send her home, but I says not. That girl wastes too much time around here."

"Quite right," Philip said. "When you're running a factory, Mr. Kaidin, you oughtn't to let sentiment interfere with business."

"I don't," Kaidin said, "and I expect a feller should work hard around here whether he looks like a *takef* or a slob. It makes no difference to me. So come along now, Salamander, and I'll show you the shop."

"You've got the wrong idea about that, Mr. Kaidin," Philip said as they started out of the office. "A foreman ought to dress well."

"What d'ye mean a foreman ought to dress well?" Kaidin asked.

"Part of the discipline of a shop," Philip replied. "It impresses the workmen and—hello! You've got just the thing here that scientific management says you shouldn't have. You've got too many work-people in one room."

Salamander Senior glanced nervously from his son to Kaidin. He was beginning to think that Philip's self-confidence was founded not so much on the principles of scientific management as on his habitual impudence, of which Mr. Salamander had long experience.

"*Nu*, Philip," he said, "you are talking like a fool. I got here in the building six waist manufacturers and they all got the same size shop."

"That may be," Philip retorted, "but my idea is that we don't need a larger shop; we need less operators to turn out the work."

Here they were joined by Isaac Sift and Manesseh Agatstein, who had revived Bessie Feinson sufficiently to permit her return to her machine, for Bessie's swoon had been patterned after a popular motion-picture film entitled, Enoch Arden; or, The Husband's Return. Indeed, Bessie had cherished the hope that Philip Salamander might chafe her hands, as was done to the unconscious Annie in the film; but, instead, Agatstein had poured a glass of icewater over her to the utter extermination of her pompadour, and her indignation was such that Sift ordered her back to the machine in default of immediate dismissal.

"Do you mean to told us," Agatstein said, "that we could get along with less work-people than we got?"

"I sure do," Philip replied, as he looked carefully at the long room of operators. "Now here, for example, is a feller"—he pointed to Aaron Saltpeter—"who is working like—well, like hell; and he's making enough motions with his hands and fingers to operate six machines."

"That's all right," Agatstein said; "he's turning out just so much work like six of them other operators."

"Just listen to me till I get through," Philip rejoined, and he led the way to where sat the depompadoured Bessie. "Now here is a girl who is doing her work with two motions of her hands to that other fellow's six. Is that right?"

Bessie glowered at the unconscious Philip, who remained entirely unmoved, for he saw in her not the slightest resemblance to the fashionably attired bookkeeper whose very existence, indeed, he had temporarily forgotten. She speeded up her machine by way of relieving her outraged feelings, but the habit of inserting the material under the needle with as little exertion as possible made it impossible to increase the number of motions necessary to her work, and in consequence she was sewing up the unfinished waist just three times as fast as Aaron Saltpeter.

"That's what I mean," Philip declared. "Now if all your workmen were to construct one waist with one-third the operations that they at present employ, it stands to reason that either they could manufacture three times the present number of waists, or you could cut down your working force two-thirds and still turn out as many goods."

Kaidin and Sift first stared at each other and then gazed on Agatstein, who began to perspire gently, for all three comprehended at once the simplicity and reasonableness of Philip's theory. As for Jacob Salamander, he grew nearly apoplectic with pride.

"That's an idee, Kaidin!" he exclaimed with pride. "What?"

"The idee is all right," Kaidin admitted, "but will it work out?"

"Why not?" Sift asked. "Of course it's going to take a little time, understand me, but it could be done."

Agatstein by this time was fairly streaming, and for the moment his thoughts wandered far from scientific management. He clearly saw that it was only a matter of a very short time when the formulator of so brilliant an idea must supplant him in the capacity of foreman.

"Me, I am always doing my best here, gentlemen," he said; "and certainly you got to remember I am a married man with a family."

"What's that got to do with it?" Kaidin exclaimed. "We are asking you if you think you could make the other operators turn out a waist the way this here Bessie Feinson is doing it now?"

"Sure, sure!" Agatstein cried. "Why not?"

"Well, go ahead and do it," Kaidin said, "and start in right now with Saltpeter."

Kaidin turned to Saltpeter who, driven to the necessity of making good a *tarrok* debt incurred by him on the previous evening, was working at his machine so assiduously that he had not even noticed the presence of strangers in his vicinity.

"Loafer!" He Bellowed. "What are You Doing Here?"

"Saltpeter," Kaidin cried. "Come here once and sit down at Sadie's machine."

Sadie rose from her seat and Saltpeter took her place.

"Now go ahead, Agatstein," Kaidin commanded. "Show him."

"But, Mr. Kaidin," Agatstein protested, "I ——"

"Enough, Agatstein," Kaidin roared. He was fairly dancing with impatience to test the efficacy of Philip's theory.

"Now, Saltpeter," he said, "look at Bessie and see how she is tying that waist. Go ahead, Bessie. Don't stop."

Saltpeter examined critically his neighbor's work.

"What for a way of running a machine is that?" he asked.

"Nobody asks you your opinion, Saltpeter," Kaidin retorted. "All we want you to do is to see if you can run your machine the same way."

"I run my machine in my own way, Mr. Kaidin," Saltpeter said, "and always up to now I am giving satisfaction."

"Listen, Saltpeter," Sift pleaded. "Make us no lectures here, please. Do what we ask you."

Sift walked behind Saltpeter and seized him gently by the shoulder.

"Now watch out how Bessie holds her hands," he said. "The right hand is so."

"The Trouble With You Fellers Is You Never Read a Book About Business in All Your Life, and Never Would"

Here he placed Saltpeter's right hand on one side of the needle.

"And the left hand is so," Sift continued, and placed Saltpeter's left hand on the other side of the needle. "Now start her up."

"But, Mr. Sift ——" Saltpeter said.

"But nothing!" Kaidin said, kicking the switch. Instantly Saltpeter's machine began to operate rapidly and a moment later he emitted an agonized shriek as his right hand was carried under the needle. During the confusion that followed Bessie Feinson fell backward to the floor in a manner entirely foreign to moving-picture films, and it was Philip who picked her up in his arms and bore her to the office. As they reached the doorway she began to revive.

"Jack, Jack," she moaned, and clung tightly to Philip's neck.

"Hortense!" Philip exclaimed, and then he sat down in Kaidin's chair while Bessie secured a firmer hold on his neck. After ten minutes, during which many events were going forward, Jacob Salamander entered the office.

"It's all right," he said, "the feller is more frightened as hurt."

At this juncture he caught sight of Philip and Bessie.

"Loafer!" he bellowed. "What are you doing here?"

(Continued on Page 40)

The Greatest of These is Charity

By ROBERT SHACKLETON

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE greatest part of modern charity is still essentially medieval—without that close interdependence of superior and inferior which was the best part of medievalism. Judge charity by results—as everything ought to be judged—and it will seem to be lamentably inadequate. The sums given are vastly greater than ever before, both comparatively and absolutely; millions are dispensed where formerly there were only thousands; and the benevolent institutions of our country are almost double in number what they were twenty years ago; yet there is no lessening of the total of need. It is still true that the poor we have always with us; but it should always be kept in mind that this was not meant to be prophecy, but the bald statement of a regrettable fact.

There has been curious carelessness on the part of many of the great charity givers. There have been many rich men who, after deeming no care too great in the making of money, have been unwilling to devote care to the finer task of giving it away. It has been as if, after spending a laborious life in picking up dollars, they proceed at the last to throw the dollars ostentatiously out of the window. Many a well-intentioned will has proved ineffective.

A few years ago one of the great moneymakers of the East lay dying. His name had become known throughout the country as that of a shrewd and astute financier. This millionaire had made his way up from humble beginnings and had watched his fortune grow dollar by dollar.

At length, however, the time approached when he could use the money no longer. To one or two of his close friends he had spoken of a scheme of rivaling, for girls, the splendid endowment of Stephen Girard for boys. He died; and it was found that he had not left so much as had been anticipated for the rival to Girard, but that he had done a great deal, for half a million was set down for land and buildings for a home for the dependent orphan daughters of Masons. But he had put the matter off for so many years that he died within thirty days of signing, thus making the bequest inoperative under state law. Careless enough, that; but his immediate heirs decided to carry out his wish as if he had legally expressed it, and beautiful buildings were put up and the doors were thrown open for the reception of the dependent orphan daughters.

However, there seemed to be none, Masons as a class not leaving dependent orphan daughters, as the astute financier could, with little trouble, have learned. From time to time, within a few years, a girl was found; and then it was decided to include dependent widows of Masons. More time passed; and it was at length decided that it need not be absolutely necessary that the beneficiaries be connected with Masons at all. And, though much good will continue to be done under the bequest, it will not be quite along the lines intended.

The great success of the Girard beneficence stimulated, a few years ago, another rich man to imitation. Three-quarters of a century after his death the name of Stephen Girard is still held in honor; and this naturally leads present-day folk to desire permanency of honorable remembrance. This other rich man willed that, after the death of his wife, his fortune should go for the founding and upkeep of a school and home for Pennsylvania girls, who should merely be poor and white and healthy, and have neither father nor mother living. Other millions were to go for maintenance. The man died and was gathered to his fathers; whereupon it was pointed out that the dependent white orphan girl has, at least in a few of the eastern states, become as extinct as the dodo—needy orphan girls being amply cared for by agencies already existent; and the courts have been asked to break the will on the ground that its provisions are such as cannot be carried out. The whole thing is a muddle because of the futility of good intentions without careful investigation and planning. Nothing seems certain except that the millions will never be used as their owner intended.

If testators could but get away from the idea that a child, to be the object of charity, must be a golden-haired orphan, it would open the way to far more good in the world. There is too much of the natural tendency to follow trammeling tradition in this regard and ignore the needs of other dependent children, at least until they become criminal or are deserted. Quite recently a woman in Albany killed her child because she saw no way to care for it; a woman in Cleveland killed herself because she saw no way to care for a child that she had, in pity, adopted. Doubtless capable agencies existed; but these women did not know how to make the proper appeal. And this points out the most serious and fatal defect of charity—that it makes too little effort to discover need that does not come knocking at the door. Yet it is plain enough, much of it, for those who look with their hearts as well as their eyes.

Every part of the country can point to its careless testatory millionaire, large in charitable intent and small in realization. Colorado recently had such a case. And in one of the finest cities of the Northwest there recently converged into a fund, through the separate wills of husband, wife and daughter, who had worked in harmony for this end, several million dollars for the relief of the poor of the city. There is no great number of positive poor there, however, it being a cheerful and prosperous place; and the citizens, realizing what might have been accomplished for the public good had the wills been differently phrased, freely express their dread that the only real result of the untoward beneficence will be the drawing to the city of shiftless undesirables who intend to qualify for the benefits.

In a part of one eastern city quite away from the center of business and the center of population there stands a magnificent library building that cost over a million dollars and is heavily endowed for maintenance. It is the work—and, of course, a work most admirable in intent—of a man whose family had lived in the city through several generations; but his knowledge of the city did not keep him from making another of the mistakes of millionaires and leaving money to comparatively poor advantage. From time to time I have been at that library and each time marveled at its hopeless misplacement, for I have rarely seen more than one or two visitors besides myself; and I have been there when I was the only one. Yet that library might have been made of great public benefit by better judgment on the part of the testator as to location, or by securing the exercise of more intelligent judgment on the part of the trustees.

A few years ago a New Englander, dying, desired by will that the income of his fortune be expended for the benefit of indigent spinster seamstresses of two small towns in the East.

In this case there was so much of originality—so much, indeed, of suggested romance of one kind or another—that it is with a great deal of disappointment one learns that, after hopeless efforts to find sufficient indigent spinster seamstresses in these two towns, the quixotically planned bequest (another case of where there's a will there's a waste) has become the laughing-stock of charitable workers; and the courts are expected to step in and direct the course of expenditure along whatever lines may chance to seem best.

The entire field of charity is full of surprises; and this fantastically circumscribed bequest to seamstresses brings to mind one of the greatest surprises of all—something that I wonder has not been seized upon by suffragets as an argument for enfranchisement—the fact that women are far from constituting the majority of the helpless and needy; for most of the recipients of charity are not women and girls, but men and boys! Of the inmates of charitable institutions for people needing permanent care there are three times as many men as there are women. In the almshouses of the country there are almost twice as many

men as women. And the reports of institutions giving temporary relief show the same or greater preponderance of male recipients.

It should not be thought that only the very rich are careless in gifts for charity; it is only that one notices the big bequests more than the little ones. In one of our larger eastern cities a testator, a century or so ago, left a few thousand dollars for charity, and with bizarre ingenuity specified that the beneficiaries were to be widows—"white and respectable and American-born"—whose husbands had died within one small specified section of the city. The testator never stopped to think that his little fortune of eight thousand dollars or so might grow, as it has, to the fair size of some one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. With his few thousands he was as careless and as dictatorial as others are with their millions, and even specified what form his beneficence should take—that of fuel. If it had not been that, in being so pharisaically eager to do good only for the "respectable," he forgot altogether to say "needy," those who are carrying out the old will would find few if any objects to benefit by it; but, as it is, many a ton of coal is dumped annually into the cellars of comfortable households. It seems to be astonishingly easy for vaulting charity to o'erleap itself and to prove useless, though on every hand there is illimitable want.

The Benjamin Franklin Funds

THERE has already been an awakening of a few of the wealthy charitable to the fact that methods different from those of unintelligent heedlessness are desirable. At present this newer charity is passing through the stage of extensive investigation and the publication of books, and gives promise of doing much good, especially along certain lines of poverty prevention. The average millionaire, however, still looks around for some rich institution to make richer or plans to start a rich one with his own name attached; he is bent on making a monument—forgetting that "charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." The average charity giver is so far from doing good by stealth that he rushes to make it fame.

Even when the charity is well chosen and the plan of beneficence is carefully thought out, the good of it all depends on the administration; and the sad fact is that it is so difficult to provide with any assurance for proper administration. For, though there is nowadays a great amount of admirably trained and unselfish effort in charitable work, there is much of the reverse. The smallness of results compared with immensity of investment is plainly to be seen in almost any of the huge benefactions. The charitable mountain labors and brings forth a mouse!

The other day, with a man high in charity administration, I went over the totals of public and private charities, so far as they could be estimated, for the entire United States; and we looked at each other, startled, when we found that there seemed to be an expenditure of a billion dollars a year! Now nothing can be more certain than that it ought not to be possible to spend anything even approaching a billion dollars a year and yet leave so much need unsatisfied!

There ought, indeed, to be a new conception of charity. If it could be made to include public good as well as private benefit it would be infinitely more worth while. The effort of Mr. Rockefeller to have a hundred million dollars accepted by the Government as a permanent foundation for "the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, the prevention of suffering, and the promotion of any and all the elements of human progress" seems ideally admirable; but one realizes the immense dangers possible from a nontaxable fortune, starting so hugely that in a few years it would be of overshadowing size! After all, the orotund phraseology of intent does not hide the fact that to trustees would be left all the interpretation and execution of the plan—all the decision as to what constitutes human progress and what means would best prevent suffering. Only men who would be unswayed by the possession of such immense financial power, and of a genius for giving money equal to that of a Rockefeller for making money, could safely be allowed to administer such a trust.

It seems to me that certain bequests of that wisest of Americans, Benjamin Franklin, point out not only how even a wise testator may err but how administration of his will may fall short of what is intended.

Franklin created, in 1790, a fund for Philadelphia and a similar one for Boston. The income was to be loaned to young married artificers who had served an apprenticeship and "faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures." For the money loaned, each young married man was to furnish two securities that he would pay the money back in ten annual payments.

Wise man though he was, Franklin did not anticipate the doing away of the apprentice system, or the changing social and economic conditions that would render his specified rate of interest and his plan for securities and annual payments unattractive. It need not be wondered at that the two funds did not grow so large as he expected.

At the expiration of the hundred years the greater part of each city's fund was to be expended in public works of general utility, such as "fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people and render it more agreeable to strangers." It would seem that nothing could be more certain than that in 1890 the greater part of the fund should be spent for some useful public service; but it was quite a number of years after 1890 before Boston got around to using the money, and, though over twenty years have passed, Philadelphia has not yet got beyond the planning stage. Every city can show examples of utterly causeless waits of ten, twenty or thirty years before the bequest of some well-intentioned man begins its intended use. And, after beginning, it is always a question how it is to be carried on. When the bequests of so great and wise a man as Franklin can fail—at least partially—one need not be surprised to find that, until recently, the trustees of one college held that, though the boys ought to be instructed in navigation, as the founder directed, they must learn it within the college walls, without being permitted to go and study ships!

Charity Without Common-Sense

ONE hundred and fifty years ago there was a small bequest made, in one of the largest of our cities, "for ye use and service of ye almshouses belonging to ye said city and for ye reliefe of ye poor people in the same forever." The bequest amounts now to fifteen hundred dollars and brings in a trifle over fifty dollars a year. Still, fifty dollars could give some degree of "reliefe"; but the last annual report shows an expenditure for the year of about four dollars—and that was for "expenses."

A century ago a fund was started whose income was to "be laid out in premiums to be distributed among ingenious men and women who make useful inventions—and along with which shall be given a copper medal." That fund amounts to not far from one hundred thousand dollars, and one would expect constant rewards to be given, for there is a constant succession of useful inventions, little and big; but the last report shows: "Miscellaneous expenses, one hundred and fifty-seven dollars; advertising, engraving, etc., one hundred and eighty-five dollars"—and for the men and women who make useful inventions only twenty dollars!

"Charity doth not behave itself unseemly." One wonders just what Saint Paul had seen that made him set that down. It is scarcely possible, however, that he ever saw an unseemliness so positively infernal as that shown in the inquiry room of one of the great charities of the East by a woman of wealth who is given great credit for her personal interest in the work; for this woman, sitting in self-satisfied vanity, halts poor applicants as they approach her throne; and, as they stand humble and abashed, she shames and mortifies them by spraying them thoroughly with an atomizer. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Although charity should become broader in scope than it ever has been, it ought to be remembered that individual need has not decreased. The news of the day, as read in the daily press, amply points out need for philanthropy.

I remember a man who was dying from starvation in Washington Square, in New York. It was Sunday; he had seated himself on a bench, looking up at the fronts of the mansions of aristocracy, and had resigned himself to die while the chimes of Grace Church were calling to service. A little later, in the hospital, he whispered to me his tale: how he had tramped to the city, tramped about the city, spent his little money, met rebuff after rebuff, found a penny that kept life in a little longer—and then made ready for the end. Less than a week ago I noticed that a man who had been out of work died from starvation on a Philadelphia street. Only this week, on Broadway, a pitifully forlorn woman was arrested for trying to sell gum without a pedler's license. It seems that her husband, a consumptive, is in Colorado, and she had been left to do what she could with two tiny children—one a babe in her arms.

There are so many ways in which help can be given that individual idiosyncrasies can readily be followed.

To many a man a clean shave is worth a hundred dollars; a clean shirt may mean the turning point of a life. I remember seeing two good-looking young men washing their handkerchiefs at the fountain in City Hall Park, in New York, one cold morning, and then going over to the near-by post-office to dry them on the radiators.

How Peace Slays Her Multitudes

ONE of the checks on charity is the belief that its acceptance will degrade the recipient; but the withholding of help may embitter his nature, starve him—perhaps even kill him! After all, the rich young man who, because a college is heavily endowed, gets his education at small cost, is accepting private charity as much as is the poor devil who mumbles a furtive request for a dime. Yet I never heard that any one considered the men of a richly endowed college degraded! After all, the very existence of the world, of social organization, depends at bottom on mutual helpfulness; and it is a preposterous pity that so much of helpfulness is expected to stop before it reaches those who need it most, from fear of degrading them!

An unhappy condition is that the very progress that makes the country rich and produces millionaires bears within it the cause of a great part of the need for charity—for railroads and mines, mills and factories, automobiles and trolley cars are killing and maiming daily. Our railroads alone, in a single year, kill and wound more than did Waterloo or Gettysburg. War slays her thousands, while Peace, in her various forms of civilized activity, slays her ten thousands.

Assistance in tiding over periods of disaster in families; assistance in holding families together rather than feeling pride in the number of children that can be forced from their parents and sent out to new homes; the encouragement of the present-day tendency toward doing away with institutions that segregate the needy or miserable under one roof—such are some of the things that could well be aimed at. And I like the thoughtfulness of that testator who, just a few years ago, in one of the cities of the Great Lakes, left many millions to help people who not only were not to be gathered into an institution but who were not even to have it known, outside of a very small administrative circle, that they were receiving help.

To remove or diminish some great cause of poverty—assuredly that would be a noble and farreaching work! And stronger, probably, than any other single cause is the increasing congestion of our cities, caused by increasing immigration and the flight cityward from farms.

Immigrants now come in at an average total of a million a year. The great majority are from European farms or villages, which makes the absurdity the more apparent

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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

How They Handle the Immigration Problem

By Albert J. Beveridge

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

HERE are figures that tell a story and describe a policy—a story of the human element in the building of two nations; a policy of the compounding of two peoples.

Canada's population is about seven million five hundred thousand. For eleven months, ending February twenty-eighth of the present year, the total immigration to Canada was two hundred and seventy-one thousand three hundred and ninety-two persons. The population of the United States is about ninety millions. During this same eleven months the immigrants admitted to the United States were nine hundred and six thousand one hundred and twenty-five in number.

Whose Fathers Were Tillers of the Soil Before Them

Of these more than two hundred and seventy thousand who entered Canada, however, about two hundred and eleven thousand were from the British Islands and the United States. The remaining sixty thousand were from continental Europe, by far the most of them from the northern countries of the Continent, and comparatively few from southern Europe.

Of the more than nine hundred thousand immigrants to the United States during the same period, less than one hundred and fifty thousand, all told, were from the British Islands, Germany, Holland and Scandinavia. The great bulk of the remainder came from southern and eastern Europe, of which Italy alone furnished almost two hundred thousand.

The great majority of the more than two hundred and seventy thousand immigrants to Canada either immediately settled on lands or became farm laborers. Only a decided minority went to the cities or engaged in unskilled non-agricultural labor. The great majority of the more than nine hundred thousand immigrants to the United States did not take up farming lands or go into agricultural pursuits. The greater proportion of them became unskilled laborers in or near our cities and industrial centers. The minority settled on lands or became farm laborers.

The Dominion's Immigration Policy

AND thus begins to loom up in broad outline the story of nation building and people making in the two countries. For, though we cannot be said to have a definite immigration policy, Canada has no policy of any kind so well defined and carefully executed as that of the selection of the human types with which her statesmen are creating the Canada of the future.

Up to 1883, it cannot be said justly that we had any national immigration laws at all in the modern sense. Before that time, practically speaking, anybody who liked could come in. The diseased and the halt, the criminal and the insane, pauper and millionaire, entered our ports with equal freedom.

Yet, because of our vast areas of inviting and unoccupied land, most of our immigrants went directly to the soil, were absorbed into our population, learned our language and became elements of real strength to the Republic. Most of them, too, were people from the north of Europe, chiefly of Teutonic origin. Because of the poorer and more expensive means of transportation, undesirable immigrants in any considerable numbers did not essay the adventure. The quality of our immigration was very good—no thanks to us.

From 1883 until the present, our immigration laws have received increasing attention, until now they are in one or two particulars more rigid than those of Canada; but behind these immigration laws of ours is no policy beyond that of keeping out the mentally, morally and physically diseased. We make it none of our business what types pour into our citizenship, where they go or what occupations they follow.

Yet these three things Canada considers fundamental, and from them springs her thoroughly statesmanlike immigration policy. This policy may be described as: "People for the farms and farms for the people."

All of Canada's laws and regulations, all the vigorous and, as you shall see, picturesque immigration activities, are directed to the building up of a nation of tillers of the soil, carefully selected from those who have been tillers of the soil before they go to Canada and whose fathers were tillers of the soil before them.

Conversely, Canada, as a definite national policy, discourages the type of immigration that would congest her cities or industrial centers. The latter may go to Canada if they like, but Canada does not seek them; and when they come they must stand the strictest exclusion tests of Canada's laws and regulations as administered by officers carefully trained and in enthusiastic sympathy with this policy.

For example, one requirement of the Canadian laws and regulations is that between certain months of the year the immigrant must have at least twenty-five dollars and a ticket for his destination, or enough additional money to buy a ticket; during certain other months of the year he must have fifty dollars plus the ticket requirement. If he has a family he must have this money and ticket qualification for each one of them over a certain age.

If, however, an immigrant can show that he is going to sure employment on a farm this money qualification is suspended in his case. The farmer or farm laborer can enter quite freely.

If he is of a type of unskilled laborer, unfitted for farm-work, and cannot show that he is going to a sure agricultural employment, he cannot get into Canada without strictly complying with this money and ticket qualification. Also, if he belongs to this latter class, every feature of the law in its practical administration is applied to him rigidly.

As to racial types, Canada's immigration policy is equally clear and emphatic. First of all, she wants people who are coming to Canada to make their homes—and she wants no others—to come from the British Isles. Next to these, her hand is warmest in welcome to Americans. Then come, in her preference: the north-of-Europe people—Germans and Scandinavians, Dutch and Danes, Swiss, and people from the north of France. Not that Canada excludes desirable immigrants from other countries, for she does not exclude desirable immigrants from any Caucasian country—but she prefers people from the countries I have named. And the best of these she ardently desires.

And, whether in the British Islands or the United States; whether in northern France or Holland; whether in Germany or Sweden—the people whom Canada seeks are the farming classes; and these she seeks with diligence, system and resourcefulness.

I use the word "seeks" advisedly, for Canada has in the countries I have named the best organized, best informed and most zealous immigration propaganda the world has ever seen. There are nine Canadian immigration districts in the British Islands alone. There are twenty Canadian agencies in the United States, which latter are under the inspectorship and practical direction of an able man.

The British agencies are under the supervision of an equally well-informed and energetic man; and the whole of this across-seas' work is under the watchful eye of one of the most remarkable men that Canada has produced—Lord Strathcona—who, though he was a poor Scotch immigrant boy, has worked his way up in the Dominion, through every conceivable hardship, not only to the British peerage but to one of the commanding fortunes of the world.

All this network of Canadian immigration activities in other lands is, of course, under the direction of Canada's Minister of the Interior—and in its broad outlines is formulated by the Canadian Government—the Premier and his Cabinet.

More than that, the purposes of this farreaching and practical machinery is the policy upon which both political parties in Canada are united, because it is the determined policy of the Canadian people themselves.

Before telling the story of how this policy of selecting the human materials for the building of the Canadian nation grew up, let us see how it is working today. And remember that Canada is more eager for immigrants than we in the United States ever were.

The Slower Growths the Best

"BUT," said one of her public men, "we want the best types. The question of a man and a family settling in Canada is not a thing of an hour or a day or a year. It is a question of a lifetime at least—if the immigrant is virile enough, a question of generations. Though we want to develop rapidly, we want that development to be sound and permanent. We want no boom methods in human beings."

"Do you not think," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "that a nation can grow too fast? The poplar grows quickly. It makes a big showing in a short time, but it is of little use. The oak grows slowly, yet it furnishes lasting timbers for the building of ships and the homing of a people. Is there any difference—in principle—in the growing of a nation?"

Let us see now what these Canadian immigration agents are doing in other countries. Take England, for example. They are busy all the year, chiefly in the agricultural districts. Wherever their head office is located they are careful to select rooms with excellent window space, in a quarter most frequented by the class of people they want to reach. These window spaces are filled with attractive displays of Canadian agricultural products.

These central agencies carry on considerable correspondence throughout the district assigned to them—and this correspondence may be said to be almost entirely with farmers or those who have been bred to the farm. Great

quanti ies of engagingly written and attractively illustrated literature are sent over every country side in the district.

This, however, does not even begin the work of Canada's immigration agents. They deliver free lectures in little country towns, where their hearers are sure to be prosperous small farmers—lectures about Canada's opportunity, agricultural opportunity. And you may be sure these lectures are not dry-as-dust talks.

If statistics are used at all they are brief and vivid, appealing to the personal understanding and desires of those for whom the Canadian agent is seeking. Every Canadian immigration agent in a foreign country is supplied with several sets of photographic slides or films; and these lectures are illustrated by stereopticon views.

Nor is this all. Many of these agents are supplied with automobiles and wagons; and in these they travel at all seasonable times, meeting the people face to face, scattering literature, making speeches, exhibiting Canadian agricultural products. They go to every country fair or show, where farmers are wont to congregate.

Nor do they confine the work to themselves. They manage to get the school-teachers interested in it. Take Holland and Belgium for example: They have succeeded in getting the geography of Canada taught in about four thousand schools in those two little countries. They have these Dutch and Belgian school-teachers so interested that the latter give from twenty to thirty free lectures a year, illustrated by stereopticon views. And these lectures, directed largely toward the agricultural class, as I have said, are made most entertaining.

Government Publicity Work

IF YOU will imagine one of our popular lecturers who gives talks on other countries, illustrated by pictures, you will get an idea of what these Canadian immigration agents and the school-teachers in the various countries to which they are accredited are doing. For the lecture may be called an illustrated trip through agricultural Canada.

And here is something still more interpretative of Canada's purpose and policy: for years, Canada has sent to the United Kingdom, during the winter, the more successful of her farmers. These Canadian farmers deliver lectures to the English, Scotch and Irish farmers about farming in Canada. They talk to the people whom Canada wishes for immigrants about the practical needs and work of a Canadian farmer as well as about Canadian agricultural opportunity.

Can you think of anything more effective and helpful? In every possible way these missionaries of the farm aid the Canadian immigration agent abroad.

And these preachers of Canada's agricultural gospel are taken from all over the Dominion. For example, last year one farmer delegate went from New Brunswick and one from British Columbia; one from Ontario and two from Nova Scotia. Manitoba sent eight, and Alberta and Saskatchewan ten each.

A pretty wide, vigorous and intelligent campaign of inducement, do you not think? It is not all inducement, however. Almost as vital a part of Canada's immigration propaganda in other countries is the work of discouragement. Not only are they immigration agents; equally they are selection agents. They are supposed to picture, to the kind of men and women that Canada wants, a warm and golden hand reaching across the waters with hearty and opulent welcome; to the type they do not want, a cold and iron hand of rigorous exaction is vividly set forth.

Then, too, as a part of its policy of mingled encouragement and selection, the Canadian Government pays bonuses to scores of booking agents of railway and steamship companies, in those countries from which Canada desires to draw her immigrants, for sending to Canada the best types from the particular classes that Canada wants.

Certain countries are excluded from this Canadian immigration propaganda altogether. For example, though, as you have seen, Canada has an almost military immigration organization in the British Islands, the United States and one or more countries of northern Europe, and though this system will soon cover Scandinavia, Germany and Denmark, there is not a Canadian immigration agent in Spain, Portugal, Italy or the south of France; not one in Greece, Russia, Austria, the Balkan states or any part of Poland.

And this, mark you, is not because Canada thinks these latter people bad people, but because the immigrants from them are not likely to be best adapted to Canada's climate; because from these sources come the people most likely to swarm into cities and furnish unskilled labor in other than agricultural pursuits; and finally because their racial customs and habits of thought are difficult of assimilation with Canadian customs and habits of thought.

Grave, Industrious, Honest, Hospitable—They Have Won Their Way Into the Confidence of Canada

If human wisdom can encompass it Canada is determined to have a homogeneous people—at least, a people who have, as a basis, fundamentally similar ideals, tendencies and faiths. Canada does not close her doors, however, to any immigrants of any nationality—provided they are of the type and from the classes which alone, she thinks, can make a strong, self-helpful and vigorous people.

So, though immigrants from the south of Europe can get into Canada just as the Englishman can, they must go directly to a farm or to farm labor—or be subject to the most rigid and critical application of the severest tests of the Canadian immigration laws and regulations.

An illustration of this: Canada is increasing the number and vigilance of her immigration-inspector service along the three thousand miles of boundary line separating her from the United States; for the Canadians think they have found that people whom they would reject as immigrants come into the United States with comparative freedom, and from here go across the border into Canada as American immigrants.

So that, though the Canadians not only welcome but actively and fervently solicit genuine American immigrants, they are becoming increasingly watchful that among these shall not, also, come those whom they would have turned back at any Canadian port.

At a certain Canadian ocean port a great ship came slowly to the wharf. She bore more than a thousand immigrants. Down the gangplank they poured and up to the wide rooms of the immigration building. Though a skilled and seasoned inspector had boarded this ship at another port many hours before and had carefully looked these immigrants over, yet every man, woman and child of them again underwent the most rigid scrutiny—the most painstaking examination.

Practically all of them passed. They were all right mentally, sound in wind and limb, and had the cash. Every one of them—or, at least, practically all—were from England, Scotland and the north of Ireland.

Absolutely every one of them—man, woman and child—was well and comfortably clad. Nearly all the men that I saw were sturdy serious, self-contained; and nearly all the women appeared vigorous and healthy. Not a single squalid or ill-kept child did I observe among them; and every one of them was going to take up a farm, to be a farm laborer or to enter domestic service. It was a striking object-lesson of selection work abroad of the Canadian immigration propaganda in other countries.

Only the Best Types Wanted

AN EVEN more powerful selecting influence, however, than this careful discriminating work I have detailed is that intangible impression, which Canada has succeeded in spreading among the people of other countries who are likely to emigrate from their own lands, that Canada does not want them unless they are the very best of their type.

Somehow or other it has gotten into the air in the countries which might send Canada immigrants that, even if her laws admit them, only the best quality of immigrants will find a welcome in Canada. It is as curious as it is effective how this impression works upon the people of Europe who want to leave their own country for a new land.

Still, when Canada gets a group of immigrants from countries that her policy does not favor, who yet prove to be good material for future Canadian citizenship and present Canadian development along the lines the Dominion has laid out, their unexpected good qualities at once are recognized. Having proved themselves worthy, they are praised by the Government and, indeed, by the Canadian people—and Canada's attitude of unwelcome changes at once to that of hearty greeting.

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Not a Single Squalid or Ill-Kept Child Did I Observe Among Them

LÉONTINE AND CO.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

He Opened the Door to Let Me Out With a Polite "Bonjour, M'sieu'"

V

MY FRIEND, now what do you think of that? Just before John came into that office I doubt if there was a happier man in Paris than I. The minute after I don't believe there was a more miserable one—or a madder. For quick as a flash I guessed at what had happened, and I cursed myself for a fool not to have thought of it before.

As soon as I could speak I asked:

"When did you find this out?"

"This morning," said John, in a dull voice. "Edith opened the safe to get some money and found that the pearls were gone."

"Where were you both last night?"

"I was at the Automobile Club and got in late. Edith and Mary spent the evening in the studio and didn't go to bed until about midnight."

"Were any of the servants about?"

"No. When she went out to the studio after dinner Edith told them they might turn in as soon as they had finished their work."

I ripped out a savage curse. It was as plain to me as a pock-marked Hottentot. That accursed Chu-Chu had gone back the second night on his own account and opened the safe. A little box like that would be a nursery puzzle to an expert like Chu-Chu. No doubt he considered this job his own private affair, but it was barely possible that he might have turned over the string to Ivan.

I thought a moment, and then said to John:

"This is certainly rotten. Here I have gone and got Miss Dalghren's pearls, and now you come and spring it on me that Edith's have been stolen."

"What?" cried John, rousing up. "You've got Mary's pearls?"

"Here they are," said I, and threw the packet on the table. "For Heaven's sake, put them in the safe deposit now and tell her to get a reconstructed string. If these confounded women wouldn't insist on wearing fortunes on their bodies the prisons wouldn't be so crowded." I tell you, my friend, I was hot.

John sat and stared at the packet in a surly sort of way. Then he picked it up, dropped it into his pocket and gave me a look that didn't help my temper any.

"Well," said he heavily, "since you've managed to get this string, no doubt you may be able to find the other."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said I. "Well, if you'd been there to see how easy it was for me to get the first string you might not find it such a cinch to get the second."

"How is that?" he asked. "Don't you think that they were probably both stolen by the same person?"

"Yes," I answered, "I do. But the first was stolen more for spite and to get me back to graft than for the money value. But this second job looks more like theft for its own sake."

"Just the same," growled John, "it isn't the motive so much as the fact that counts. If you were able to make 'em choke up Mary's pearls why can't you use the same methods to get back Edith's?"

"Oh, because," I answered wearily, "the first was an official, what you might call syndicate job. The second is a little private enterprise on the part of the operator. Or at least it looks to me like that. However, I'll do my best. You'd better go back to the house and give Miss Dalghren her pearls, and tell her for goodness' sake to put 'em in a safe place. It's all my fault, I know. I should have cleared out, as I wanted to, and all of this wouldn't have happened."

John leaned over and dropped his hand on my knee.

"At any rate, Frank," said he, "you know that we all have perfect confidence in you, old chap."

He tried to make his voice hearty, but somehow it fell flat.

"Thanks," said I. "That's not what's worrying me."

"What is?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," I answered.

"Look here, Frank," says John, "is there any actual—eh, risk to you in looking for these pearls?"

"Oh, not a bit," I answered; "it's just like picking daisies!"

John looked worried. Said he: "If there's any physical danger about it just chuck the whole thing. Edith wouldn't wish it, and neither do I. Tell me the truth, old man."

"I can't tell you what I don't know," I answered. "If Edith's pearls are turned in at headquarters the chief will be just as much surprised as I, and hand them over without a word. He's not the man to do things by halves. But if the thief has held back the pearls the chances are that that's the last we'll ever see of them. The string would be so broken up as to make it almost impossible to trace. Anyway, considering what you have done in getting me off, the police would hardly take up the case. Your friend the prefect would shrug his shoulders and ask what the deuce you expected."

John's face cleared a little.

"I'll leave it all to you, Frank," he said; "but mind you, you're not to run any physical danger. It's not worth it, and Edith would be heartbroken if you were to come to any harm. So should I. Now I'll be off. Good luck to you and don't do anything rash. You can't tell; maybe it's some entirely outside person."

He got up, and giving me a nod went out. But I didn't like the way his eyes avoided mine and I wondered whether perhaps, deep down, he might not be less sure of me than he was willing to show.

When he had gone I sat for a few minutes thinking hard. Then I opened the drawer of my desk, took out an automatic pistol that I kept there, loaded it and slipped it into the side pocket of my coat.

'Look after the office while I am gone," I said to Gustave, my little *mécanicien*, and went out and hopped into a taxi, giving Ivan's address.

Ivan was at home and as I was shown into his bureau he looked up sharply. I didn't waste any time in getting to the point. As soon as the door was closed, I said:

"Count, I am sorry to trouble you again, but there is a fresh complication. Mr. Cuttynge has just been to the office with the pleasing news that his wife's pearls have been stolen also."

Ivan's face was not pleasant to see. Neither was mine, I imagine.

"Indeed?" said he. "What are the particulars?"

"Before I say more," I answered, "permit me to assure you that I have no doubt whatever but that this is the first news you have received of this latter theft."

Ivan bowed with a sort of satirical smile on his thin lips.

"Thank you," said he. "I would scarcely have given you the first string if I had meant to keep the other."

I told him what I had just learned from John. Ivan's face darkened.

"What is your theory?" he asked.

"I suspect Chu-Chu," said I. "To my mind there is no doubt of it. I think that he went back last night and collared Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls while she and Miss Dalghren were in the studio. He knew that their hands were tied. No doubt he considered his obligation to you discharged when he handed over the others."

Ivan frowned and shook his head. "No," said he; "Chu-Chu is one of my regular workers and not at liberty to do anything on the outside—or, at least, if he should attempt anything on his own account he is bound by our agreement to turn the proceeds in to me. Only in that case his percentage is doubled. In return for this he has the protection of our circle, and when times are bad he can always draw money for personal expenses."

I had heard of this sort of thing, although an independent man myself.

Ivan glanced at the clock. "If Chu-Chu got the pearls," said he, "I may look for him before noon. It is now half after ten. Do you care to wait?"

"Suppose he does bring them?" I asked.

Ivan made an impatient gesture with his hand. "It is all of the same piece," he snapped. "On your account that house is exempt from our affairs. If Chu-Chu has stolen those pearls he has disobeyed orders, and in that case he may take his choice between handing over the pearls to you or severing all connection with me. He will probably prefer the former. My organization is worth more to him than even so valuable a necklace of pearls. But if by any chance he should decide on the latter, then, my dear Mr. Clamart, you will have to arrange matters with Chu-Chu. I am not given to half measures, and having decided on my course of action I will carry it out. But there is a limit to my authority. If you care to wait I will show you into the library, and if Chu-Chu comes here you may talk to him yourself. He is apt to drop in, as I have some other matters to discuss with him."

"Thank you," said I; "I'll wait."

Ivan showed me into a small but handsomely furnished room, the walls lined with bookshelves that were filled with volumes. I selected a work on modern sculpture and sank into a big leather-covered chair.

But I did not read. What Ivan had just said left me with plenty of intellectual food. It was possible, I thought, that he might suspect me of having other ammunition in my magazine than a mere appeal to his sense of fair dealing; and it occurred to me that if this suspicion bordered on the conviction that I might threaten to expose the gang the odds were against my getting out of his house alive.

This danger was one that would be increased a thousand times by the arrival of Chu-Chu. Chu-Chu le Tondeur—

or Monsieur de Maxeville, as he called himself—was known to the underworld as being the ablest thief in Europe. His specialty was bank work, usually in the provinces, and his safe-opening skill was something marvelous. The most intricate combinations in his sensitive fingers were about as difficult as a game of diabolo. Personally I detested everything about the man. He was a constitutional assassin. Chu-Chu, the odds being even, would rather kill than not. His favorite weapon was the slungshot, but he was said to be a man of terrific strength, and not long before had killed an *agent* by a blow on the head with a *coup de poing Americain*, as they call brass knuckles in France where, as a matter of fact, they are ten times as much in use as at home. Chu-Chu left a trail of blood behind him wherever he worked. The man had the ingenuity of a Yankee, the cold courage of any Anglo-Saxon, the stealth of a Frenchman and the remorselessness of a Spaniard. I doubt if there lived a more dangerous enemy to society. He was a well-educated man, handsome, polished, a brilliant conversationalist, absolutely abstemious in his habits. His reputation for square dealing with his pals was bad, however, and not many thieves cared to work with him.

From what Ivan had told me I doubted if he trusted Chu-Chu. But Chu-Chu was too valuable to lose, if it could be helped, and too dangerous to quarrel with. I did not give Ivan himself the credit for a high-grade physical pluck. No doubt he was dangerous enough in his way, but it would not be his hand that did the striking.

As the case stood Ivan had played his game cleverly. Whether he suspected me of daring to lay evidence with the police or not, he had avoided bringing things to a crisis by giving me Miss Dalghren's pearls on my simple protest. But in disclaiming all knowledge of the theft of Edith's pearls and promising to restore them if possible, he had passed the affair up to Chu-Chu. I felt sure that Chu-Chu would deny all knowledge of the matter, and that Ivan would also. But I felt equally sure that the pearls were at that very moment in Chu-Chu's possession. In this case he had flatly disobeyed the orders of the chief.

Now if Ivan were to say nothing about my having charged Chu-Chu with the job, but should wait for Chu-Chu to bring up the subject himself, I felt pretty sure that he would have to wait a long time. If, on the contrary, he brought up the subject at once, Chu-Chu might either deny everything or else admit having stolen the pearls and hand them over. Ivan had no wish to quarrel with Chu-Chu. He might want to break with him, but he would prefer to do this peacefully. I thought it very possible that, even if he were to get the pearls, he would deny the fact to me rather than risk an open quarrel with Chu Chu. Then, fearing that I might take the matter to the prefect of police, it was very possible that he would feel himself unfortunately compelled to put me out of permanent action. And I knew that he would find an enthusiastic ally in Chu-Chu.

Therefore, as the thing framed up, it appeared that I stood no chance of getting the pearls, whether Chu-Chu owned up or not, but that I did stand a good chance of losing my life. Then why didn't I get out of the house while there was still time? For the simple reason that I had gone there after the pearls and I meant to have them.

Now it may not look so at first glance, but as a matter of fact the odds were a bit with me. How? It's easy enough. Ivan might know what Chu-Chu would do and Chu-Chu might know what Ivan would do, and I had a darn good idea of what both of them would do. But neither of them knew what I was going to do, and I did. It would never have occurred to their European minds. Your American crook would have thought of it first jump, not that he's keener but because my plan was the American plan. This was merely to hold them both up before they had a chance to guess at what was coming.

Perhaps that sounds too easy to you, because you are American yourself. But let me explain. Every race has its own method of violence. The Oriental loves poison, and slaves behind arras, and all that sort of thing in settling misunderstandings. The Teuton likes a duel; the Latin races a knife or stiletto—all good enough in their way and plenty efficient, but all, as you observe, requiring time. Whether to gloat or to sneer or to think it over, all of these older races like a little time before killing. And that is exactly what your Anglo-Saxon hates. He is apt to kill right off the bat, or let it go. A word, a blow, *bang!*

The difference is that Europeans and Orientals, though they like the killing well enough, dislike the violence. They shrink from the rough word, the crudeness of the caveman. They want art—and for that reason a sudden outburst on the part of the Westerner always comes to the Easterner with a sort of shock of surprise. In that atmosphere of luxury and refinement I could feel it myself. Sitting there in Ivan's handsome library and looking at his fine old vellum, and Louis XIV chairs and Bokhara rugs, it seemed like a rough and impolite play on my part to walk into the next room and stick up those two cultured and refined gentlemen—the one titled and the other decorated. But I made up my mind to do it, just the same; yes, and to turn that Empire-furnished *bureau de travail* into a Western barroom shambles at the first shady move, adding the *maître d'hôtel* to the bull-pit, and any other loose jokers that might see fit to bulge in. It really was simple enough. I can shoot quick and straight, and I had nothing much to fear from the result. When it came to a showdown, my friend the prefect would be only too glad that I'd taken the job off his hands. Chu-Chu's working name was known all over France, and his performances hadn't added a whole lot of luster to the records of the police department. Besides, European thugs have a way of following up old scores owed by their deceased members—especially with the minions of the law.

So I sat there, all taut and drawing, and before long the front door opened and I heard a bass voice that I recognized as Monsieur de Maxeville's. He went up to Ivan's office and for half an hour I heard the low rumble of voices.

Then, as I waited, there came the sound of Ivan's quick, nervous step in the corridor outside. I got up out of the big chair and stood, slipping my left hand into the pocket of my coat. I'm just as accurate with the left, and it leaves the right to shake hands with.

"Chu—Monsieur de Maxeville is here," said Ivan. "He denies all knowledge of Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls; in fact, he has managed to convince me that he is telling the truth. As it is, he is very angry because I gave back the other string to you. I have told him that you are here and he insists that you come in and make your charges yourself. Do you care to do so?"

"Yes," said I, "if it's all the same to you."

"Then come," said Ivan, and led the way to the office.

VI

CHU-CHU le Tondeur—alias Monsieur de Maxeville—was a distinguished-looking man of medium height, very broad and compactly made. In his long black *redingote* and narrow French trousers one would never have guessed at the heavy bone and muscle underneath. His face, though scarcely to be called handsome, was intelligent and in a way attractive, being forceful and wearing an habitually pleasant expression. Indeed, one of his nicknames was "*l'homme qui sourit*." Chu-Chu was usually smiling. He went about the streets with the hint of a smile in his face. He may have trained himself to wear this pleased expression, which is after all a fairly good mask. One hardly looks for a recent murderer going about with a pleasant smile on his lips.

Chu-Chu's forehead was very broad and high, his eyes small, of a curious slaty brown and set well apart; he had a long nose and a black mustache and imperial. His jaws, very prominent at the angles, and his heavy cheekbones suggested a Spanish strain. His hands were beautifully shaped and usually restless.

Chu-Chu dressed with the quiet elegance that might be expected of a senator, and when he spoke his bass voice was slow, quiet and pleasingly modulated. He had a curious, precise way of dragging out the ends of his words, adding almost a whole syllable to consonant endings, and this gave his conversation a hint of pedantry. He had told me at Léontine's dinner-party that his favorite recreation was big-game hunting and that he had once, while in the Nguru country, taken part in a Masai lion hunt. You know the sport. The natives, armed with shield and spear, surround the lion and then close in on him in a small circle. When he springs the hunter receives him on his assegai.

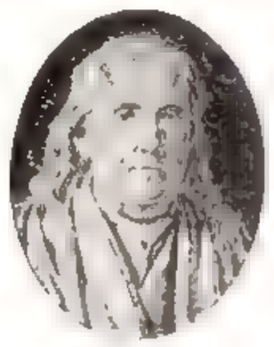
Such a man was Chu-Chu le Tondeur. As I entered the room he bowed. I did the same. Ivan offered me a chair, then seated himself behind his desk.

Chu-Chu opened the conversation by complimenting me upon my escape, then expressed his regret that so accomplished a colleague should quit the professional

(Continued on Page 52)

"Not a Sound, Not a Motion, or You're Both Dead Men"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.: D.: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
In Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1911

A Diplomatic Teapot Tempest

MOROCCO lies somewhere in Africa; has a debt of forty million dollars; a foreign trade comprising thirteen million dollars of exports and eight million dollars of imports, and an industrial development too insignificant to be mentioned in the statistical abstract before us. But the population of Morocco is about equal to the number of children, between ten and fifteen years of age, who are engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, and a few years before European diplomacy began to find an excuse for further existence by inventing a Morocco question, Chicago tried the humane experiment of instituting a court especially for children.

In June Germany sent a gunboat to a Morocco port and landed some troops. France immediately protested. Germany presently sent another gunboat, whereupon the Premier of Great Britain declared, in effect, that England would stand by France, and the leader of the opposition heartily seconded the declaration, adding that England had no intention of being "wiped off the map of Europe." Consols fell; chancelleries and bourses buzzed with talk of war involving three of the greatest, most civilized nations.

But while this was going forward the first international congress for juvenile courts assembled at Paris. Within a dozen years Chicago's humane idea had spread to so many lands and provoked an interest so nearly worldwide that this international conference was found expedient. Last fall, it may be recalled, a hundred and fifty delegates from foreign nations attended the international prison-reform congress at Washington—which also, by the way, was an American idea.

Imagine a war over Morocco in a world that runs together with eagerness to discuss the welfare of children and the redemption of criminals! For some time yet, no doubt, the chancelleries will bluster and clank their sword-scabbards periodically over trivial things; but every international meeting in a common, humane cause makes the performance look more like a stupid farce resurrected out of the Dark Ages.

The British Empire

AT THE recent Imperial Conference Sir Joseph Ward proposed an Imperial Parliament of Defense, to have exclusive powers for the whole empire in matters of foreign relations and defense, including the right to allot expenditures under those heads among the colonies. The parliament was to consist of two houses: the lower elected by the mother country and the colonies according to population; the upper to consist of representatives of the various states of the empire—the whole scheme being significantly reminiscent of the beginnings of Federal government in the United States.

The empire is not ready to go so far as that; and Sir Joseph's proposal found scant favor. Nevertheless the conference, in the opinion of the London Times, was notably successful. The colonial representatives, for the first time, were "initiated into the secrets of Britain's foreign policy," and seem to have gone home with a stronger sense of imperial unity than ever.

But the conference had scarcely adjourned before this sense of oneness received an unpleasant shock from South Africa. The Morocco business having bobbed up, the Volksstem of Pretoria, which is regarded as an organ of the Botha government, asserted that if Great Britain engaged in war South Africa or any other British colony might issue a proclamation of neutrality, quite as though it were an autonomous state and as independent of one belligerent power as of the other. Obviously there is little imperial oneness about that.

Sir Joseph Ward and the Volksstem probably represent the two imperial extremes. Toward which extreme the empire will tend is one of the most interesting of political speculations.

The Soldiers' Friends

REPRESENTATIVE ADAIR, of Indiana, is a Democrat. Addressing the Republican side of the House recently he observed:

"For fourteen years both branches of Congress have been Republican by large majorities and you have had a golden opportunity to reward the heroes of the Civil War; but during all this time you have fed them on promises and pledges, and year after year refused them the pensions they rightfully deserved. . . . The Record will show that practically all the speeches made in the House during the past five years in favor of more liberal pensions have been made by Democrats. . . . We on this side of the House who have been fighting the battles of the old soldier during the past five years understand your methods and purposes, and while you may fool some of the soldiers temporarily you have not fooled us."

Representative Sherwood, of Ohio, Democrat, chairman of the House Pensions Committee and author of a liberal pensions bill, also denounced Republican niggardliness and hypocrisy in respect to pensions.

"When the National Encampment of the Grand Army met in my home town," said he, "the program-fixers left me off the program at all the campfires and went out of their way to humiliate me by having General Keifer speak, because he had attacked me and my pension bill on the floor of Congress. What was the result? In the following November I was elected by twenty-three hundred majority over a Republican who four years before had carried the same district by eighteen thousand majority."

We are glad to print these extracts, against the inevitable time when some Democrat points with horror—before a sympathetic audience—to the Republican pension roll of a hundred and sixty million dollars annually.

The Long-and-Short Haul Instance

"A SHIPPER finds it difficult to reconcile himself to paying five hundred dollars for transportation of a carload of merchandise to his own city when that same carload, from the same point of origin, will be hauled through his city to a point five hundred miles beyond for three hundred dollars." So writes Interstate Commerce Commissioner Lane in the recent long-and-short haul decision.

The problem so stated is of long standing. To meet water competition railroads make a low through rate from the East to the Pacific Coast, but for the haul to points east of the coast they charge this through rate plus the local rate from the coast back to the inland point. Thus the charge for the shorter haul may be much higher than that for the longer haul.

The commission took up this problem some three years ago, entering an order as far back as May, 1909. The roads asked for more time, which was granted. Later, the commission required the roads to keep separate accounts for several months showing the revenues that actually accrued under the old arrangement side by side with the revenues that would accrue under the arrangement proposed by the commission. These figures being in hand, a further interval of about a year, for investigation and consideration, elapsed. The commission now enters an order governing long-and-short haul, but gives the roads until October fifteenth to make the required adjustment of rates. In railroad circles the hope is expressed that the commission will grant still longer time and make still further investigation—which is not improbable.

Yet Wall Street speaks of the commission as a rash, precipitate body with no proper sense of the responsibilities resting upon it. The caution with which the commission has moved in this instance is only one of many proofs to the contrary.

Humor of the Senate

IF SOME Senator required another stenographer to conduct his large official correspondence he wouldn't think of saying so point-blank. He would introduce a resolution that the Senate Committee on the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians be authorized to employ an additional stenographer at such and such a salary. The Senate would courteously pass it, and the Senator, as chairman of that puissant committee, would have the stenographer he required. If other chairmen of committees on Indian Affairs should simultaneously require additional stenographers the Congressional Record would speedily look as though the Indians were giving the Government a vast deal of trouble—although as a matter of fact the word Indian might never have been heard at the Capitol during the whole session.

"I have the honor," observed Senator Kern recently, "to be a member of the Committee on Disposition of Useless Papers in the Executive Departments." He pointed out that while the committee never meets it employs a clerk, an assistant clerk and a messenger. The Senate would shrink from saying officially that it employs the clerk, assistant clerk and messenger for Senator Clarke, of Arkansas. So it maintains a Committee on Disposition of Useless Papers in the Executive Departments, appoints Senator Clarke chairman thereof, and charges the help up to the committee. It has a Committee on Industrial Expositions, regardless of whether there are any such expositions, a Committee to Investigate Trespassers Upon Indian Lands, and various other sapient bodies whose only actual purpose is to provide Senators with clerks and messengers.

Senator Kern thinks it would be more sensible to abolish useless committees and assign clerks and stenographers directly to Senators who require them. It would certainly be less humorous.

The Seven-Day Steel Week

AT THE steel mills some men work eighty-four hours a week—twelve hours for every day including Sunday—and they have the "long shift" involving twenty-four hours of continuous labor. This, of course, is beastly, as steel men themselves frankly admit. But it is obvious that if you are going to compete you must get as much out of your labor as your competitor does. If he grinds ninety-nine out of his labor and you grind only eighty-nine out of yours he will beat you. Eighty-four hours a week is a logical fruit of unrestricted competition.

The Government has grave doubts about the Iron and Steel Institute and the "Gary dinners," suspecting them of being unlawful combinations in restraint of competition. Last October, however, the Institute appointed a committee to work out a plan by which all steel mills might agree to abolish the seven-day week and the long shift. The task is complicated, but has doubtless been rendered somewhat easier by fraternal discussion among the steel men at "Gary dinners." The committee has finally submitted a report, and abolition of the outrageous seven-day week may reasonably be expected. To abolish it by law would be difficult, requiring united action by many states. If the steel industry were not already highly organized, with a pretty good understanding among all the important producers, united action to abolish an abuse of labor would be impossible.

When an industry is highly organized—which means when it is pretty much a trust—all the social problems attending it are right under your thumb where you can get action on them.

Trust Tactics Abroad

LONDON newspapers in July contained reports of a conference of representatives of the steamship lines that carry passengers between Europe and North America for the purpose of forming or renewing a trust. Three years ago these lines formed a pool, adopting a schedule of minimum passenger rates covering the traffic between the two continents and allotting a certain per cent of the total business to each line. Some lines became dissatisfied with their allotments of business. The conference hoped to adjust this difference and renew the pool.

Imagine a like situation on this side of the water. There would be practically no public conference, but some strictly private meetings of promoters. Then there would be a New Jersey holding company, issuing some hundreds of millions of dollars of fiat common stock, and an "adjustment" of rates with reference to earning dividends upon the same. Next in order would come a dazzling Stock-Exchange campaign for the purpose of boosting the watered stock and passing it on to a good-natured public—which step would be logically followed by a drastic "reaction" in the stock, during which the good-natured public would part with it at about half what they paid. In the course of time there would be a suit by the Government and, somewhat later, a decision by the Supreme Court that would leave matters very much as they were before. Meanwhile passenger rates would always be carefully adjusted with reference to the dividend on the watered stock and to an accumulation of surplus earnings, out of which more ships would be bought and built, until the Trust was able to boast that all the water in its stock had been supplanted by solid assets.

Meanwhile, also, we should vigorously denounce the trust and declare that its charges were unreasonably high; but we wouldn't think of compelling it to lower them!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

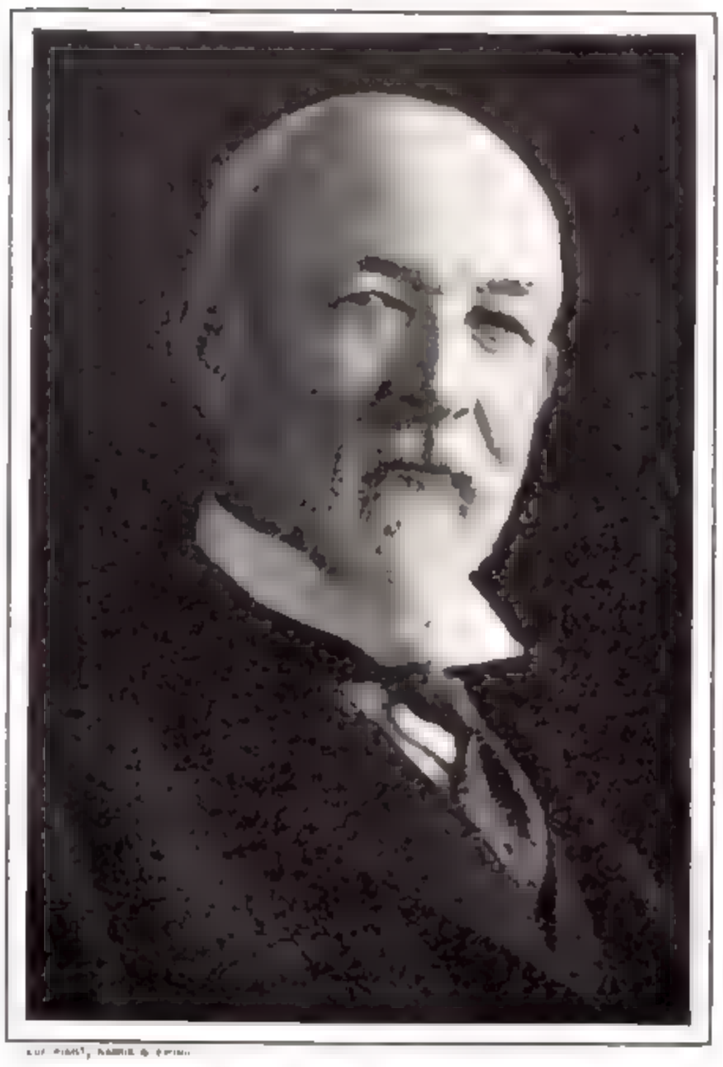
Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Calfskin King

THERE might be a quip concealed in the environs of the fact that Carroll Smalley Page, Senator from Vermont, deals extensively in raw calfskins and lives at Hyde Park; but this life is a serious business, after all, and everybody knows what happens to the jokesmiths.

"Deals extensively" is perhaps too conservative an utterance. Deals universally would be better. The truth is that every calf born in Vermont and not permitted to grow to manhood or ladyhood, as the case may be, is born to have its pelt acquired by Carroll Smalley Page. There is no escape. Immutably that calf's epidermis goes to Page. It is as much the Senator's as if the calf were born under his protecting care and in his own cowbarns. It is as much his as if on each calf there was a birthmark—"Property of C. S. Page." He gets them all. He, they say, is the largest dealer in raw calfskins in the country—that is, he isn't so all-fired large himself, but he deals largely.

Likely as not, when you buy a pair of calfskin shoes you are buying a piece of leather that originally, in its raw state, belonged to Carroll Smalley—after, of course, it had belonged to the calf in the first instance and the farmer in the second. Nor does Vermont confine his operations. He buys calfskins wherever calfskins are to be bought and sells again with, as we might say, a slight modicum of profit. He is a dealer, is the Senator—a trader. There may be some other person in this country who can buy calfskins as advantageously to himself and sell as advantageously to himself as the Senator, but he hasn't shown up yet. That person is working along other lines. In short, the Senator is the Calfskin King. Being named C. S. Page, he is known in his native state as Calfskin Page, which is a term of endearment; for, with all his calfskins, they love him still.



A Vermonter, Born and Bred

The careless considerer of cause and effect may think there is no analogy between calfskins and a United States Senatorship, but there is. The analogy is there, bigger than a house. I make bold to say that if Carroll Smalley Page had not dealt in calfskins from his early days he would not have been a Senator in the full flower of his youth, as he is at present—aged sixty-eight and the spryest Yankee you ever saw. You see, he started out to buy calfskins when he was a boy; and as his equipment consisted mostly of what he had on him in the shape of coin and a few knickknacks, such as farmers with calves that have been cut off in their infancy might desire, it was necessary for him to go where the calfskins were instead of having the calfskins come to him.

Vermont's Tidy Little Machine

IN OTHER words, the Senator was an itinerant dealer in this commodity—a pedler, if you please; and he traveled up and down Vermont—which, by-the-way, is what you have to do in Vermont—travel up and then down; and he glad-handed every farmer in that commonwealth, glad-handed him and bought his calfskins. It was a mutual proposition. First, the farmer skinned the calf and then skinned Page, or vice versa, as the case may have been. Incidentally, though the farmers were expert at skinning the calves, they didn't do much along the line of skinning Page. When Yankee meets Yankee in a deal somebody is bound to be skun. That is a truth as imperishable as the Green Mountains. However, C. S. Page seems to be moving along calmly and with considerable laid by in the bank.

From time to time there have been Yankees in the Senate—real Yankees. Senator Proctor, also of Vermont, was one who served long and ably, but who died before he had brought to success his cherished project of having the Government build its battleships of Vermont marble, of which the Senator owned some few pounds that could, on a pinch, have been devoted to other purposes than headstones and public buildings. Real Yankees in the New England representation are infrequent. Most of those statesmen have traits that are not typical, though all of them are imbued with the regulation thrift. Senator Lodge, for example, is an ornately veneered Yankee, and Murray Crane is a pussy-footed Yankee; while Doctor Gallinger was born in Canada and Senator Wetmore lives at Newport. Page is a real Yank—a Vermonter, born and bred; and every person who has ever been in Vermont knows exactly what that means.

He had the trading instinct highly developed even when he was a lad and began traveling through the state dickering for calfskins. Moreover, he had a good Vermont wit and a faculty for making his customers his friends; and as he progressed he built up a large constituency. It wasn't long before the farmers saved their calfskins for the young chap from Westfield, and he reciprocated by paying them the best market price and by contributing to their township celebrations and enterprises.

There is a good deal of politics in Vermont; and along with his slant for calfskins Page had a slant for this diversion. So, while he canvassed for his raw material he laid up a few friends here and there on whom he could depend for votes at the proper times. So long ago as 1869 he had himself elected to the legislature, serving in the lower house for four years and two years later going to the State Senate for a term. Being a Yankee he was prudent and allied himself with the organization, which, if it was not then, later came to be dominated by Senator Proctor. Page also exercised his political knowledge by serving for many years on the State Republican Committee, and presently he came into the line of succession for governor.

In the old days they knew who would be governor years ahead. I remember once, some years ago, meeting at one place in Vermont a governor of Vermont, the man who was to follow him as governor, and the man who was to have it next. It all came out as predicted too. A tidy little political machine was that old Proctor oganization.

Page's turn as governor came in 1890. Meantime he had put some of his calfskin profits into banks and had been state bank examiner for four years. He served as governor for two years; and when Redfield Proctor died, in 1908, he was selected for the vacancy. He was reelected in 1910 for the full term of six years, and the maple sugar he sends to the Senators each spring is held to be the very best that ever came to that distinguished body. When the maple sugar comes the Senate has a sweet and sticky time. It used to be an affecting and pleasurable sight to watch Boies Penrose and Thomas H. Carter eating maple sugar while discussing matters of grave concern to the nation.

As the Senator's business grew, his attention naturally turned to banks; and he bought into or established a string of banks in the state and still is president and director of some of them. He never grew away from his farmer friends. Whenever they wanted anything C. S. Page was on the job. One of his pleasing customs was to put five dollars into one or other of his banks whenever a particular farmer friend or a political ally had a son born to him—to the credit of the infant son; thereby inculcating the habit of thrift in the mind of the youngster, who started life with a bank account, but also encouraging him to make more deposits, as time wore on, in the Page banks.

Page is a dapper little person, who talks nasally and has a good bit of quiet effectiveness about him. He does not make many speeches, but is well placed on committees, being chairman of Cuban Relations, and on Agriculture, Interoceanic Canals, Indian Affairs and Naval Affairs among others; and he works hard. He deprecates any assaults on the sainted policy of Protection, votes with the regulars, stands pat most pattedly and never deserts the organization—a most regular Republican.

He does not like paper money. On the first of each month, or thereabout, he goes to his bank and gets the amount he thinks he will need for the month in two-dollar-and-a-half goldpieces. These he places in a purse, extracting them one by one as the occasion demands.

Aunty's Ultimatum

LEW WHITEMAN used to run a Democratic weekly paper in Xenia, Ohio, which was a Republican stronghold. Lew had pessimistic views concerning all Republicans and many of his fellow citizens who were Democrats, which he set forth from week to week in his paper in bald and forcible style.

One week he let go an article about a local politician that was raw. It was vigorous and pointed. The article offended the maiden aunt of the politician and she wrote to Lew: "Stop my paper at once! I won't take it."

Lew printed her command in the next issue and commented: "We shall be very glad to stop this lady's subscription. The mere loss of a subscriber is of little moment to a great moral agency like the Herald. But when she asks us to stop the Herald she asks the impossible. To do so would amount to a national calamity!"

Kin to Kennealy

JOHN KENNEALY, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is one of Washington's best-known Irishmen. He is a big, strapping, genial fellow, proud of his race, proud of his descent and very active in Irish affairs.

Colonel Robert M. Gates, of Tennessee, and his friend, Colonel Thomas U. Sisson, of Mississippi, member of the House of Representatives, were proceeding up the street in a leisurely manner when they met Kennealy.

"Tom," said Colonel Gates, putting his arm on Kennealy's shoulder, "here is a friend of mine I want you to know. He is one of the finest men in Washington. Tom, this is my friend, John Kennealy."

"Mr. Kennealy," said Colonel Sisson, with a distinguished bow and a hearty clasp of the hand, "I am proud and glad to meet you. It gives me great pleasure, sir. I have a family of your name, sir, in my home town. I wonder if they are kin of yours, sir?"

Kennealy said he didn't know.

"Well, sir," continued Colonel Sisson, "I hope they are, sir, for they are fine people, sir—although they are Italians."

The Great Unknown

IN THE spring of 1908, when Senator J. W. Bailey and Cone Johnson, of Texas, were both running for the position of delegate at large to the Denver convention, a planter in the Brazos Valley sent a negro farmhand to get some nails at a store in a town where Bailey happened to be speaking.

The darky remained away all day and returned late at night without the nails.

"Ah cudden get no nails," he told the planter. "De stoahs wuh all shet up."

"Somebody dead?"

"No; dey wuh all at a speakin'."

"Couldn't you get them to leave? Didn't they open up again?"

"No; dey stay dah all evenin'. Wudden come away at all."

"That's odd. Who was it speaking?"

"Well, I cudden zackly luhn de gen'man's name, but he suttinly gev hisself a pow'ful fine reck'mendation."

Damon and Python

A CERTAIN great publisher, of rather exacting temperament and not especially easy to get along with, secured an editor after many other editors had passed through his office.

This editor tamed the exacting and sometimes querulous publisher and they became great friends. The editor apparently had the stuff in him to compel pleasant treatment.

One day the editor and the publisher came into a luncheon club arm in arm.

"Look at them," said another publisher. "There come Damon and Python!"

"Don't it make you hungry?"

EVERYBODY who has tried our Tomato Soup knows how tempting and appetizing it is. And it is just as wholesome and nourishing as it is tasty.

The youngsters enjoy it like cake or candy. And it does them a great deal more good.

You could hardly find a food better for young people than

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

It is easy to prepare "in a hurry."—And hungry youngsters are always in a hurry.

It is full of food-value; rich in tonic properties; and easy to digest.

Give them a plate or two of this palatable soup with bread-and-butter for the evening meal, in place of heavy meat.

See how much better they sleep and work and play. So will *you*—on the same simple diet.

Try it yourself.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo	Pea
(Okra)	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
	Vegetable

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"Don't think I borrow
Superfluous sorrow
I've trouble enough
And to spare.
Wouldn't it pain you
To look at a menu
And find not a
Campbell's Soup there?"

OUT-OF-DOORS

Points About Fly-Fishing

THERE are some persons who sneeze at the use of the artificial fly, just as there are other persons who scoff at the thought of a cold bath in the morning. Both practices, however, may be described as cleanly, godly and efficient. Indeed, the first mentioned may be called utilitarian. In the hands of the right man the artificial fly is a very deadly way of taking fish.

There has been a great increase in the use of artificial lures of one kind or another in the past few years. Not so very long ago live bait was thought to be the only thing for the taking of game fishes. The invention of the spoon-hook, one of the earliest of artificial lures, is scarcely a generation old. Today we have on the market scores of artificial baits of wood, rubber, silk, tin, aluminum, glass, pearl and what-not, most of them rigged with countless flying triangles, which are needlessly brutal. Many of these contrivances will kill fish in some conditions. There are more of them in use now than the world ever saw, though there are not more fish than the world ever saw, taking one water with another.

The artificial fly has the great merits of cleanliness, portability and freedom from trouble. It is easier to put your fly-hook in your pocket than it is to go out and catch a stockingful of frogs or a pailful of minnows. It will nearly always catch you some fish and sometimes it will catch you more fish than would anything else. In any conditions it will undoubtedly afford you more sport and interest than anything else by way of lure.

When You Go for Salmon

If you go salmon fishing you must use the fly and nothing else. You can almost count upon the fingers of one hand all the instances where a salmon has been known to take anything but the artificial fly. Reference, of course, is made to the Atlantic salmon. The Pacific species sometimes will take a spoon-hook—rarely or never the fly. Why the salmon takes the gaudy flies that are offered is something which no one has ever yet figured out—not even Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who is a specialist in mental irregularities among the human family, but confesses his helplessness when it comes to reading the mind of a salmon. This branch of angling is generally admitted by all the world as being the height of angling. It has an ironclad exclusiveness about it, for the man who fishes for salmon must do so with the fly, and nothing else is of any use at all.

The salmon seems to be the only fish that always demands brightly colored feathers for a diet. In most other species there may be alternatives. It is astonishing, however, what the fly will do in killing bass, pickerel, croppies, bream, sunfish, rock-bass and other species of pan fish, not mentioning, of course, the several species of trout, for which it is held the accepted lure. With these species, bait is sometimes the only thing that will kill, yet at other times this statement is well-nigh as true regarding the fly.

To be able to take fish on the fly you must know about fish. The man who hunts or fishes for the market is your best naturalist, for he knows the habits of the creatures he pursues. You must also know something about the environment—the medium—in which you are going to pursue your game. There was one curious sportsman, not long ago, who built himself a tank with glass bottom and ends, so that he could study from below and at one side the look of the artificial fly when actually submerged. He found that it did not resemble in the least, in shape or color, the same fly when dry and in the open air.

We must remember that a fish feeds in a medium where most objects are seen dimly, or in blurred outlines, and generally in motion. A fish usually does not have time to examine very carefully the potential breakfast that is presented to it. As—like the rest of us—it fears that some one else will get the breakfast unless it gets to it first, it sometimes makes a rush, actuated in part by hunger, in part by curiosity—possibly sometimes by suspicion or even by anger. There is little doubt that it is anger that prompts a bass to rush at anything approaching its spawning bed.

The theory of the use of the fly, therefore, is that it shall excite hunger or curiosity, and that it must keep moving, because most of the food the fish takes in the water is moving when seized. Whether or not the fly shall exactly imitate some insect on which the fish is accustomed to feed, opens up the whole argument of imitative and non-imitative fly-fishing. This argument has never been settled, but it would come much nearer settlement did men reflect that part of the time fish strike out of hunger and part of the time out of curiosity rather than certitude.

The art of dry fly-fishing—that is to say, the use of the imitative insect in imitative fashion—may be considered the acme of the angler's art. We do not fish dry flies very much in this country, but it is growing more and more in use annually, though the conditions in most of our trout streams do not fit in with it perfectly. Many of the trout streams of the old country are rather quiet meadow waters with little current. On such a stream the angler can see the break of a feeding fish distinctly. He then tries to find what hatch is on and seeks to mount a fly that resembles as near as may be the insect on which the fish is feeding at the time. Usually he will fish upstream and will endeavor to place the fly gently on the water so that it will not be submerged, but will float down over the feeding fish. To secure this purpose, the wings of the dry fly are usually treated with a little paraffin, so that they will not soak up water readily. When the fly begins to drown, or get waterlogged, it is dried by flicking it a few times in the air. This is surface fishing with the imitative fly—very pretty sport and requiring a very considerable exercise of skill.

A knowledge of dry fly-fishing has given many an American angler a good basket of trout on a stream where the old methods were for the time inefficacious. Very often, when the weather is warm and the stream low and clear, one can get a good basket of trout by using small flies fished dry, with light tackle, in the dusk—or even after dark. It is not really essential that the fly imitate perfectly the insect when on the water, though that is better, when possible. The main thing is that it shall float and that it shall be presented very gently, without much disturbance of the water. Our chuck-and-chance-it methods of wet fly-fishing, delivering the drowned fly at random to whom it may concern, will do very well in a rapid stream or one not very much fished. In the more difficult streams the light leader, the tapered line, the accurate and delicate cast and the fly fished dry make the only conditions under which one will get a basket.

The Bucktail Fly

No one can tell why trout suddenly go on a feed or why they suddenly cease feeding, though it is supposed to be caused by some hatch, visible over or under the water. On nearly any day there will be a time when trout will feed, either by daylight or after dark. Perhaps this may be for half an hour, perhaps for an hour; and sometimes, in cool and dark weather, they will feed indifferently all day long; or again, just before a thunderstorm they may feed furiously for a short time. Usually a good fly-fisherman will get a basket of trout sometime during the day if a bait-fisherman can do it—always provided, of course, that the stream is such that he can properly present the fly. There is no doubt, however, that any particular pattern of fly will "wear out" if fished too much on any water. Sometimes a fly may be good for an entire season and almost worthless thereafter; so that the angler faces a continually changing problem.

One of the most killing flies you can use is not known on the market at all and you will have to make it for yourself. This is the bucktail fly, made of the hair of the deer's tail red, brown, black or white. You can buy so-called bucktails on the market, but they are usually made after the theory of other artificial flies, with the

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TOWN DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, 8 South Dearborn St., Chicago

wings and hackles cut off short and stiff. This sort of fly lacks the merit of the bucktail proper, which really has neither wings, body nor hackles, but consists of a few of the hairs tied on a hook, with or without a body of the same material. The ruder a fly of this kind is, the more it seems to kill. It is the peculiar property of the deer hair to separate and not to mass together when wet, and no other material has been found that is so alive in the water.

You will very often find trout feeding on the grub or larva of a fly, which later on may hatch. Sometimes this larva is in a little cylinder or case of bark or fine gravel. Sometimes its legs or the end of the tail will stick out, and usually the white head will show distinctly. There is nothing in the world a trout would rather have to eat than this. Now suppose the trout sees rolling down in the current a rather slim and darkish object, which is part white and which has crawly ends; it is easy to suppose that in its haste it may mistake this for the larva on which it has been feeding. Perhaps it may mistake a large bucktail for a minnow. It looks like nothing in particular, and everything depends on the way in which you handle it.

The man who lets his fly float downstream at the mercy of the current, without giving it any motion of its own, is not apt to take trout or any other fish; and certainly he will not if he is using the bucktail. But if he pulls that bunch of hair upstream with short, regular jerks, allowing it to drop back a little bit each time, the different filaments will spread apart and move on the end in a livelier way than feathers do.

On some streams the bucktail will kill larger trout than any other artificial lure, and on a stream where trout take it at all it is apt to wear longer than almost any other sort of pattern. Tied in proper fashion, the bucktail fly will kill bass or muskellonge. What it might do with salmon if it were tied of brilliantly colored bucktail hairs is a matter of conjecture, so far as known. It is a far cry from the crude-looking bucktail to the delicate quill or drake or spinner or dun patterns, tied with upright wings and fished in sizes half the length of a fingernail. Yet both will take trout and large ones, and both serve to show the range of fly-fishing opportunities.

Sport in the Tippecanoe

Salmon-fishing is out of the question for most of us and the trout season is short and expensive. There are multitudes of other opportunities for fly-fishing, however. For instance, take the black bass—a bold fish, yet wary, and an omnivorous feeder. Of course you can catch bass on minnows, crawfish, frogs, dobsons—even worms—and on spinning baits of very many kinds; but if you have not learned the deadliness of the artificial fly on bass you have still something left for your curriculum.

Almost any river of the middle latitudes, where there is bright water with occasional gravel beds, showing pockets among the reeds or rushes or watergrasses, will produce bass to the artificial fly; and on a good many streams you can wade, as for trout, and get a good basket of bass on the fly, though you will find the bass rather a shyer fish than the trout, requiring both a long line and a very careful approach. If fishing from a boat the boatman must be careful not to make too much disturbance; and if wading the angler must be careful how much mud he sends down ahead of him. Once the knack is learned, the fly-fisher can kill a bass on any one of a hundred streams in every state where the fish is known. The late ex-President Benjamin Harrison was very fond of fly-fishing for bass, and the Tippecanoe River, of Indiana, was one of his favorite streams, whether on account of its historical reference one does not know—though one can testify to the delights of that and other such rivers when conditions are good.

There is a special cult of fly-fishing for bass on the upper portions of the Mississippi River. That would be the last stream in the world where one would expect to use the artificial fly, but some thirty years ago a curious angler found that the bass there would take the fly readily. He shared his secret for a long time with only a very few friends, but of late the country has been much exploited and fishing pretty much ruined. It has not been unusual to kill a couple of dozen fine smallmouth bass, running as high as four or even five pounds, on the artificial fly in a day's fishing on the Father of Waters.

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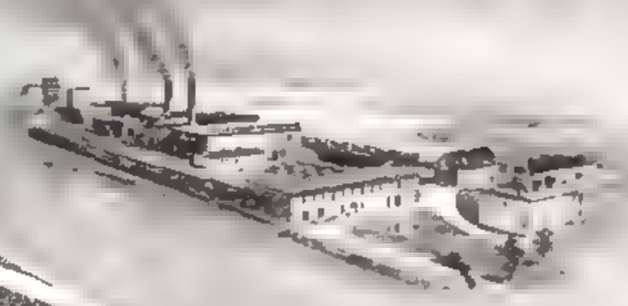

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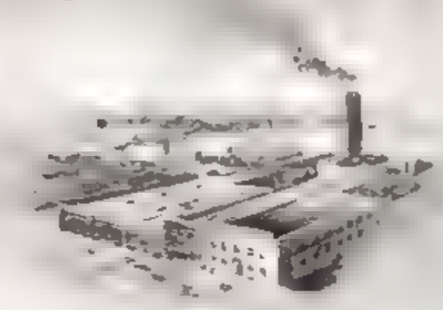

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THE OSTABLE POSTMASTERSHIP

(Continued from Page 13)

wanted the backslidin' deacon, but he hated to desert his friend.

"You're sure " he stammered. "It seems mean to leave you, but — Sure you wouldn't mind? If it wasn't that you are on a diet and can't eat I shouldn't think of it; but "

"Shut up!" The Major fairly whooped it to Jericho. "If you talk diet to me again I'll kill you. Go in and eat! Eat, you idiot! I'd just as soon watch two pigs as one. Go in!"

So Shelton came in and I had a plate of chowder waitin' for him. He grabbed up his spoon and didn't speak until he'd finished the whole of it. Then he fetched a long breath, passed the plate for more, and says he:

"By George, Cap'n, that is the best stuff I ever tasted! You're a wonderful cook."

"Much obliged," says I; "but you ain't competent to judge until after the third helpin'. And now you try a slab of that spider-bread and a cup of coffee. And don't forget to leave room for the shortcake because — Well, I swan to man! Why, Major Clark, are you crazy?"

For, as sure as I'm settin' here, old Clark had come bustin' into that kitchen, yanked a chair up to that table, grabbed a plate and the ladle, and was helpin' himself to chowder.

"Major!" says I.

"Why, *Cobden!*" says Shelton.

"Shut up!" roars the Major. "If either of you say a word I won't be responsible for the consequences."

We didn't say anything and neither did he. Judgin' by the silence 'twas a mighty solemn occasion. Everybody ate chowder and just thought, I guess.

"Pass me that bread!" snaps Clark.

"But, Cobden " says Shelton again.

"It's hot," says I, "and it's fried; and —"

"Give it to me! If you don't I shall know it's because you're too ripslap stingy to part with it!"

After that there was nothing to be done but the one thing. He got the bread and he ate it—not one slice, but two. And he drank coffee and ate a three-inch slab of shortcake. When the meal was over there wa'n't enough left to feed a healthy canary.

"Now," growls the Major, turnin' to Shelton, "have you a cigar in your pocket? If you have, hand it over."

The Congressman fairly gasped. "A cigar!" he sings out. "You—goin' to smoke? You!"

"Yes—me! I'm goin' to die anyway. This murderer here," p'intin' to me, "laid his plans to kill me and he's succeeded; but I'll die happy. Give me that cigar! If you had a drink about you I'd take that."

He bit off the end of the cigar, lit it and slammed out of the kitchen, puffin' like a soft-coal tug; and Shelton followed in his wake.

I cleaned up everything, left a note and some money on Jonathan's table and locked up the house. When I got outside there was a fair-to-middlin' breeze springin' up. Shelton was settin' on the hummock waitin' for me.

"Where's—where's the Major?" I asked pretty fearful. To tell you the truth, I was some conscience-struck and worried. My idea had been to play a little joke on Clark—tantalize him by eatin' a square meal that he couldn't touch—and get even for some of the names he'd called me; but now I wa'n't sure that my fun wouldn't turn out serious. When a man with a tender stomach eats enough to satisfy an elephant the land knows what may come of it.

"He's over there in the shade—asleep," he whispered.

"Asleep!" says I. "Sure he ain't dead?"

"Listen!" says he. I listened. If the Major was dead he was a mighty noisy remains.

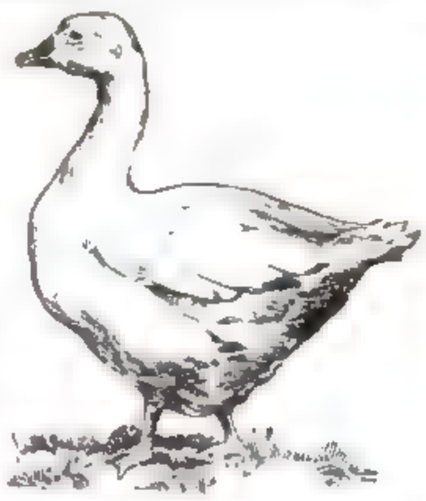
He woke up after an hour or so and come trampin' over to where we were.

"Well," he snaps, "it's blowin' hard enough now, ain't it? Why don't you take us home?"

"How about the auto?" I asked.

The auto could stay where it was till the horses come to pull it out. As for him he wanted to be took home.

"But—but, are you able to go?" asked Shelton, anxious.



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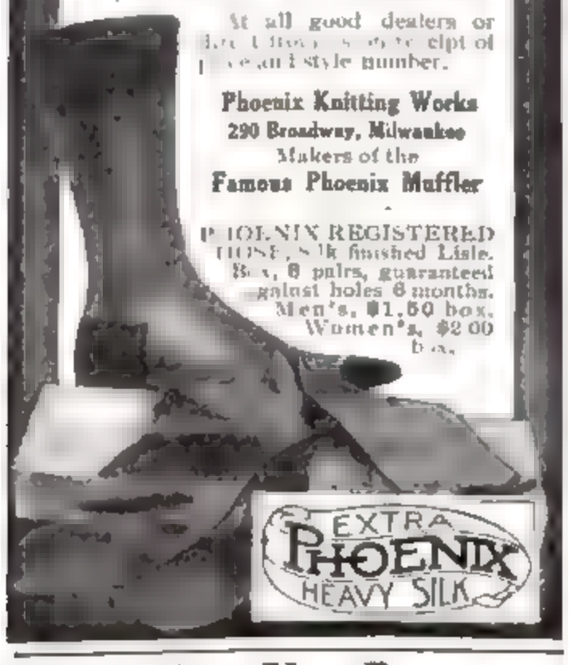

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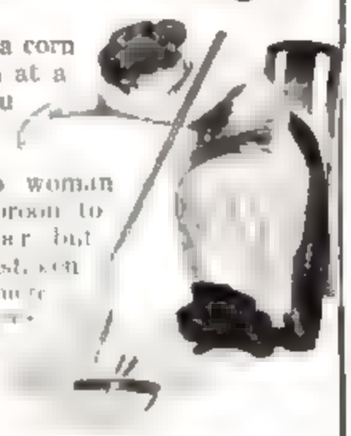

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What in the sulphur blazes did we mean by that? Course he was able to go! And had Shelton got another cigar in his clothes?

All of the sail home I was expectin' to see that military man keel over and begin his digestion torments; but he didn't keel. He smoked and talked and was better-natured than ever I'd seen him. He didn't mention his stomach once and you can be sure and sartin that I didn't. As we was comin' up to the moorin's in Ostable I'm blessed if he didn't begin to sing—a kind of a fool tune about "Down where the somethin' or other runs." Then I was scared, because I judged that his attack had started and his delirium was settin' in.

Shelton shook hands with me at the landin'.

"You're all right, Cap'n Snow," he says. "That was the best meal I ever tasted and nobody but you could have conjured it up in the middle of a howlin' wilderness. If there's anything I can do for you at any time just let me know."

There was one thing he could do, of course, but I wouldn't be mean enough to mention it then. The Major and I had, generally speakin', fought fair and I wouldn't take advantage of a delirious invalid. And just then up comes the invalid himself.

"See here, Snow," says he, pretty gruff; "I'll probably be dead afore mornin', but afore I die I want to tell you I'm much obliged to you for bringin' us home. Yes, and—and by the great and mighty, I'm obliged to you for that chowder and the rest of it. It'll be my death, but nothin' ever tasted so good to me afore. There!"

"That's all right," says I.

"No, it ain't all right. I'm much obliged, I tell you. You're a stubborn, obstinate, unreasonable old hayseed, but you're the most competent person in this town just the same. Of course, though," he adds, sharp, "you understand that this don't affect our post-office fight in the least. That Blaisdell woman don't get it."

"Who said it did affect it?" I asked, just as snappy as he was. That's the way we parted and I wondered if I'd ever see him alive again.

I didn't see him for over a month, but I heard about him. I woke up nights expectin' to be jailed for murder; but I wan't. And when, three days later, Shelton started for Washin'ton, the Major went away on the train with him. Abubus and his wife shut up the house and went off too—and nobody seemed to know where they'd gone. All's could be found out was that Abubus acted pretty ugly and wouldn't talk to anybody.

At the end of two weeks, though, a thing happened that meant somethin'. I got two letters in the mail, one in a big, long envelope, postmarked from the Post-Office Department at Washington, and the other a letter from Shelton himself.

"*Dear Captain Snow,*" it begun: "You may be interested to know that our mutual friend, Major Clark, has suffered no ill effects from our picnic at the beach; in fact, he is better than he ever was and has been enjoying the comforts of city life to an extent which I should not dare attempt. Whether his long respite from such comforts helped, or whether the celebrated Doctor Conquest was responsible, I know not. The Major, however, declares Doctor Payne to be a fraud and to have been, as he says, 'working him for a sucker.' Therefore he has discharged the doctor and discharged the cousin with the odd name—your fellow townsman, Abubus Payne. The mishap with the auto was the beginning of Abubus' finish and the fact that no indigestion followed our chowder party completed it. And also—which may interest you still more—Major Clark has withdrawn his support of Payne's candidacy for the post-office and urged the appointment of another person, one whom he declares to be the only able, common-sense, honest man in the village. As I have long felt the appointment of a compromise candidate to be the sole solution of the problem, I was very happy to agree with him—particularly as I thoroughly approve of his choice. When you learn the new postmaster's name I trust you may agree with us both. I know the citizens of Ostable will do so. Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM A. SHELTON.

"P. S. I am coming down next summer and shall expect one of your chowders."

My hands shook as I ripped open the other envelope. I knew what was comin'—somethin' inside me warned me what to

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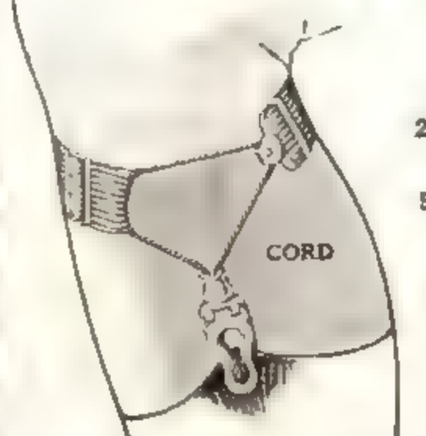

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expect. And there it was. Me!—me! · Zebulon Snow—was app'inted postmaster of Ostable!

Was I mad? I was crazy! I fairly hopped up and down. What in thunder did I want of the postmastership? And, if I wanted it ever so much, did they think I was a traitor—that I'd take it after workin' tooth and nail for Mary Blaisdell? By time! I'd show 'em! It should go back that minute and my free and frank opinion with it. I'd kicked one chair to flinders already and was beginnin' on another when Jim Henry Jacobs came runnin' in and stopped me.

Never mind the argument we had. It lasted till after one o'clock next mornin'. Jim Henry argued and coaxed and proved, and I ripped and vowed I wouldn't. He was tickled to death. The post-office was the greatest thing to bring trade that the store could have—and so on. I must take the job. If I didn't somebody else would somebody that, more'n likely, we wouldn't like any better than we did Abubus.

"No!" says I. "No! Mary Blaisdell shall have ——"

"She won't get it anyway," says he. "She's out of it—Shelton as much as says so—whatever happens. And she don't want the title anyway. All she needs or cares for is the pay and I've thought of a way to fix that. You listen."

I listened; and so it happened that when Major Clark come back to Ostable, and come into the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store, he come grinnin' like a Chessy cat and askin' for his mail.

"And while you're about it," says he, "you might as well pay me that bet."

"What bet?" says I.

"Why, the bet you made that Mary Blaisdell would be postmistress here."

"I didn't bet that," I says. "I bet that Mary would handle the mail—that's all. So she will—fact is, she's handlin' it now. She's my assistant in the post-office; and if I choose to pay her the whole of the postmaster's salary whose business is it but mine? No, Major; I won the bet!"

Maybe I did, but he ain't paid it yet. And he finds more fault with the way the post-office is run than any other taxpayer in Ostable. His dyspepsy may have been a fraud, but his crankiness is genuine.

THE DREAM PRINCESS

(Continued from Page 7)

Bog, so as to make the dwar-rf princess grow up. Sure this was foolishness on his part, for wan of them says: "Oh, ho, an' is she the princess?" and Terry says, "Yes."

"Well, I know a way to make money then," says the groom to himself.

But they star-rted widout trouble, the princess ridin' on Terry's hor-rse—and glad to, mind ye—the other hor-rse follerin' alongside, an' the two grooms wid the bags of gold ridin' behind.

About t'ree in the mor-rnin' they run into a fog, an' when they come out of it one of the grooms had disappeared, but his hor-rse followed its mate.

The next hut they passed Terry knocked at the door an' a man opened it.

"Have ye chick or child?" asks Terry.

"Sure I'm a bachelor-r," says the man, an' slams the door in anger.

"Why did ye ask that?" says the princess.

"Wait," says Terry.

The next hut they came to Terry knocks an' a middle-aged woman opens it an' says: "Come in an' rest an' have a bite."

An' it not cock-crow yet.

"Have ye chick or child?" says Terry.

"I have ten, the Lord presair-rve them from har-rm," says she, crossin' herself.

"Have ye a little ger-rul ye'd like to have grow up quick?" says Terry.

"Sure I wish they'd all grow up quick, an' me a widder woman an' all ger-ruls but the youngest—an' he's a boy."

"I'll give ye twenty sovereigns for the loan of a child for a day or two, an' if she doesn't come back a young leddy I miss me guess."

'Twas an aisy-goin' woman an' she consinted; an' it wasn't long before the princess was dressed in the little ger-rul's clothes an' the little ger-rul was dressed like a princess—an' very happy too.

"Goodby, sister," says Terry, winkin' as he put a kiss on the lovely little rosebud mouth of the princess.

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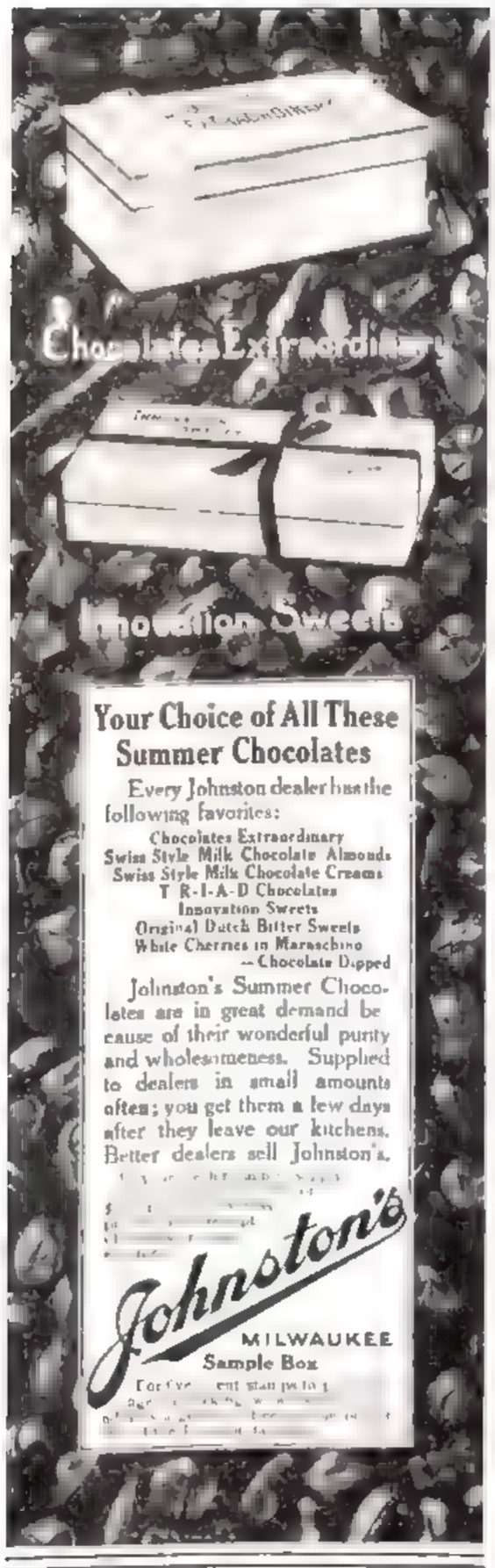

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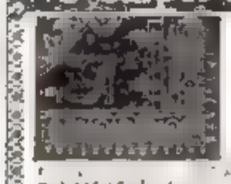

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"Goodby, brother," says she, puttin' her little ar-rms around his neck an' huggin' him. "Don't you be long. An' don't get hur-rted."

Dawn was in the sky an' Clubberly Bog a matter of a league away when Terry hair-rd the sound of gallopin' hor-rses, an' lookin' back saw the king an' half a dozen of his sojers follerin' after aich other for all the wer-ruld like a steeplechase.

When the king comes up to Terry he says: "Give me the princess at once or me sojers will shoot you dead."

Terry bows low an' says: "Your Majesty, didn't ye tell the wise man that I was to take her an' cure her of bein' a dwar-rf? An' didn't I saddle up at wance? But take her, you, and see that she doesn't become a giant."

All wrapped up in the princess' fur robe, the night bein' cool, was the child, an' glad enough was King Cormac that he wouldn't have to see the dwar-rfed princess again. An' it's wan of the sojers he made carry her, not likin' to touch a dwar-rf.

He was off in a minute wid his sojers, an' Terry leaned over on his hor-rse's neck an' laughed to kill himself. Then he took his hor-rses to a bit of wood nairby—for he was in his own country now an' well he knew every step—an' lay down to get a little sleep. Sure he was no sooner asleep than the princess in her right size came to him an' said: "Stay hid till King Cormac is well on his way back to the castle. He will think you've gone all the way back thinkin' to find refuge in me father's castle, but do you stay in these woods until the sun is overhead and then go back to the cottage of the woman with the ten children."

Well, this time nothin' woke him, but he stopped dramin' for the heaviness of his sleep; an' when he woke up it was twelve o'clock an' a heavy rain had washed all hoofmar-rks out of the road, but he was sure the king had gone back. So l'avin' the groom to guar-rd the gold—wid a promise of a big reward to make the felly honest—he sets out for the cottage of the middle-aged woman, foliered by the other hor-rse.

When he comes to her door a laughable sight there was, for there sat the mother on a milkin' stool, an' in her lap was a ger-rul about five yair-rs old be the face of her, but as lair-rge as a ger-rul of twenty. When King Cormac had found out his mistake he had driven her off after givin' her a sovereign, an' he had set out hot foot after Terry, but the rain comin' down destroyed the footprints an' he had to acknowledge himself bate be a mere lad. An' the ger-rul had walked home—quite be accident.

Well, Terry gives the mother thirty sovereigns instead of twenty, to aise her feelin's in case they was injured, an' then he goes into the hut an' kisses his sister good mor-rnin'. An' soon after they set out for Clubberly Bog.

'Twas a fine after-rnoon an' both Terry an' the princess were feelin' happy, for he'd that spunk that he intinded marryin' the princess an' she was contint to be in love wid him an' not think of what might happen, bein' he was on'y a peasant an' she the daughter of a dook.

At last they come to Clubberly Bog, an' Terry takes hould of her around the waist an' lifts her slowly off the hor-rse; an' then he skir-rts the edge of the bog, not carin' to be a giant, an' sets her feet down on it. She begun to grow at once. "Is it the right size ye are?" says he, whiskin' her off.

"Sure I'm taller than you," she says, an' looks sorryful. No gerrul likes to be taller than a man. An' sure enough when he kissed her he had to lift his lips.

"That'll never do," says he, an' gives a flyin' lep wid two steps on the bog, an' comes out six feet four an' as fine a felly as ever took the Queen's shillin'.

"Sure, what is rank?" asks the princess.

"I never knew much about it, meself," says Terry, "but I know that when I've got me mother's blessin' an' left me gold at home, I'll go wid you to your father's an' ask his consint."

An' when she kissed him she had to stand on the tips of her pretty toes.

. . . . . .

The whistles in Harrington blew and I realized that Dan had been entertaining me for an hour, and that his lunch pail had not been opened.

"Well, Dan," said I, swinging down from the apple tree—"a man who can remember a story like that deserves a half-holiday."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said he. "I may have left out pair-rts, but it's twenty yair-rs since I hair-rd it last."

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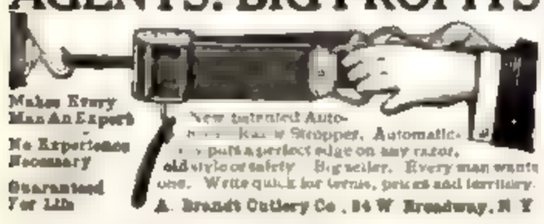

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Continued from Page 21

field, hinting at the same time that I would probably return to it when tired of the banality of legitimate business.

"Monsieur le Comte tells me," he said presently, "that you are not content with our little affair of the night before last."

"To be frank," I answered, "it impressed me as a poor return for my own behavior on the occasion when we last met."

Chu-Chu shrugged. "We are criminals," said he, "and business is business, as they say in your country. Besides, my dear Mr. Clamart, once a man has given up his profession he can hardly expect to receive professional courtesies from his former colleagues."

"There is a difference," I answered, "between professional courtesy and appreciation for a service rendered. However, that incident is closed. What I am now protesting against is the stealing of the string of pearls belonging to Madame Cuttynge."

Chu-Chu's slaty eyes hardened.

"That is a matter," said he, "of which I have just heard for the first time. Whatever my views in regard to yourself, Mr. Clamart, I should never think of breaking my faith with our respected chief." He bowed to Ivan.

"Far be it from me," I answered, "to accuse Monsieur de Maxeville of any such intention as that. When it reaches a point where those of us who are outside the law can no longer trust one another, a man might better retire from the field."

"Precisely my own idea," said Chu-Chu. "Of course, so far as you are concerned, Mr. Clamart, the situation is very different. One would never think of playing pranks upon a colleague. But, as I see it, the minute you gave up your profession you lost the right to expect or demand any other treatment than that of an outsider. As for the service that you claim to have rendered us in grappling with the *agent*, I, for my part, fail to acknowledge any obligation—unless it be on the part of the *agent*, whose life you assuredly saved. If you had not grappled with him I would have killed him myself." His slaty eyes rested on mine with a cold glitter. "I think," said he, "that our chief is inclined to overvalue your performance. If anybody has been wronged it seems to me that I am that person. As for the other pearls, I very deeply regret that somebody else should have got them. I had hoped to do that job myself."

I glanced at Ivan. His face was pale and his eyes lurid. It flashed across my mind that Chu-Chu might have found some difficulty in obtaining his consent to my murder, and that for the purpose of proving that I was a serious danger to the band Chu-Chu was now deliberately trying to anger me and make me show my hand. He was trying to tempt me to a threat. He wanted to make me say that if all ties between us were broken I would consider myself equally free to use offensive action. He saw the disbelief in my face and knew that I was convinced in my own mind that he had stolen Edith's pearls, and that they were at that moment either in his or Ivan's possession. Once I made such a threat the end would come quickly. That was to be the signal for my death. It was possible that Ivan had refused to believe that I would do this, and unless I showed my hand would let the matter drop. Ivan did not want my life, if it could be avoided; but if it came to a choice between that and the risk of exposure, he would no doubt act with deadly suddenness. He was sitting, as I have said, behind his desk, and the lower half of his body was hidden from me.

My left thumb was hooked carelessly in the side pocket of my coat, but I doubted whether I could get my weapon and shoot as quickly as could Ivan. Also there was probably an armed servant behind the door. The odds were too heavy. In order to carry out my plan I would have to get Ivan out from behind his desk, and that without arousing his suspicion.

All of this went through my head in a flash. I leaned back in my chair with a troubled face. Then, turning to Ivan, I said:

"One cannot deny the truth of Monsieur de Maxeville's remarks. Of course I am deeply disappointed. My only hope now is that, after hearing what Monsieur de Maxeville has said, you do not regret your

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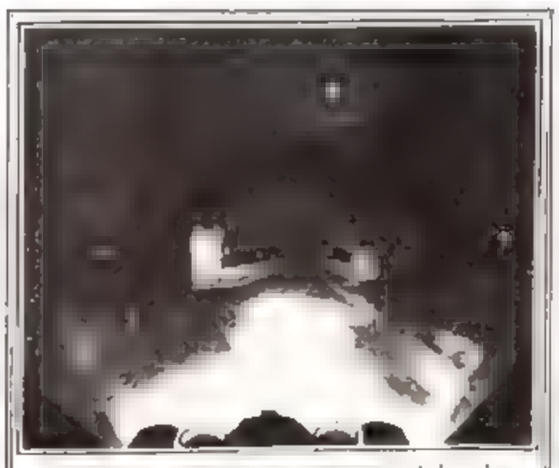

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generosity in giving back Miss Dalghren's pearls. Not one man in a thousand would have done it, and you may be sure that I appreciate the act and feel very deeply grateful. Monsieur de Maxeville has presented the matter in quite a different light. If I had seen it in that way myself I should hardly have had the cheek to have come here with the request. It is the first time that I have ever asked a favor of anybody. As for this other string of pearls, there seems to be no remedy. Owing to my peculiar position the Cuttynges cannot, of course, take the matter to the police. One can never tell; it is even possible that Cuttynge himself might have stolen his own wife's jewels. Such things have happened. I know that he has been playing baccarat and has had some heavy losses, and it is possible that he might have been tempted to the act, knowing that the blame will be placed with my ex-associates."

"Or with yourself," growled Chu-Chu.

"Possibly," I muttered, looking dejectedly at the floor.

I glanced up in time to intercept a swift look that flashed between Chu-Chu and Ivan. Chu-Chu, I guessed, was furious at being balked of his prey, while Ivan was obviously relieved. The color was coming back into his cheeks.

"As far as the first string is concerned, Mr. Clamart," said he, "I do not regret my act, in spite of Monsieur de Maxeville's views on the matter. I felt that there was an obligation between us, and my act in returning the pearls showed my good faith. It was all Léontine's idea. As I told you, and as Monsieur de Maxeville will tell you, I was opposed to it from the start. As to Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls I am of precisely the same mind, and I give you my word that if I learn anything about the robbery I will do what I can to assist you."

"Thank you," I said. "That is more than I could reasonably ask. And now, all I can do is to thank you both for your courtesy and to apologize for having taken so much of your time."

I got up slowly.

Chu-Chu also had risen and was standing across the room with an ugly look on his face, tugging at his imperial. The two of them were nicely in line. I stepped back behind my chair, then with a quick movement I slipped my hand into my side pocket and threw up the deadly automatic arm.

"*Hands up—both of you—and quick!*" I snarled.

My friend, it was worth the risk to see their faces. Of course I wasn't studying dramatic effects at the time, and as a matter of fact I was almost on the point of killing them both before they had recovered from the shock enough to obey. Then up went Ivan's hands and he lurched back against his desk, actually pushed, as it seemed, by the murderous force projected out of me. Chu-Chu felt it too, for, although he was frozen into stone for an instant, his arms went up stiffly as his eyes met mine.

"Not a sound," I growled. "Not a motion, or you're both dead men."

For an instant we stood so. Then I said to Ivan:

"Back over there by Chu-Chu! One shifty move from either and you stop a soft-nosed bullet. Back against the wall, both of you!"

Chu-Chu was gurgling like a trapped bear and the veins stood out on his forehead. For the moment I doubted that he'd stand and was tempted to kill them both; then Ivan laughed.

"Check!" said he.

"Shut up," I snarled; "not a sound if you love your life."

Both felt, I think, that for all their past interesting careers of crime neither had been quite so near the ragged edge. Ivan's face was white but calm, but Chu-Chu's was terrible.

"Now then, Monsieur le Comte," said I, "my opinion is that Chu-Chu is lying to us both. Turn out his pockets."

"Remember, you brute," said I, "I'd rather kill you than not. The only reason that I don't is because I believe Ivan to be playing fair, and I owe him something for those pearls. But as for you, Monsieur le Tondeur, there's a score to settle for those shoes and the handkerchief and the cigarette. Stand fast, or I'll rip your heart out!" I looked at Ivan. "Turn out his pockets," I said.

Ivan obeyed. First came a wallet, then some change. Ivan laid both on the corner of the desk. Then gloves, a handkerchief, a gold pencil and penknife to match, and a few ordinary objects of the sort that a man carries. I began to think that the pearls were in Ivan's desk. Then, as Ivan turned inside out a hip pocket, there dropped on the rug a little package of tissue paper. It landed solidly. A snarl was wrenched from Chu-Chu.

"Silence!" I whispered, glad that we spoke in English, for it was possible that a servant was listening outside. "Pick up that package and open it," I said to Ivan.

He did so, then his jaw dropped and his eyes opened wide. There was no doubt of his amazement.

"Give it here," I said, and stepped forward, holding out my hand, the gun muzzle almost against his body. His eyes met mine with a curious expression as he dropped into my outstretched hand three great gems.

My friend, they might have killed me at that moment had they guessed their chance. There were two great rubies and an emerald. Never have I seen their like. I scarcely looked at them and dropped them into my pocket.

"So," said I, "and here is a little surprise. Undeclared contraband, is it not, Monsieur le Comte?"

Ivan nodded. His face had gone hard as stone.

"We will confiscate it as security against the pearls," said I; "for these stones are easily worth twice their value. It is no loss to you, Monsieur le Comte, as except for me you never would have known of them. Now listen to me, both of you. I have said that I was through with theft, and I mean it. I don't know where these gems came from and I care less, but I am going to keep them as security until you hand over the pearls. When you do that you can have the stones. Permit me to restore to Monsieur le Tondeur his other effects. Leave them on the desk. The search has gone far enough." I looked at Ivan. "I consider that I have done you a service, Monsieur," said I.

His eyes narrowed, but he did not answer.

The search had disclosed the fact that Chu-Chu was unarmed. He had not even a knife. Keeping them both covered I walked to Ivan's desk, where in a half-opened drawer I found, as I had expected, a pistol similar to my own.

"A mere precaution against my retreat," I said, and took it out and slipped it into my pocket. "Now, gentlemen, I will wish you a good morning. Needless to say I am delighted at the way in which things have turned out, for everything goes to confirm my confidence in the fair dealing of Monsieur le Comte, if not in that of Monsieur Chu-Chu. Since the latter has held back these stones there is no reason to suppose that he has not done the same with the pearls. As soon as the latter are restored to me I will give up the gems."

Ivan had recovered his *sang-froid*, but Chu-Chu's face was purple and blotchy and his lips were blue. He looked very sick. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that if he had possessed a weapon of any kind he would have sprung at me and taken the chance of my bullet—in which case he would certainly have got himself killed, and probably Ivan also. For I was by no means sure that the pearls were not at that very moment in Ivan's desk.

Then why did I not go through it? For two reasons. In the first place, there was no need. Since I had the stones I felt sure of getting the pearls. In the second place, I did not want to antagonize Ivan more than was necessary. This may sound foolish, after having held him up as I had done, but he would realize that this action was forced on me in order to search Chu-Chu. Of the two Ivan would be the more dangerous enemy, having all manner of subworkers. As things stood it seemed likely enough that he would leave Chu-Chu and myself to settle our affair between us.

"Now," I said, "I'm going. Rush out after me, if you think it would be healthy. If you call down to your servants I'll kill any man that raises a hand. Gun-play of this sort is my long suit. But if you're wise you won't try to stop me. Good morning."

I backed to the door, opened it and slipped out, slamming it shut behind me. Nobody was in the hall. Down the stairs I went, the pistol in my fist, hill by my derby hat. At the foot of the stairs I met the *maître d'hôtel*. He opened the door to let me out with a polite "*Bonjour, M'sieu'.*"

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30 Horse-power Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car—$900

A MONTH ago we made the first announcement of this car. Our prediction came true. The entire industry sat up and had a good look. The day of that announcement dealers wired from almost every section of the country. They came to the factory in droves. Agents that last season bought 100 cars this year contracted for 150 and 200. The dealers from the metropolitan centers advanced their orders in proportion. Others that formerly contracted for 1000 cars signed up for 1500 for 1912. In one week we signed up nearly 8000 cars. One of our dealers alone takes more cars than most manufacturers turn out in a year. For the coming season eighteen hundred dealers throughout America will handle the Overland line.

This car is now ready for demonstration. If the Overland dealer in your town hasn't received one he will in a few days. Wait and see it. To fully understand the exceptional value of this car you have but to compare it with what the entire market has to offer for 1912. Study the specifications below carefully. In what other car will you find such value at such a price? What machine under $1250 can you line up against this and item for item see so much for so little money? When you stop to consider the fine, thorough construction—the heavy drop forgings—the pressed steel frame—the selective transmission fitted with F. & S. annular bearings (which the most expensive cars in the world use)—the 30 horse-power motor, the big wheel base, the fore-door body with door handles and all levers inside the car, you can better realize what an actual advanced manufacturing step this new car is. It is doubtful if any one ever expected so much in an automobile for such a small price.

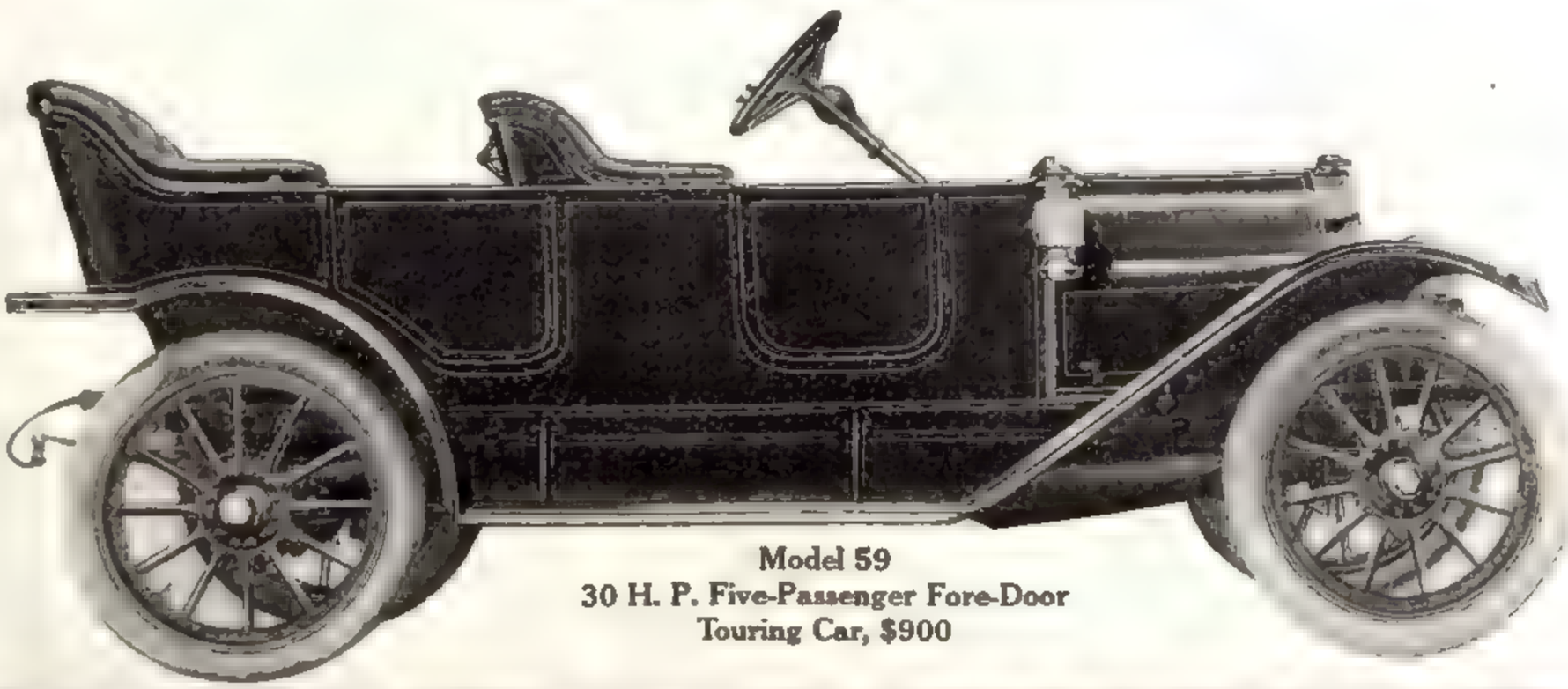
We urge upon anyone who feels at all doubtful about this statement to take the announcement of any other standard maker and see what he has to offer. Just make a few straight comparisons. Take any other car—compare the wheel base—the size of the motor—the body—the design—the finish—the seating capacity. See if you can purchase this car below $1250. And go further than that—find out how the other cars are made and what they are made of. This will reveal some interesting facts about the economical manufacturing strength of the Overland organization.

Our 1912 catalogue is now off the press. It explains exactly why no other maker in the business can produce this car to sell at this price without losing money. Write for a copy today. Ask for Catalogue A-28.

SPECIFICATIONS OF MODEL 59

Wheel base, 106 inches; body, five-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4x4½; horse-power, 30; transmission, selective, three speeds and reverse; F. & S. ball bearings; ignition, dual, Splitdorf magneto and batteries; front axle, drop forged I-section; rear axle, semi-floating; wheels, artillery wood, 12-1½ inch spokes, 12 bolts each wheel; tires, 32x3½ inches Q. D.; frame, pressed steel; finish, Overland blue; equipment, three oil lamps, two gas lamps and generator; tools, complete set; price, $900.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59
30 H. P. Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $900

Overland

35 Horse-power Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car—$1200

HERE is another value that will make some of our contemporaries anything but happy. Here is further proof of the ability of the factory of large production to lower the scale of standard prices. For no matter what angle you might care to argue from the fixed fact remains that no plant smaller than ours can produce these cars to sell at these prices without losing money. Last year our 30 horse-power car sold for $1250 and we could not make enough of them. For weeks after this model was entirely sold out the orders kept pouring in. This year our 30 horse-power car sells for $900 and our 35 horse-power car for $1200. The specifications below tell the story. Compare them with the specifications of any other standard make on the market and see if you can duplicate this car for less than $1500.

This car is now in the hands of our dealers. Look it over. Be critical. Note the big wheel base and powerful 35 horse-power motor; the selective transmission fitted with F. & S. annular ball bearings. See how large and roomy the tonneau is and how well it is finished. You will find nothing but the very best in this machine. Heavy drop forgings—pressed steel—frame the best materials and metals the market affords. Notice also the fashionable massive black and brass lamps such as you see on the highest priced cars made. See what a clean-cut, high-class job the whole car is. See how absolutely fit and snug everything seems to be. Just see it once and you will want this car.

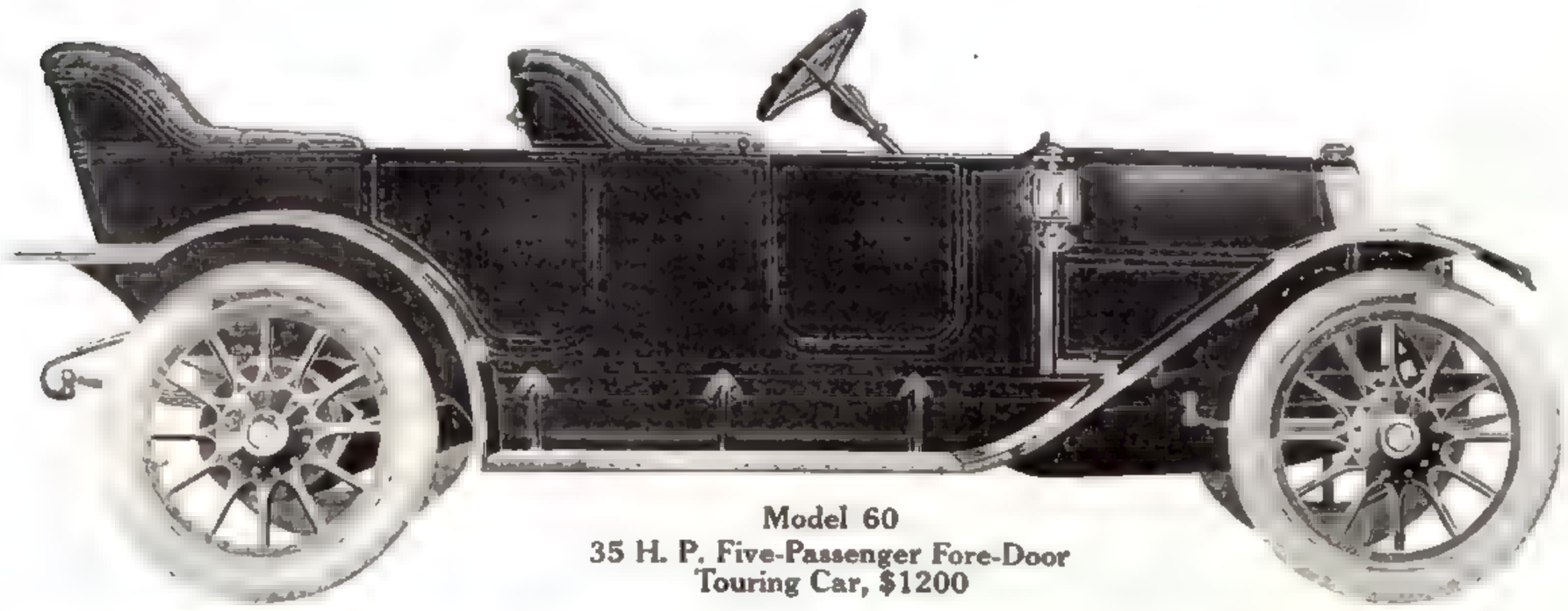
It is a fact, and one that we will be glad to prove, that our factory facilities, our automatic machinery, is more complete and thorough than the equipment found in plants that make cars to sell at five and six thousand dollars. On account of his small annual production the man who markets a high priced car is forced to do work by hand, which we turn out by machinery, and every one concedes that mechanical work is far more economical than hand work. Remember that we turn out 20,000 cars a year, which is the greatest production of its kind in the world.

If you have not read the Overland book for 1912, send for a copy today. It is a handsome piece of work and full of valuable information. It shows the full line of new models; the large and small touring cars, roadsters, coupes, and torpedo bodies Prices range from $850 to $2000. Horse-power 25 to 45. Ask for Catalogue A-28.

SPECIFICATIONS OF MODEL 60

Wheel base, 114 inches; body, five-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4½ x 4½; horse-power, 35; transmission, selective, three speeds and reverse; F. & S. ball bearings; ignition, dual, Remy magneto and batteries; front axle, drop forged I-section, Timken bearings; tires, 32 x 4 inches Q. D.; frame, pressed steel, single drop; finish, Overland blue, gray gear and wheels; equipment, three oil lamps, in black and brass finish, two gas lamps and generator; tools, complete set; price, $1200.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60
35 H. P. Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $1200

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

The one confection that offers unalloyed sweetness without cloying the appetite—offering the fragile goodness so desirable in an after-dinner tidbit.

Nabisco Sugar Wafers are appropriate at all times and on all occasions. They are enjoyed by the little ones as well as grown-ups.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

10 CENTS A DAY BUYS THE
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The Original *Visible Writing* Typewriter. Understand before you read another word that this is a full-sized, standard typewriter, made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. As good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible; back spacer, tabulator; two-color ribbon; universal keyboard, etc.

$65 NOW—LATER THE PRICE WILL BE $100

One Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter *Given Away*

to every man or woman who will do us a small service. No selling or soliciting necessary, only a small service which anyone can render.

TO GET ONE and learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter: "MAIL YOUR FREE OFFER."

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Checks the muzzle blast preventing report noise and recoil. Wonderful aid to marksmanship. Makes rifle practice possible anywhere. Attaches to any rifle. Write make, model and caliber of your rifle giving dealer's name. We will tell you what Silencer you need, price, etc.

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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Continued from Page 19)

The famous Dukhobors from Russia are a conspicuous illustration of this. These Dukhobors got a bad name because of a certain religious fanaticism of a fraction of one per cent of their number. These, you will remember, insisted on starting out scantily clad, or not clad at all, on a search for the Saviour in the dead of a Canadian winter.

These poor fanatics, I believe, were captured by the mounted police, clad, put in cars and sent back to the Dukhobor settlement; but this incident was fastened to the name "Dukhobor," and that whole splendid community had to suffer for it.

This they did patiently. Grave, industrious, honest, hospitable, profoundly religious—they have won their way into the confidence of Canada.

"Yes," said one of Canada's sociologists, who was influential in founding her present policy, "we want all the Dukhobors we can get. They are difficult in some respects; but even that fanaticism which led a few of them on their snowy pilgrimage had something fine about it. There was at the heart of even that unfortunate occurrence an idealism which we need in the making of our nation.

"As a whole, they have proved that they are not in Canada merely for the dollar and the day; they have demonstrated that they are here for the building of character and the healthful development of the soil's resources. The sane idealism of most of the Dukhobors will, some day, prove a golden circumstance for Canada."

The Hospitable Dukhobors

These Dukhobors deserve a paper by themselves. They hold their land in common, as they did in Russia. On the average, they have by far the best physique to be found in Canada. The men are hardy and robust and of splendid stature. The women are strong and comely—many of them exceedingly beautiful. They eat no meat; drink no liquor, wine or beer; use no tobacco or drug.

The stranger is always welcome among them. They have a "guest house," where anybody may go and stay as long as he likes, furnished with food and housing. Another institution is their bathhouse, where each Dukhobor must undergo a Russian bath at least once every week. "And you can see what the effect of that is mentally and morally, as well as physically," said a keen observer.

So the Dukhobors have won their way in Canada; but not so the Galicians. "For," said one of Canada's foremost thinkers, "the Galician has no ideal except the dollar and the day. He is irregular in his habits, to say the least of him. He does not want to go on to farms so much as he wants to hire out by the day on railways and congregate in his own section of town."

Ralph Connor in his notable novel, The Foreigner, has given a good picture of the Galician—though most Canadian students of her immigration problem will tell you that, with Mr. Gordon's engaging optimism and lovable faith in human nature, he has strained a point in trying to bring out the Galician's good traits.

I contrast these two examples merely to show that people not included in Canada's careful and vigorous immigration propaganda nevertheless do come to Canada, they are smiled upon or frowned upon just as soon and according as their conduct wins approval or disfavor.

From all the foregoing you would conclude that comparatively few destitute or even poor people go to Canada—and, generally speaking, you would conclude rightly.

Practically all Canadian immigrants have a little money—most of them a fair amount, many of them a great deal. The American immigrants especially are taking millions of dollars of actual cash into the Dominion. Many English immigrant farmers are men of considerable capital.

Thus far I have dealt with Canada's immigration policy and its consistent administration on those broad lines which constitute the policy. Briefly now of those incidents to it which are like our own immigration law and administration, but which with us constitute all of an immigration policy we have—if, indeed, we may be said to have any.

Shaker Salt Won't Stick or Cake

NO more soggy, lumpy salt. Shaker Salt really keeps dry no matter what the weather may be. It doesn't lump up in the package, or clog up in the shakers at all. It flows freely all the time.

The beautiful, white, fine grains give a delicate flavor that you will like immensely. There is no harshness or rankness to the taste of Shaker Salt.

Yet it has a perfect "salty" taste, because Shaker is the purest of table salts. It is made by a wonderful process of salt refining—a process which we alone use. This exclusive process takes out the natural impurities which remain in other salt for you to eat.

Shaker Salt is put up in an air tight, moisture proof box, with a handy spout for filling shakers. Price except in the far West, 10 cents a box.

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They're imported. And we don't pay duty for the fun of it, either. Russia gives us the most flexible bristles. France makes the best brushes. U. S. A. has the discernment. So we're offering Americans the best tooth brushes that the world produces. But the price is really a trifle.

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Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for descriptive booklet C with map of city.

A Word to Housewives

from the spotless kitchens of America's greatest pure food factories.

Post Toasties

Present

a particularly pleasing food made from ripe white Indian Corn, rolled into fluffy bits, then toasted to a toothsome brown.

This convenient table dainty is ready to serve direct from the package.

For breakfast, lunch or supper, Post Toasties served with cream and sugar, add to the pleasure of the meal.

Many charming dishes are made by combining Toasties with various kinds of fruit, cooked or uncooked.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

After the carefully selective process which I have tried to make plain to you, the Canadian immigrant ship comes to port just as with us. As with us, each immigrant is examined for physical and mental disease and moral deficiencies. Canadian law rejects the same individuals that our law rejects and for the same reasons.

The Canadian immigrant, however, is more carefully and patiently examined, especially on the points of insane and criminal tendencies or inheritances. Also, the Canadian service is more rigid and painstaking on the possibility of the immigrant becoming a charge on the public.

On this latter question consider the following significant but amusing circumstance: It appears that certain charitable organizations in the British Islands were sending into Canada an ever-increasing number of those who were more or less a public charge in the old country—people more or less worthless. Not all of them were worthless, of course, but there was a sufficient number to draw upon them the quick, keen eye of the immigration watchmen on Canada's walls.

So these charitable associations were promptly notified to moderate this branch of their "charitable" work. Canada, it appeared, was not in the business of taking over those who had been a public charge in the United Kingdom. No; Canada very decidedly, it seemed, was in the business of nation-building and people-making—and for this great task she wanted some material that not only could support itself but could help to support others.

Undoubtedly the sharpest eye for criminal or insane tendencies in any immigration service in the world is that of the specially instructed Canadian immigration inspector. These men are quite as carefully and thoroughly trained in the detection of these fundamental defects of mind and heart—defects which we may say are in the blood—as our own surgeons are to discover physical disease.

Caring for New Settlers

And, of course, as with us, any criminal, insane or dependent immigrants may be sent back to the country from which they came at the expense of the steamship company that brings them; but, beyond all question, Canada's enforcement of this stern provision is much more rigorous than ours.

For one thing, the Canadian immigrant who, after his admission, exhibits immoral, criminal or insane tendencies is much more easily discovered in Canada than in the United States. Every police magistrate, every sheriff—almost, one might say, every citizen—is looking out for him, as well as, of course, the immigration service itself. Also, of course, it is easier to locate such a person among Canada's seven million five hundred thousand than among our ninety millions.

So, if a man comes into Canada and turns up in the police court for theft or assault; if a woman is admitted and reveals undesirable qualities—back across the seas they go to the spot from whence they came and the steamship company that brought them pays the bills for their deportation.

Let us suppose that the Canadian immigrant lands and is "passed." What becomes of him and his family? First of all, the steamship tickets include railway tickets. So the immigrants go at once to their points of destination. How do these Europeans, ignorant of Canada, determine their destination? Precisely as our own American immigrants determine theirs—by correspondence. They have been written to by their friends and relatives in the various provinces of Canada. The whole thing is arranged beforehand.

And what happens to them when they get, say, to Edmonton, in Alberta, a frontier town? If they are landseekers they go at once to the Government Land Office. Also, the railways have land agents "on the job" at every railway station. These agents are ready to take these immigrants out to look over the land. If they are ready to settle and have their wives and children with them the work is soon done.

But you will ask: "What becomes of the man who 'locates' upon a piece of Canadian land? He is raw. He is new. He has no place to stay."

All that is taken care of. In every town in Canada there are contractors who will put up a house for an immigrant at very low cost and "give him time." The Canadians are doing exactly in Canada what the English and, even more, the Germans are doing in the Far East. They "give the people time." They have faith in human nature.

So it is not difficult for an immigrant in Canada so far as his house is concerned or his employment or mode of living.

How did this immigration policy grow up? Decades ago Canada began to produce an uncommonly able company of thinkers and students. Our American successes and mistakes have had no such careful and balanced study and judgment, even among ourselves, as these Canadian seekers after knowledge and truth gave them. So they pondered our American experience on this fateful question of incoming peoples—pondered and examined it from the very beginning.

Out of this study and thought, this weighing and balancing, grew a consensus of opinion among the ablest men in Canada that we have made fundamental mistakes.

Thus these men thought out the broad outlines of Canada's immigration policy. And they laid them before the Canadian people in speech and lecture, in pamphlet and newspaper article.

Lessons We Can Learn

Their well-laid plans met with notable success. "Give us all the men, women and children you can send us," said the Canadian people to other countries; "but only of the purest blood—only of the soundest inheritance and sanest tendencies. We want neighbors to live upon our adjoining lands; but we want them to be as good as we are—or better."

And Canada, above all, may be said to be a country of law and order. It is in the blood—bred in the bone. One feels it in the atmosphere. Canada's mounted police, for example, have made the vast prairies of the Northwest as safe and law-abiding as the most orderly section of Montreal or Ottawa. Canada's economic watchery is: "Canada the land of opportunity." I suggest another: "Canada—the land of orderly opportunity."

This law-and-order instinct of Canada is shown strikingly in the fact that Canada never has had any "Wild West" as we have had. She has had and has as great and unoccupied, as rich and as fertile, regions as we ever had—fields and mines and streams and plains and mountains. Yet the outlaw and brigand, the desperado and the rustler have been unknown in Canada in the way we have known them.

So this instinct for law and order—this determination to have as few as possible of those human troubles which with us now most largely manifest themselves in the dense congestion of our cities—made the Canadian statesmen and thinkers, and the Canadian people themselves, resolve to prevent that quality of immigration which naturally will go to cities and industrial centers.

Had not we Americans better begin to study what Canada does as carefully as Canada has studied what we have done—as carefully as she is studying right now everything we do? Whether her immigration policy be narrow and foolish or wise and farsighted, yet it demands our careful attention at the very least. Whether her labor law is good or bad, yet it is the product of the best thought of a fresh and vigorous people, taking all the experiences—and particularly American experience—for their school-teachers.

For here are a new people and a new land—people of our own blood and speech, working out their human destiny, and patiently and with a wise steadiness seizing time by the forelock in the solution of every question; and taking very much to heart our successes and our failures, our victories and our defeats, in every phase of our political, social, ethnical and industrial experience.

And these people are so close to us we can clasp their hands, see their faces, hear their spoken words—so close that almost we can feel them think. It is a propinquity God-given and laden with golden wisdom for us if we will but appreciate it.

Author's Note—Some say that the work of the Canadian immigration agents and inspectors is far from ideal. Wherever abides the Anglo Saxon abides also grumbling. And undoubtedly there is ground for it. But, on the whole, Canada's immigration service is the best in the world. This truthfully may be said even when conceding that there is room for improvement in Canada's inspection service and immigration propaganda.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by Mr. Beveridge. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

YOU can have the luxury of a real *desk* and a handsome library *table*—combined in the space of one.

$10.50 Is the price of this No. 236 table in the store of any furniture dealer east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River.

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SIMPLY pulling open a drawer provides desk space with non-spillable ink-well and pen groove, with large roomy drawer beneath desk lid for stationery and correspondence. Nothing on the table needs to be disturbed.

Choice of seventy-five designs at prices to suit in every style.

Styles include reproductions of "Period Furniture" Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Arts and Crafts and Modern Designs; made by skilled craftsmen from the finest materials obtainable.

Look for the patented easy-sliding, nickel-plated steel slide which allows the drawer to open freely. Counter-balanced to prevent tipping.

Cadillac Desk-Table

Our trade mark on the under side of the desk lid is for your protection.

"CADILLAC DESK-TABLES" are sold by leading furniture dealers. If your dealer does not sell them, we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet "P" showing our complete line in half tone pictures will be mailed upon request.

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This Big New Maxwell
1912's Undisputed Leader

POWER, STYLE and RIGHT PRICE will determine the successful car of 1912. In building the new MAXWELL SPECIAL, the 36-horsepower Touring Car for $1280, the United States Motor Company has developed these elements to their utmost. Never before has such a car been offered at this price.

We realized that most cars today are reliable and efficient. Therefore, we set out to build a car that would outclass all others in these three essentials.

We instructed our corps of engineers to embody abundant power and surpassing style in this new car, knowing that our purchasing and manufacturing facilities enabled us to build the car at a lower price than any of our competitors.

When we were satisfied with the car, we found we could fix the price at the surprisingly low figure of $1280.

The new 36-h.p. Maxwell Special unquestionably assumes instant leadership for 1912.

Power The Secret of power in this new Maxwell Special is its 4¼ x 5¼ long stroke, smooth-running motor.

Large valves, adjustable push rods, self-contained automatic oiling system, Stromberg carburetor, dual ignition with Splitdorf magneto and batteries, combine to produce more power and greater speed than will ever be needed.

The power is there for emergencies. Gear shifting is reduced to a minimum, as this car takes the steepest hills with ease.

Other mechanical features include large clutch discs, full-floating rear axle, sliding-gear transmission, drop-forged "I"-beam front axle and Columbia Honeycomb type of radiator. Wheelbase, 114 inches.

Style The new ventilated fore-door, flush-side vestibuled steel body, with inside control, is the very latest thing in motor car design.

Its sweeping curves with a Columbia Honeycomb type radiator, new designed bonnet, and long, smooth flush-sides are strikingly beautiful.

Finished in Royal green with Wedgwood green wheels and black upholstering, deep and well tufted, this car has an atmosphere found only in the most expensive cars.

It is an aristocrat; the most artistic creation of the season.

Price The price of this car is made possible by the unequaled factory facilities of the United States Motor Company, now recognized as the leading builders of automobiles in America. No car selling for $500 more than the price we ask can match the Maxwell Special. Comparison with other cars will prove this statement beyond argument. We urge comparison.

We announce three other new models—all ready for August delivery: The Maxwell Mercury, a 30-h.p. mile-a-minute Roadster, $1150. The Maxwell Mascotte, a 25-h.p. Touring Car, $980; Roadster, $950. The Maxwell Messenger, a 16-h.p. Runabout, $600.

36 hp Touring Car for $1280

Never such a car at such a price

Maxwell Mercury
A 30-h.p. Roadster, $1150

Here is a test-proven **mile-a-minute** roadster with smooth, flush-side vestibuled and ventilated fore-door body, which is the height of perfection. Wheel-base, 110 inches. It is equipped with high-tension racing magneto, Stromberg carburetor, Columbia Honeycomb type of radiator with new designed hood, demountable rims, and a wealth of refinements, and is listed at $1150 (top extra). It is another instance of extraordinary Maxwell value.

Maxwell Mascotte
A 25-h.p. Touring Car, $980

No car has ever achieved such wide popularity as the Model "I" of which the MASCOTTE is the offspring. There has never been a complaint against this car.

We regret our inability to supply all the cars of this type that were demanded this season, but the increased production next year should enable us to meet the demand. It is the prettiest four-passenger touring car you have ever seen.

Among its features and refinements are a four-cylinder motor (4x4), supplying 25-h.p.; 104-inch wheel-base; new ventilated fore-door vestibuled body with smooth flush-sides and inside transmission control, artistically finished in dark blue with battleship gray wheels; oil reservoir, cast integral with the crank case; Columbia Honeycomb type of radiator with new hood of beautiful design; irreversible worm steering-gear mechanism; Stoddard-Dayton type of spark and throttle control under steering wheel which will be 17 inches in diameter; springs of imported English steel, ball-bearings of German Chrome Vanadium. The touring car with extra-wide rear seat, $980; fore-door roadster, $950

Maxwell Messenger
A 16-h.p. Runabout, $600

This runabout with numerous refinements is beautifully finished in dark blue, with light-blue wheels. The car should have no trouble in retaining the leadership in runabouts held by its predecessor, known as the Model "AB." Every manufacturing year has seen a shortage in these cars. It is unquestionably the greatest utility car ever designed for merchants and physicians. The price is $600, equipped with magneto, top, three oil lamps, two gas lamps and generator.

Something About the United States Motor Company

Buyers in 1912 will insist upon cars made by substantial concerns that are long past the experimental stage and whose cars will not decrease in value because of inability to get parts, or the fact that the company is no longer in business. The United States Motor Company, now considered the leading builders of automobiles in this country, has capacity to manufacture 35,000 cars for the 1912 season. The Company has a capital of $42,500,000. It employs 14,500 men in 12 manufacturing plants throughout the country, with 27 branches and 1800 dealers to care for your car. Its guarantee, therefore, is worth something.

45,000 Maxwells in Daily Use

They are used by enthusiastic owners—which best tells the story. **Used by 14,000 physicians,** who require admittedly the most consistent and reliable service—that's positive proof **A record of 91%** of the five-year-old Maxwells again registered in New York this year—is taken from the official figures of the Secretary of State.

Satisfied Owners' Free Inspection Service

To facilitate constant and unfailing service of Maxwell cars, and to eliminate unnecessary repairs caused by oversight of required minor repairs and adjustments, lack of experience in, and mechanical knowledge of, the construction and skillful operation of his car, upon the part of the owner, we have instituted a Free Inspection Service.

The few motor troubles in cars of today are generally due to neglect of unsuspected minor difficulties and can be avoided by frequent inspection and instruction as to proper adjustment.

For one year after date of purchase, a Maxwell owner may take his car to the nearest Maxwell branch or dealer once a month, if necessary, for a thorough inspection without charge.

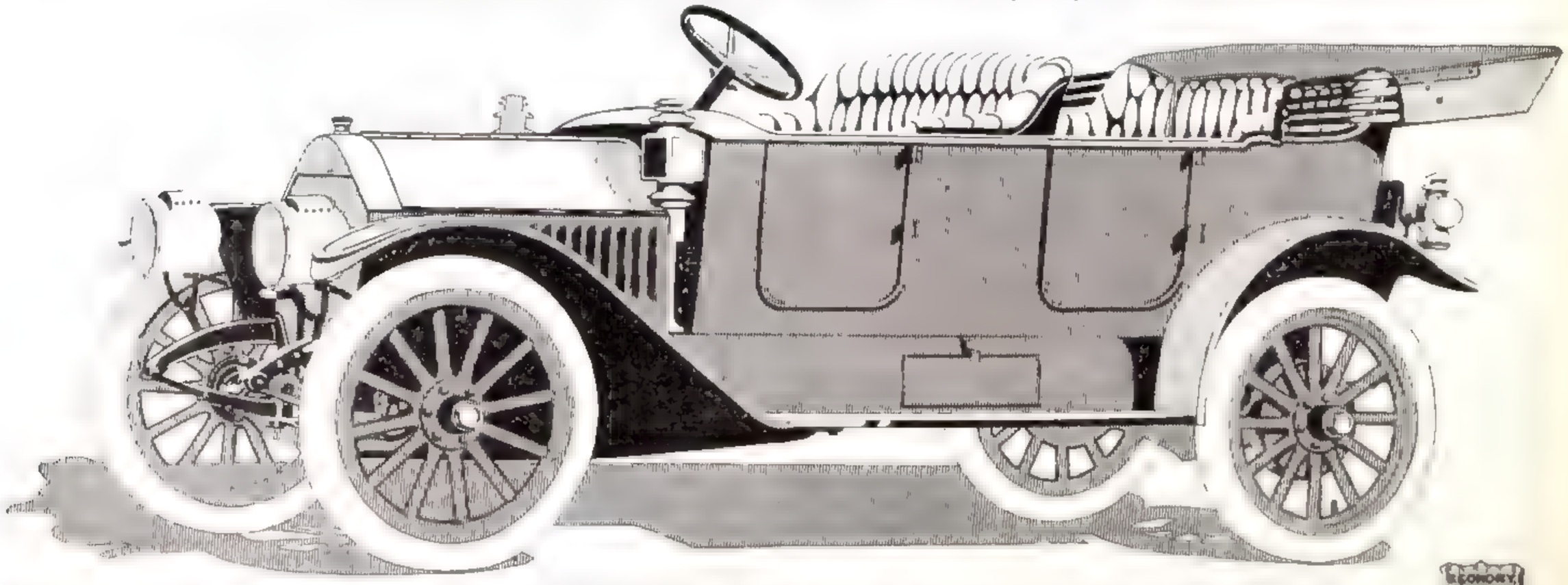
By the use of our Free Inspection Service, you reduce trouble and repair expense to a minimum

This monthly inspection service is in addition to the Company's warranty against defective material and workmanship, as published in our catalog.

We care for your car wherever you are

Maxwell

Send for these Books: The story of the Maxwell for 1912 is fully told in our advance catalog just off the press. Everyone should read it. With it we will send free "How to Judge an Automobile," the best book published on the subject. Write today. A postal will do.



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THE EFFICIENT SALAMANDER

Continued from Page 16

Philip removed one hand from Bessie's waist and raised it in a gesture that commanded silence.

"Don't get excited," he said; "there's worse coming."

"What d'ye mean, there's worse coming?" Salamander shouted.

"I mean this," Philip replied in firm tones, as he kissed Bessie tenderly on the forehead. "I mean Miss Bessie Feinson and me are engaged to be married."

IV

"WELL, Sift, you see what you done with your wife's relations and all," Kaidin said two weeks later. "Twenty dollars more a month it costs us."

"Did I know the young feller is an old friend from Bessie Feinson's?" Sift retorted. "And maybe you think it's a pleasure for me that Bessie's mother comes on my house crying to my wife and now I got to make the wedding for that girl, Kaidin. I bet yer before I get through with it the least it costs me is anyhow three hundred dollars."

"Well, whose idee was it that the young feller comes to work here in the first place?" Kaidin demanded.

"That ain't here nor there," Sift declared. "The young feller is making good here. Why, on your own account you raised the young feller last week to ten dollars."

"What could I do?" Kaidin protested. "The old man throws him out of the house and he must got to live. Ain't it? Besides, Sift, you shouldn't forget in the last two weeks we got rid of six operators, including Sadie and that old *Schlemiel* Yosel, and we are turning out the work pretty near twice as fast at that. Philip's idee worked pretty good for us, Sift."

"Sure, I know," Sift replied; "all excepting in the case of that feller Saltpeter. We ain't through with him yet, Kaidin, and don't you forget it."

"*Schmooes!*" Kaidin exclaimed. "A couple of fingers the feller got hurted on him, and what could he do us for it? You will see that in a few days Saltpeter comes in and we *schenck* him a ten-dollar note and give him his job back *und fertig*. As for old man Salamander's raising the rent on us twenty dollars, if things goes the way they are, we could stand it easy." He plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and started off for the factory, whistling; but before he had passed through the doorway he was interrupted by a short, dark person whose hands were likewise buried in his trousers pockets.

"Is this Mr. Sift?" the newcomer inquired, without removing his hands.

"No, it ain't," Kaidin replied.

"Well, then, Mr. Kaidin," the visitor said, "you'll do just so well."

As he spoke he withdrew his right hand from his pocket and it clutched a brown-covered document.

"Mr. Kaidin," he said pompously, "this here is a summons and complaint in the *Soup*-ream Court in an action *entitled* Aaron Saltpeter, plaintiff, against you and your partner, *defendants*." And although he did not say so, his solemn visage added—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Kaidin seized the paper, and as he opened it the words, "ten thousand dollars and the costs and expenses of this action," seemed to stand out in letters of fire.

He staggered back into the office with the paper held limply in one trembling hand.

"Sift," he said huskily, "give a look here."

"What's the matter?" Sift gasped. "Are you awful sick, Kaidin?"

Kaidin sank into his chair with a groan.

"Yes, Sift," he began, "your wife's relations we must got to got working for us."

For a brief interval he paused, overcome by emotion.

"Ten thousand dollars," he sobbed, "and the costs and expenses of this action!"

Sift grabbed the summons and complaint from his partner and read it over slowly.

"What's my wife's relations got to do with it?" he said, as he concluded.

"What have they got to do with it!" Kaidin exclaimed. "Why, if it wouldn't be for that Bessie Feinson we would never got Saltpeter monkeying with the machine at all!"

He slapped the desk with his open hand in an accession of despair.

"We are ruined, Sift," he said, and then with more sobs he repeated the *Leitmotif* of his woe—"ten thousand dollars and the costs and expenses of the action."

"What the devil you are talking nonsense we are ruined?" Sift cried. "When I am working by Meiselman, Garfinkle & Fellmin, a greenhorn by the name Sundel Fixberg goes out of the shop with a piece from silk hanging on his coat sleeve. Fellmin thinks it is stuck up Fixberg's sleeve so he makes him arrested, and what did Fixberg do, Kaidin? He goes to work and sues them fellers in the court yet for twenty thousand dollars."

"Oo-ee!" Kaidin moaned, and wagged his head from side to side.

"*Aber* he settled with 'em for a hundred and fifty, Kaidin," Sift continued, "and that's the way it goes, because they got their foreman and several operators to swear that the feller begs 'em for mercy they shouldn't make him arrested, and he says he wouldn't do it again. So them suckers gets Henry D. Feldman to *mach* a motion for Fixberg to file a bond, that if the case goes against him, understand me, he should be able to pay Meiselman, Garfinkle & Fellmin's costs and expenses, and rather as file the bond the feller settles for a hundred and fifty dollars. Them bonds costs money."

Kaidin ceased wagging his head.

"Well, why don't we go to work right away and hire Henry D. Feldman?" he demanded.

"Sure, we'll hire him," Sift replied, "but first we would call in Agatstein."

He walked to the door.

"Agatstein!" he shouted. "We want to speak to you a few words something."

A moment later Agatstein appeared in the doorway, clad only in trousers and undershirt, while the perspiration stood out on his forehead and cascaded in huge drops down his fat cheeks.

"*T'phooee*, Agatstein!" Sift exclaimed. "Why do you go around looking like a slob? Look at Philip. That feller is as neat as a pin."

"Sure, I know," Agatstein replied. "So would I be if I had that faker's lazy-going temperature. Work is something that feller don't know nothing about at all. All he's got is idees, and if they don't work, mine is the *Schuld*, and if they do work, then you make a big *Simcha* over him. Where do I come in, Mr. Sift?"

"That ain't here or there," Sift said evasively. "What we want to see you about is something else again entirely. You remember that sucker Saltpeter?"

"Sure, I remember him," Agatstein replied; "but the feller wasn't no sucker—he was a decent, respectable feller, outside he used to gamble once in a while."

"Used to!" Kaidin roared. "The feller gambles right now yet. He sues us in the court for ten thousand dollars and he knows he'll be lucky if he gets a hundred."

"He wouldn't get even a hundred if Agatstein is got his wits about him," Sift said.

"What have I got to do with it?" Agatstein asked.

"You got everything to do with it," Kaidin retorted. "You was right there at the time and we want you you should swear that the feller stuck his hand under the machine because—well, because he was *shikker*."

"*Shikker!*" Agatstein cried. "What d'ye mean *shikker?* Saltpeter never touched a drop of schnapps in all his life. Even coffee he drinks only a cup when he is playing chest."

"What difference does that make?" Kaidin demanded. "You should say what we tell you to say."

"But, Mr. Kaidin," Agatstein protested, "I seen it with my own eyes. Mr. Sift puts both of Saltpeter's hands on the goods and you yourself starts up the machine, and that's how he got hurted."

Kaidin grew purple with anger.

"*Schlemiel!*" he shouted. "Who asks you that? Speak when you are talked to. All you got to swear is Saltpeter is drunk. What harm would it do the feller?" he continued in softer tones; "we would anyhow give him a couple hundred dollars."

"A couple of hundred dollars!" Agatstein exclaimed. "Why, the feller is injured for life, Mr. Kaidin!"

"*Yow!* He is injured for life!" Sift replied. "I bet yer he wouldn't know he was injured at all if he didn't go and see a lawyer. You couldn't tell me, Agatstein. Many a feller walks into a lawyer's office looking like a strong healthy feller, understand me, and as soon as the lawyer sees him he sends the office boy out for a pair of crutches and teaches the young feller how to use 'em before he could go home at all. With such a faker like that you shouldn't have no mercy, Agatstein, so you should swear Saltpeter was *shikker*."

For a brief interval Agatstein gazed at the floor and then he shook his head.

"No, Mr. Sift," he said at last, "I couldn't swear nothing but the truth. Why should I try to do the feller out of his money?"

Kaidin rose to his feet, choking with rage.

"What do you mean you wouldn't tell only the truth?" he said. "We ain't paying you you should tell the truth, Agatstein. You take too much on yourself."

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," Agatstein replied, "but just the same I seen the whole thing, Mr. Kaidin, and I would tell what I seen and no more."

Kaidin's anger increased to frenzy and he banged the desk with his clenched fist.

"Cutthroat!" he yelled. "Do you want to ruin us?"

"I don't want to ruin nobody," Agatstein replied. "All I want is to tell the truth."

This was too much even for Sift, and he, too, exploded with rage.

"Out of here!" he cried. "You murderer! You would tell the truth, would you? All right if you would tell the truth, do it somewheres else, not here. What good are you anyway?"

During Sift's outbreak Agatstein retreated farther and farther into the factory, until at the climax he was well within earshot of the operators.

"Do you mean I should resign my job, Mr. Sift?" he inquired.

"I mean nothing of the kind," Sift roared; "I mean you are fired."

For a man with a wife and family Agatstein received the news of his discharge with unusual calmness, and he betrayed his agitation only by the manner in which he seemed to be seeking the company of his fellow-workmen.

"What am I fired for?" he asked.

"You are fired because you are fired!" Kaidin shouted. "That's why you are fired."

This answer appeared to satisfy Agatstein, for without another word he put on his hat and coat and left the factory. For the second time that day Kaidin sank into his chair with a heavy groan.

"Yes, Sift," he said, "now we are up against it for keeps."

Sift made no reply. He was cogitating a phase of Agatstein's departure that seemed to possess sinister possibilities—to wit, as the lawyers say, although it was Thursday morning Agatstein had departed without asking for the wages due him.

"And furthermore," Kaidin went on, "right in the middle of the busy season we are without a foreman."

"Why are we without a foreman?" Sift asked. "What's the matter with Philip Salamander?"

Kaidin nodded his head slowly.

"If I would sit here and tell you what is the matter with that feller, Sift," Kaidin declared, "I could spend the rest of the week over it. Look at him now."

He nodded toward the open doorway through which Philip could be observed sitting on a stool at the far end of the factory, with his feet cocked up on a windowsill. He was reading a magazine and lazily blowing rings of cigarette smoke toward the ceiling, but even as Kaidin gazed at him he dropped the magazine and jumped to his feet. The next moment he pounced upon a lagging operator, and from the manner in which the latter blushed and speeded up her machine it was plain to Kaidin that their assistant foreman was not wholly unmindful of his duties.

"Just the same," Kaidin said, "a foreman couldn't smoke no cigarettes and read books."

Sift nodded.

"I'll talk to him," he said, and then he raised his voice to a shout—"Salamander, come here a minute."

Philip walked leisurely toward the office, pulling down his waistcoat with both hands.

"Salamander," Sift began, "I suppose you heard it we just fired Agatstein?"

"Uh-huh," Philip replied.

"Well, do you think you could take his job and make a success of it?" Sift continued.

"Uh-huh," Philip said.

"And read in books at the same time?" Kaidin asked.

"Sure, why not?" Philip said. "The trouble with you fellers is you never read a book about business in all your life, and never would."

"That's all right," Kaidin retorted; "the only books a feller should monkey with in business hours is cash books, day books, ledger and journal."

"That's a back-number idea," Philip declared loftily. "A foreman should keep abreast of the latest ideas in shop management."

"Might smoking cigarettes in business is an up-to-date idee, too maybe," Sift commented.

"Not exactly," Philip said, as he cast the butt of his cigarette onto the floor and extinguished it with his heel. "You may be right about that, and I'm willing to cut it out."

"Might you would be willing to quit looking like a dude in business hours also," Kaidin suggested.

Sift shrugged his shoulders.

"For my part," he said, "he could look like Jay Vanderbilt himself so long as he turns out the work."

Philip glanced down at his clothes and carefully rid himself of a few stray threads.

"Perhaps I ought to wear a linen duster," he replied. "So that's settled; and now how about the wages?"

Before Kaidin could answer he discerned the bulky figure of Jacob Salamander puffing his way toward them from the elevator door.

"Philip!" Jacob gasped when he entered the office. "Come home at once."

"Hello, Pop!" Philip said, extending his hand; but Jacob avoided it.

"Come home right away," he went on; "your mommer is sick."

"Is she very sick?" Kaidin asked.

"What difference does that make?" Salamander asked.

"Because," Kaidin said heartlessly, "if she would last till tonight seven o'clock Philip would see her then. At present he is working by us as foreman, and we got need of him here."

Sift discreetly retired to the bookkeeper's cage and his manner implied that he craved no more excitement for the present.

"Philip," Salamander continued pleadingly, "ain't you coming home with me? Your mommer is sick and she asks for you all the time."

Philip looked inquiringly at Kaidin.

"What's he got to do with it?" the elder Salamander demanded. "I am telling you your mother is sick. Ain't you got no heart at all?"

"I've got a heart all right," Philip replied, "but we're pretty busy here. Isn't that right, Kaidin?"

Kaidin nodded.

"What's the use you are coming butting in here, Salamander?" he said. "For the first time in his life Philip has a show to make a man out of himself, and you are trying to take it away from him."

"What d'ye mean I am trying to take it away from him?" Jacob Salamander cried. "I am telling you his mother is sick and I want him to come home."

"*Schmoose*, Salamander!" Sift interrupted, reappearing from the bookkeeper's cage. "I just rung up your house and Mrs. Salamander herself answers the phone. I told her Philip was all right and he would come up to see her tonight yet."

The elder Salamander turned on Sift with a terrible glare.

"Faker!" he hissed. "What do you got to do with it? You are trying only to steal away my son from me. You are in a conspiracy, the whole lot of you, to marry off my son to this—this—Miss Bessie Feinson, and that's what you got him here for from the beginning."

"Hold on there, Pop," Philip broke in. "You're way off. In the first place, you got me this job yourself; and in the second place I knew Bessie a long time before I came to work here."

"Furthermore," Sift added, "if you don't think Bessie is good enough for your boy, Salamander, let me tell you she comes from decent, respectable people in the old country. Her uncle was a rabbi yet, a *Chosid*, understand me, which everybody

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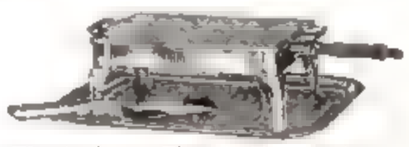

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in Minsk calls him *der gute Yid*. From such a *Mishbocha* you should come, Salamander, and then you could talk. Otherwise not."

"He's right, Pop," Philip said. "Bessie is a good girl and you may as well make up your mind to it, we're going to get married the first of next month. In fact, she's quit her job here, and she's working at home right now over the trousseau."

"Oh, she is, is she?" Salamander retorted. "Well, where do you think you are going to get the money to keep up a home with? Not from me, Philip, because I tell you here and now you could never expect another cent from me so long as you live."

"That's all right," Sift said. "We was just settling that part of it when you come in here. Today we fired Agatstein, Mr. Salamander, and we give Philip his job at the same wages—thirty dollars a week. Ain't I am right, Kaidin?"

Kaidin nodded, and forthwith Jacob Salamander turned on his heel and left the office. On his way out to the elevator he passed a short, dark person, both of whose hands were buried in his trousers pockets.

"How do you do, Mr. Kaidin?" said the newcomer as he entered the office. "It ain't often I get the pleasure twicet in one day yet."

He withdrew one hand from his trousers pocket as he spoke, and Kaidin saw that it contained a blue-covered document.

"Mr. Kaidin," the process server continued, clearing his throat impressively, "this here is a summons and complaint in the *Soup*-ream Court *entitled* Manesseh Agatstein, plaintiff, against you and your partner, *defendants*."

He paused in the doorway before retreating to the elevator.

"The gravamen of the complaint," he added, "is breach of a yearly contract of hiring. Goodby, gents, and good luck to you."

■

TWO days after Philip Salamander was united in marriage to Bessie Feinson, Jacob Salamander sat in the basement dining room of his brownstone residence on East Eighty-first Street and to all appearances read the evening paper. That is to say, Mrs. Salamander, who was making a pretense of darning socks, observed through her red and swollen eyelids that her husband was completely hidden behind the widespread printed sheet, and she wondered at his indifference. As a matter of fact, however, the market quotations danced up and down in front of Salamander, and a pulse worked incessantly in either cheek as he pondered over the events of the last month.

"Well, Mommer *leben*," he said at length, "let's go to bed."

"Why, it ain't nine o'clock yet," Mrs. Salamander replied. "Somebody might come in."

"*Yow*, somebody might come in!" Salamander cried bitterly. "Who do you expect—Elijah the Prophet?"

As if in answer to his query the doorbell rang vigorously, and Jacob Salamander jumped to his feet to answer it in person.

Two men stood outside; and one of them, a short, stout person whose features seemed strangely familiar to Salamander, was the spokesman.

"How do you do, Mr. Salamander?" he said through the iron gate that supplemented the basement door.

"Well?" Salamander grunted.

"My name is Mr. Agatstein," the visitor said, "and this is a feller by the name Saltpeter. Might you would remember us maybe."

"I think I do," Salamander said. "You used to was by Kaidin & Sift. Ain't it?"

"That's right," Agatstein replied, and Salamander opened the gate.

"Come in," he said, and Agatstein and Saltpeter passed into the dining room, whereat Mrs. Salamander rose from her seat.

"I guess you could get along without me, Popper," she murmured.

"Not at all, not at all," Agatstein cried; "we ain't got nothing to say which you couldn't hear it."

He sat down in the chair that Salamander had just vacated and motioned Saltpeter to a seat on the lounge.

"Well, Mr. Salamander," he began, "I guess you are thinking wonder why we are coming to see you. Ain't it?"

Salamander shrugged.

"Lots of *Schnorrers* comes to see me," he said coldly, and Saltpeter could not forbear a smile at his spokesman's discomfiture.

"The fact is," Agatstein continued, nodding toward Saltpeter, "me and him is going as partners together in business."

"You got my permission," Salamander declared.

"Yes, Mr. Salamander," Agatstein went on, growing a trifle pink; "him and me goes as partners together in business."

"You told me that once already," Salamander interrupted, "and if that's all you are coming to see me about, Agatstein, I may as well tell you that I go to bed pretty near every evening about this time."

Up to this point Saltpeter had observed a discreet silence, but he now deemed it time to come to his partner's assistance.

"The fact is, Mr. Salamander," he said, "me and my partner gets here late on account we are just coming from your son's flat."

Mrs. Salamander clasped her hands involuntarily and Jacob cleared his throat.

"*Nu*, what has that got to do with me?" he cried, and Saltpeter paused for inspiration.

"Tell me," Mrs. Salamander interrupted breathlessly, "does he got good furniture in his flat?"

"The boy's got an elegant flat," Agatstein replied. "In the dining room is from mahogany a table, a cutglass closet and a sideboard—and neat, Mrs. Salamander, like a pin, I assure you."

"What for furniture has he got in the parlor?" Mrs. Salamander asked eagerly.

"The parlor," Agatstein said, "is furnished up grand."

"Yes?" Mrs. Salamander murmured. "What for a rug did they got in it?"

"I'll tell you the truth, Mrs. Salamander," Agatstein answered, "I didn't pay no particular attention to the rug; but on the wall is two pictures, one from Mr. Salamander and one from you—not crayon *aber* regular enlargements—and elegant frames they got it too. Must cost the boy a whole lot of money, I bet yer!"

Mrs. Salamander wiped her eyes, and her husband half rose from his seat.

"*Nu?* Mommer *leben*," he said, "these two gentlemen ain't come here to talk furniture."

"That's right," Saltpeter agreed. "We come to talk, in a way, business. The fact is, Mr. Salamander, him and me made a proposition to your boy tonight that he comes in as partners together with us."

Salamander shook his head vigorously.

"Not one cent," he said. "I done enough for that boy the way he treats me. He never done a stroke of work in his life until now, and for twenty-five years I supported him, and then he turns around and goes to work and marries this this ——"

"*Nu*, Mr. Salamander," Agatstein interrupted. "Miss Bessie Feinson was a fine girl and she makes your son a good wife, understand me. She works in my shop two years, and in all that time she acts like a lady always. You shouldn't say nothing against her because I wouldn't stand for it."

Mrs. Salamander nodded her head in approval and wept anew.

"Do me the favor, Agatstein," Saltpeter said, "and don't butt in. I give you a show to do the talking and you made a failure of it. Now, let me speak a little something."

He turned to Salamander.

"The fact is, Mr. Salamander," he went on, "me and him don't want none of your money. We got plenty on account, maybe you don't know it, but I sued Kaidin & Sift in the courts and last week they settled with me for fifteen hundred dollars."

He held up his bandaged right hand.

"It was worth it too," he said. "I could never hold up a hand full of cards again so long as I live."

"*Gott sei dank!*" Agatstein added fervently.

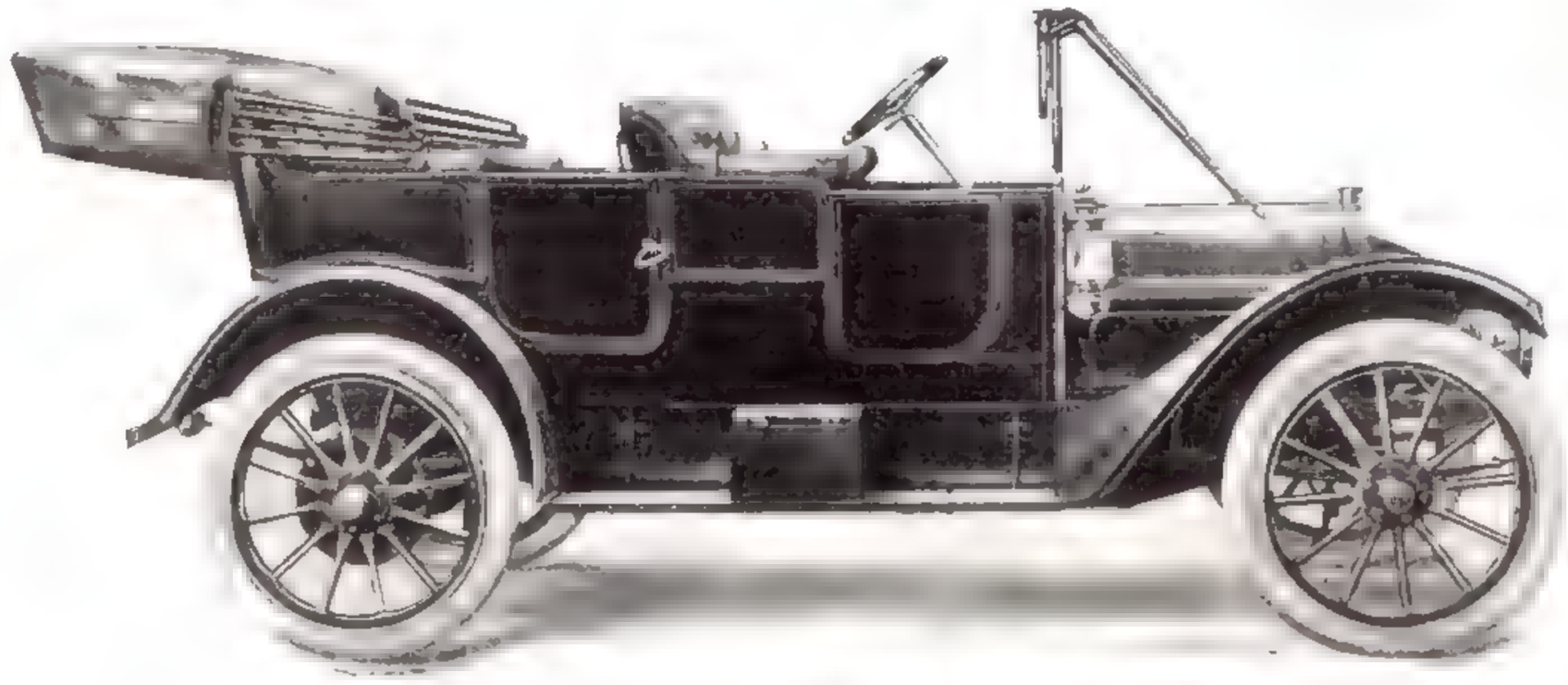
"And my partner too," Saltpeter continued, "they fired him out of there like a dawg because he refused to swear I was *shikker* when I got hurted. So he sues 'em also in the courts and him they settled with for seven hundred and fifty dollars. So you see, Mr. Salamander, we got plenty money to start a waist business. Ain't it?"

Salamander nodded.

"So we come to you," Saltpeter concluded, "you should persuade your boy to go with us as a partner; because, Mr. Salamander, that boy has got some elegant ideas about running a factory, even supposing he is a little lazy."

"Lazy!" Salamander exclaimed. "What d'ye mean the boy is lazy? You made a big

(Continued on Page 45)



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This Car for $1,000

(Price Subject to Change Without Notice)

Here is the first attempt to sell a high-grade car - roomy, luxurious, speedy and powerful—for an even-thousand dollars. It is the latest design of Mr. R. E. Olds the finest car which this famous factory ever sent out from its doors.

The price is subject to change; it may be impossible. We count that this price will add 50 per cent to our output without added overhead expense. If it does, the price becomes possible—at the present cost of materials. If we find it impossible we shall later advance it. For we never shall skimp on any part of this car to keep the price at $1,000

Every Reo agent now has this car on exhibit. Each now offers this initial price. And you will find no car under $1,500 which compares for a moment with it.

How We Did It

Year after year we have constantly increased our output. Part by part we have brought the Reo car to perfection. Gradually each important part has been standardized, and permanent machinery has been adapted to it

Year by year we have equipped ourselves to build every part of the car—to cut off the profits of parts-makers

All the costly experiments are ended now The expensive changes have all been made Our machinery, dies, jigs and tools need no more alteration

Some expensive materials, like tires and steel, are costing less than formerly. Our selling cost is a great deal less, because of our organization

The new Reo "Thirty," with fore-door, five-passenger tonneau. Four 4x4½-inch cylinders—108-inch wheel base—34x3½-inch tires—the best of magnetos. Our latest and finest creation—a roomy, powerful, stunning car—for an even-thousand dollars.

Top and windshield not included. We equip this car with a Mohair Top and Slip Cover, a Mezger Automatic Windshield, a Speedometer and a Gas Tank—all for $100 extra.

We have enormous capacity and our output can now be increased by half with no extra cost save for materials and labor.

For all of these reasons, the time seems at hand when a car of this class can be sold for $1,000. And, until further notice, we are going to try it.

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We pledge you our word that in adopting this price, we have not skimped the car in the slightest particular. This is the finest model, regardless of price, that we ever turned out from our factory.

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The car is built under laboratory supervision of the most scientific sort. The steel for each part is analyzed. It is tested for tensile strength and for hardness. Nothing is left to chance.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine, to withstand a pressure of 27½ tons. The bearings are fitted with the best roller bearings—the Timken and the Hyatt High-Duty. The carburetor is adapted to the present grades of gasoline.

All that is known to the best modern practice is embodied in this car. From the big tires and wheels down to the smallest hidden part, we are giving you better than necessary—the very best we know.

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This car was designed by Mr. R. E. Olds, the dean of automobile designers. It is built under his supervision.

Long before the days of automobiles Mr. Olds was building famous gas engines. In the early days of the motor car he built the only cars worth having. And in every step of progression since, Mr. Olds has kept well in the lead

This car we are selling for $1,000 is Mr. Olds' latest creation. It embodies all his skill and experience. And all his reputation as a great engineer is staked on this Reo car.

Ask for Details

On this car we publish complete specifications. We state every material, every feature, every detail of the mechanism. We do this to help you compare this car with the highest-priced cars in existence.

Please write for these facts. Then go to the nearest Reo agent and see the car itself. This is the first great car to sell for $1,000. And, if the price is found possible, it is bound to change the whole motor car situation.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

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For 800 Cars Per Day

We are starting now to increase our capacity to 3,300 tires daily. More than enough to completely equip 800 cars per day.

That's to meet the demand for No-Rim-Cut tires. That demand has thrice doubled in the past two years. It is larger now than for any other tire that's made.

Over 650,000 of these tires have been sold. And every car equipped with them is winning others to them. They are tires that can't rim-cut—tires 10 per cent oversize—tires that cut tire bills in two. Yet they cost no more than standard old-type tires.

These advantages are apparent. Any man can see them. Every motorist knows how much they mean. So men are demanding these patented tires as fast as they find them out.

It must be so. Men can't be fooled on tires. A tire that proves a doubled mileage is bound to win you and all.

The Old Type and The New

The old type tire—the clincher tire—is a relic of bicycle days.

When the call came for tires to equip automobiles that was the only type we knew. It was the only type anyone knew.

So we simply adapted this hooked-base tire to the newer and larger requirements.

Ordinary Clincher Tire

This picture shows the clincher tire as adapted to automobiles. It is pictured here on the standard rim for quick-detachable tires or demountable rims. A rim with removable rim flanges.

These tires have hooks on the base—as shown—to hook into the rim flanges. That is the ancient bicycle method for holding the tire to the rim.

But these curved-in flanges, when used on automobiles, dug into the tire when deflated. The result was to rim-cut a punctured tire. To run on a flat tire for even one block might wreck it beyond repair.

Every motor car owner knows the worry and ruin caused by this thin-edged, in-curving flange. It has cost them millions of dollars.

So, some years ago, we started out to do away with this hooked-base tire. The final result is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. And this type now outsells our clinchers almost six to one.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire

Here is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire fitted on the same rim as the clincher. The removable rim flanges have simply been slipped to the opposite sides, so they curve outward.

The tire when deflated rests on a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is utterly out of the question. It never has happened, and never can happen, no matter how far one may run on flat tires.

No Hooks—No Bolts

The No-Rim-Cut tire has no hooks on the base. And no tire bolts are needed to hold it on.

The reason is this: Vulcanized into the tire base on either side are three flat bands. The bands are made up of 126 braided piano wires. These wires make the tire base unstretchable. Nothing can force the tire over the rim. It cannot come off under any condition until one unlocks and removes a rim-flange.

Instead of hooking the tire on we make this unstretchable tire base. When this tire is inflated it is held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch.

This braided wire feature is controlled by our patents. Others have tried a single wire, others twisted wires. But these flat bands of braided wires, which need no welding, which nothing can break or loosen—is the only way known to make a hookless tire practicable. That is why most tire makers still recommend clincher tires.

Tires 10 Per Cent Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires have an extra flare, because the rim flanges curve outward. So the tire can be made 10 per cent oversize and still fit the rim. And we give you in these tires that extra size without any extra charge.

This oversize means 10 per cent more air, 10 per cent greater carrying capacity—than a tire of rated size. And this extra capacity, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Tires which lack this oversize are usually overloaded. It is done by the extras—the top, glass front, gas tank, extra tires, etc. Also by heavy passengers. That is what causes blow-outs.

Our two features together—No Rim Cut and oversize—under average conditions will cut tire bills in two. Yet these patented tires now cost the same as standard clincher tires. They used to cost one-fifth more.

That is why men who know the facts call for No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our latest Tire Book—based on 12 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

(365)

How Can I Make a Cat Stretch Itself On the Stage Every Night?

That is what puzzled David Belasco. He wanted to give a domestic touch to a play: If he could only get a cat to come on the stage at a particular point in the play, stretch itself and lap a saucer of milk. But how to make a cat stretch every night at a given time? He puzzled over it for days. Then an ingenious idea struck him, and every night for 400 nights he made a cat stretch. It made the success of the play. Read how he did it. You never would have thought it possible.

"Little things like that have made my plays successful," says Mr. Belasco. Then he tells of the "little things," all in an article, "Why I Believe in the Little Things." It is a picture "behind the scenes"—but it is more.

It is in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere

How a Mother Brought Her Daughter To Disgrace

She was a careful mother, too, or believed she was, of good family and social position, and the girl was what we call "a nice girl." Yet, the mother awoke one morning amazed to find "her girl" in jail and disgraced. The girl was as astonished as was the mother.

And the author says, who tells the story:

"Thousands of mothers are doing exactly for their girls what this mother did, only they don't know it." But they should know it, and it will surprise many a mother to read how she *is* doing it.

It is a graphic story, true to life, forcibly told, and with a ring in it that strikes no uncertain sound.

Read it in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere

(Continued from Page 42)

mistake there, the boy ain't lazy at all. Do you call it lazy that a young feller which he never done a stroke of work till he gets twenty-five years old, in one month only gets a job as foreman and goes to work and gets married and makes a home for himself? That's a *Mensch*, that feller, Agatstein, and I tell you right now, while he would never get a cent of my money, I ain't ashamed of the boy. Far from it."

"Why should you be ashamed of him?" Saltpeter continued. "The boy is a good boy, and I am sure if you could see how much his wife thinks of him, and the grand way he treats her, Mr. Salamander, not only you wouldn't be ashamed of him, you'd be proud of him even."

At this information Mrs. Salamander buried her face in her handkerchief and Jacob Salamander blew his nose.

"What do we want with the boy's money?" Saltpeter continued. "If he would go as partners together with us we are willing he should share our money."

"Don't do him no favors," Salamander exclaimed. "He ain't no object for charity just yet a while."

"Neither are we," Agatstein declared, "but the boy refuses positively to go with us, Mr. Salamander, and we argued with him and we argued with him, and all he says is his father puts him in the job where he is, so he would stick to it, on account he wants to show you what he could do."

Salamander looked up sharply.

"Did he tell you you should come here to see me?" he asked suspiciously.

Saltpeter shook his head.

"*Oser a Stück*," he declared so solemnly that there was no doubting the truth of his denial. "He says we should positively not go near you, Mr. Salamander; but the way we figure it out, we really need the boy, and you could take it from me, Mr. Salamander, that boy could work like a dawg for them people for years yet, and would they take him into the firm unless he would got the money? Not in a million years; while me and him we are willing to take him in without a cent."

"But what do you want me to do?" Salamander asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," Agatstein said: "me and Saltpeter is got a date to meet the boy at Wasserbauer's tomorrow at twelve; and if you would be there, too, Mr. Salamander, and persuade the boy he should go with us, understand me, my wife and children should never see me come home again if we would ask you for a cent. My partner's wife, too, Mr. Salamander, and he only got married *schon* six months ago already."

Salamander hesitated for a few minutes and Mrs. Salamander dried her eyes.

"What harm could it do supposing you see the boy, Jake?" she said pleadingly, and Salamander nodded.

"All right," he said. "I would be at Wasserbauer's tomorrow at twelve o'clock."

VI

WHEN Jacob Salamander entered Wasserbauer's Café on Canal Street the next day he found his son engaged in earnest conversation with Saltpeter and Agatstein, and it was not until he was within a dozen feet of them that Philip saw his father. He grew a little whiter than Wasserbauer's hotel-china and his knees began involuntarily to knock together. Nevertheless, he tried hard to control his voice.

"Ain't that so, Pop?" he said tremulously.

"Ain't what so?" Salamander inquired huskily, as he drew a chair up to the table.

"Why, these here two fellers want to tell me that with a capital of a little over two thousand dollars they could do a business that would show a profit of six thousand dollars for the first season," Philip replied, gaining confidence as he proceeded.

"It sounds a little big," Salamander agreed, "*aber* you got to reckon that capital ain't everything, Philip. Three fellers working together when they got wives to support and homes to keep up, understand me, they ain't going to fool away their time exactly."

"You bet your life!" Philip said fervently, and Salamander restrained with the utmost difficulty a desire to put his arm around his son's shoulder.

"On the other hand, Philip," he said, "you got to consider that if you are going on partners together with a couple of fellers which knows the value of money like Agatstein and Saltpeter, the chances is they put the most of their profits back into the business and live on a very little, ain't it?"

"That's what Bessie said last night," Philip declared.

Salamander cleared his throat so raspingly that Louis, the waiter, heard it from the other side of the room.

"Right away, gents," he called, and came on a run with his napkin standing straight out behind him.

"Bring us some good cigars," Salamander said, paying the price of his emotion. "Three for a half'll do. Yes, Philip, a newborn business must got to be fed like a newborn baby; and if the partners don't act like mothers and feed it all the money they got, the baby would die on 'em sure."

For more than half an hour Philip and his father discussed with Agatstein and Saltpeter all the phases of their partnership proposition, until Louis the waiter approached timidly.

"Excuse me, gents," he said, "but in the front stands a feller which he would like to talk to Mr. Philip Salamander."

"Tell him to come in here," Jacob Salamander said, and two minutes later Harris Sift entered.

"Philip," he said, ignoring the others, "don't you think we got business to attend to in our place at all? What's the matter with you anyhow?"

"Sit down, Sift," Jacob Salamander interrupted, "and shake hands with a couple of friends of mine by the name Saltpeter and Agatstein."

"Philip," Sift repeated, without appearing to notice Salamander's pleasantry, "do you hear what I am telling you?"

"You better look out, Philip," Jacob said, "or the first thing you know you'll be getting fired."

"Make me no jokes, please," Sift retorted.

"*Na* Sift," Jacob said in less jocular tones, "let bygones be bygones with these two fellers. They worked for you ten years apiece, and if they are getting from you two thousand dollars, what is it?"

"Him I ain't got nothing against at all," Sift rejoined, looking at Saltpeter; "but Agatstein, that's something else again. He goes to work and sues us for a year's hiring already. Since when did we hire you by the year, Agatstein?"

Saltpeter leaned one bandaged arm on the table and looked Sift squarely in the eye.

"You hired him by the year at the same time when I got *shikker*, Mr. Sift," he said. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the rooster, and you know damn well, Mr. Sift, I ain't never drunk nothing stronger as coffee in all my life."

Sift blushed and made no reply, while Salamander handed him a cigar.

"You shouldn't hold no grudge, boys," he said, "because ever since last night yet I got an idee in my head which I ain't sprung it on you till now."

He cleared his throat in more modulated fashion than before.

"The idee is this," he continued: "Kaidin, Sift, Saltpeter and Agatstein all knows each the other for years already; and although they did got their little differences, it's all over now."

As if in answer to a cue, however, Kaidin negatived this statement by bursting into Wasserbauer's doorway. He fairly ran down the aisle between the tables and stopped short, gasping for breath in front of his partner like the last man of a Marathon race.

"Murderers!" he shouted; "what are you doing here?"

He addressed the entire company, but his eye rested particularly on Saltpeter and Agatstein.

"*Koosh!*" Sift cried. "Ain't you ashamed for the people?"

"What do I care for the people?" Kaidin said. "Our whole place is at a standstill, while you fool away your time here. I thought you says you would go and find Philip and come right back."

"Say, lookyhere, Kaidin," Salamander broke in, "if you want to behave yourself, all right. Otherwise I would call Wasserbauer and get you kicked into the streets. Do you understand me? Now sit down like a *Mensch* and listen to what we are talking about."

He dragged a chair from the adjoining table and thrust Kaidin into it.

"Now then," he said, "the proposition is this: Agatstein and Saltpeter will put in twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars for the two of them, and for Philip I will put

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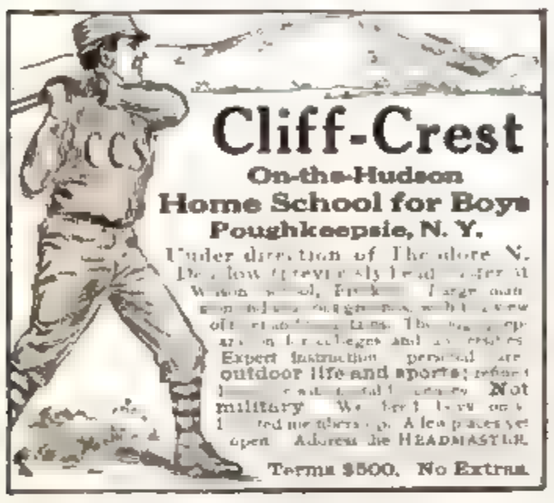

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in"—here he paused impressively—"fifteen thousand dollars cash."

He looked fixedly at Kaidin.

"And I give Kaidin and Sift their choice of two propositions," he said. "The first is: they go on in business like the way they are, only they would got for their nearest competitors a firm of three bright men with a capital of seventeen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; *oder* Kaidin and Sift can put in their business as a going concern, stock, fixtures and good-will as a sixty per cent interest in the new concern, and go as partners together with my Philip and Agatstein and Saltpeter."

Kaidin sat back in his chair and his jaw dropped.

"Of the profits of the new concern," Salamander continued, "Kaidin and Sift draws sixty per cent between 'em, my Philip draws twenty-five, and Agatstein and Saltpeter splits up the other fifteen between 'em."

Saltpeter turned to Agatstein.

"I'm agreeable," he said, and Agatstein nodded.

"How about you, Sift?" Salamander asked.

Sift looked at his partner, who appeared to be in a condition bordering on catalepsy.

"I guess we would like to think it over," Sift said.

"Thinking it over is nix," Salamander declared. "This thing must got to be settled right here and now."

For more than half an hour they argued the matter, and at length Salamander slapped Kaidin on the shoulder.

"Come down to earth, Kaidin," he said, "and close this thing up."

"Listen, Sift," Kaidin said appealingly; "are you going to go back on me?"

"What do you mean—go back on you?" Sift retorted. "The proposition is a good one. Ain't it?"

Kaidin shrugged despairingly.

"That's a partner for you!" he said. "With him, a deal goes through on the first figures yet, and dickering he don't know nothing about at all."

"You couldn't dicker with me, Kaidin," Salamander declared, "because what I told you just now is the first proposition and the only one, excepting I would reduce the rent on you back to the old figure, and if you would want to increase your plant I could also let you have the loft upstairs at the same terms."

"What is the use your standing out, Kaidin?" Sift said, and finally Kaidin nodded.

"I got no more objections," he announced, and Salamander at length put his arm around his son's shoulder.

"Philip, my boy," he said tenderly, "Mommer says you and Bessie should come up for dinner tonight, seven o'clock sharp."

He turned to the others with a broad smile, which completely engulfed his mustache between his nose and his under lip.

"I guess you fellers think I am a pretty easy proposition, ain't it?" he remarked; "but I'll tell you the honest truth, Philip, the whole thing is Mommer's idee."

He nodded his head slowly by way of emphasis.

"This here ziontific management of operators is, in a way, easy, Philip, and so is the ziontific management of partners," he concluded; "but there ain't no such thing as the ziontific management of wives and children, Philip, and don't you forget it!"

Not the Same

AN ENTHUSIASTIC labor unionist was invited some time ago to a small Pennsylvania mining town to address the local organization, which, as it happened, was composed chiefly of foreigners. On his arrival he was met by a committee of two, which promptly escorted him to the town hall, where the members were then in session. With a minimum of ceremony, the newcomer took up the cudgel in behalf of organized labor and, quickly warming to his subject, delivered an eloquent and lengthy address. When finally he concluded and, with the satisfied air of one who had risen to the occasion, resumed his seat, the first half of the receiving committee took the floor and at once plunged into the vocal intricacies of the Polish language.

"What on earth is he saying?" asked the visitor of his second escort, whose chair adjoined his own.

"He is telling them what you said," the other replied dryly.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

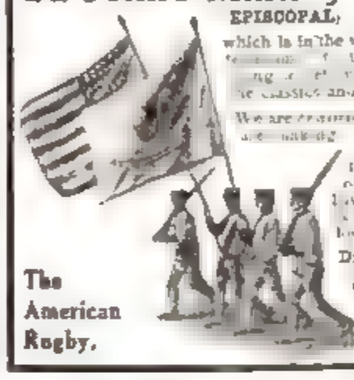
Your boy needs Western training to widen his scope of practical knowledge, to develop broad ideas of business and life.

New Mexico Military Institute
offers this training. Located in the beautiful Pecos Valley, where the sun shines every day, where the [illegible]

Col. James W. Wilson, Supt., Box F Roswell N. M.

An Army Officer says that in his opinion "Boys become cleaner cut men, mentally, morally, physically" through attendance at

St. John's Military Academy
EPISCOPAL,



which is in the way of being "expert [illegible] the effectual we are [illegible] trying to [illegible] more than teaching the classics and [illegible] slogans."

We are [illegible] for life. We are making good citizens at St. John's in classes [illegible] Has governmental [illegible] of ten [illegible] Boys [illegible] Write for illustrated catalogue.

The American Rugby.

Dr. S. T. Smythe, Pres. Fits AA Delafield Waukesha Co. Wis. Chicago Office 1610 Masonic Temple. Tel. Cent. 5902

The oldest and largest west of the Mississippi River.

Wentworth
MILITARY ACADEMY

Government Supervision. Highest rating by War Department. Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry Drills. Courses of study prepare for Universities, Government Academies or for Business Life. Manual Training. Separate Department for small boys. For catalogue, address

The SECRETARY
1812 Washington Ave., Lexington, Mo.

St. Paul's School

Location: [illegible] beautiful and healthful Garden City, Long Island, 18 miles from New York.

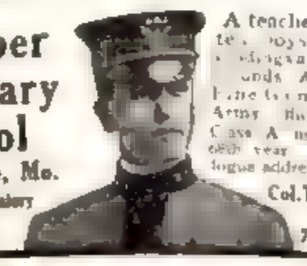
Equipment: [illegible] fire proof buildings, [illegible] gymnasium, swimming pool, [illegible] athletic fields.

Instruction: [illegible] both [illegible] Classical and [illegible] tion given. Prepares for any college or scientific school. Competent master at the head of each department.

A lower school for younger boys.

Walter R. Marsh, Headmaster, Box 27, Garden City, L. I.

Kemper Military School
Boonville, Mo.



"Best Preparatory School in the Middle West."

A teacher to every ten boys. Modern [illegible] Extensive grounds. Athletics. Fine gymnasium. Army Rifle Range. Class A military school. 60th year. For catalogue address

Col. T. A. Johnston, Supt. 732 Third St.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Location—A picturesque suburb of Cincinnati, the great art and music center.

Organization—Academic, military and physical training departments. Lower schools for boys of 8 to 14 years.

Advantages—Only recommended boys taken. Certificates admit to colleges. Write for catalog to

A. M. Henshaw, Commandant, Box 22, College Hill, Ohio.

Oak Ridge Institute FOR BOYS 60th Year

Prepares for COLLEGE, for BUSINESS, for LIFE. Ideal location in foothills of Blue Ridge Mountains. High standards of scholarship and home-life. Honor system. A boy is safe here. Individual, personal attention given every boy. Non-sectarian, but Christian. Board and tuition $250.00 for one year. For catalog, write

PRESIDENT, Box 16, Oak Ridge, N. C.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Wenonah Military Academy

10 miles from Philadelphia.

Preparation for all colleges, technical schools and business. Military training in Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry. Largest exclusive school of above kind in New Jersey. Rural life. No Saloons or factories in the town. Beautiful and healthful location. Junior school for younger boys. Gov. Woodrow Wilson, ex-president Princeton University, during a recent visit to Wenonah said: "Wenonah is a growing school and is doing a splendid and great work."

Opens Sept. 20th 1911. Send for catalogue and year book

Major JOHN R. JONES, Supt., Box 114
Wenonah, Gloucester Co., N. J.

Howe School (ENDOWED) HOWE, INDIANA

A TEACHER FOR EVERY TEN BOYS

Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day

Graduates admitted to leading colleges on certificate.

Estate of 150 acres. 9 Fine Buildings. Thorough equipment.

Healthful country life. All athletic sports. Beautiful lakes.

Separate School for Younger Boys

For illustrated catalogue address

The Rev. J. H. McKENZIE, L.H.D., Rector, Box 220

Randolph-Macon College

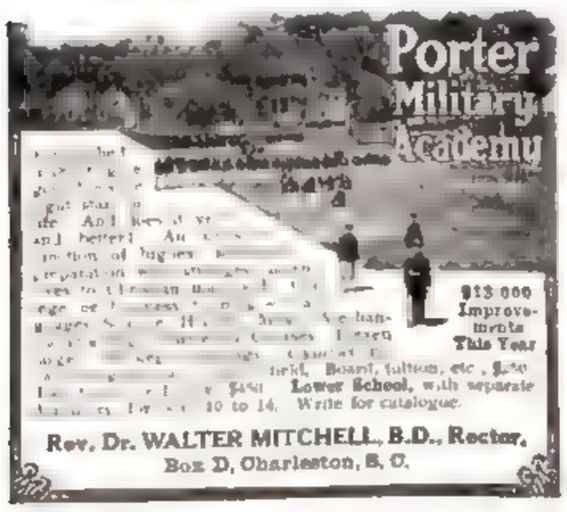
ASHLAND, VIRGINIA

For Men

Chartered 1830

Delightful and healthful location in the heart of historic Virginia in a small residential (college) town, half hour from Richmond and two and a half hours from Washington. Standard college requirements for admission and graduation. Grants A B and A M degrees only. Student body limited in proportion of students to professors of 15 to 1. Moderate charges, owing to endowment. References required. For catalogue, address

R. E. BLACKWELL, A.M., LL.D., President.



Lower School, with separate ... 10 to 14. Write for catalogue.

Rev. Dr. WALTER MITCHELL, B.D., Rector,
Box D, Charleston, S. C.

MURFREESBORO
SCHOOL for BOYS

Select home school for 45 boys, situated in Blue Grass section of middle Tennessee. Only manly boys desired. Thorough courses of study, preparing for leading colleges and universities. Every boy receives individual attention.

Our cottage system promotes home life. Modern conveniences. Fine athletic field. Gymnasium work required.

For handsome catalogue, address

HEADMASTERS
Box 64 Murfreesboro, Tenn.

School Information Free catalogs and advice about Boarding Schools, Colleges, Camps and Tutors for boys and girls, sent by American Schools Association, 935 Broadway, N. Y., or 1515 Masonic Temple, Chicago

BUSINESS HELPS

I ASKED the head of a great New York establishment what it was, next to positive dishonesty, that he would most dislike to find existing in connection with any trusted employee.

"I most dislike to find any one keenly interested in some outside moneymaking pursuit," was the prompt reply. "That is a fatal fault from an employer's standpoint, for it means in itself a certain dishonesty and disloyalty and unfits a man for giving the necessary strength and attention to his work for us. When a man engages in two interests he always gives one of the two the short end of the stick; and, as a matter of fact, the end he neglects is sure to be the end that pays him the most money! You see, he looks on that as a certainty. He feels he has that nailed and cleated tight—and he is trying to build up something outside; so it is to that outside work that he gives most of his time and thought. What ought to be deemed his main work becomes of secondary importance.

"No man can serve two masters. That's just as true now as it was a couple of thousand years ago. It's mighty good business, just as it is mighty good religion.

"Now, I don't mean to object to a man's studying outside working hours. On the contrary, I like to hear of it. Study is the best thing he can do. If I know a man is studying with an eye on improvement or advancement, I'll surely give him the advancement if he'll show the improvement."

This recalled the case of a young man in the West whose career I had recent occasion to watch. After graduating from one of the best technical schools, he found it difficult to find precisely the situation he wanted, but took a subordinate place with a large electrical company. "But it doesn't give me an opportunity to use what I've learned," I remember his saying complainingly.

A year later I found that he had been discharged and was looking for another place. "I just couldn't keep him," said his employer. "I expected him to show capacity and ambition, and intended to advance him at the very first opening—and an opening would have come very soon. If it hadn't come and he had showed himself the right stuff an opening would have been made. We use lots of these technical boys. His first job was a minor one, but it gave him more chance than he realized and a splendid opportunity to watch the places that were ahead of him and get ready to move up; but he felt he knew it all—that he had learned it all—that he was altogether too big for his job. First thing I knew, his work was growing worse instead of better; instead of taking advantage of his chance, he was throwing the chance away—and I found out that he was teaching mechanical drawing four nights a week at a night school."

An Engineer's Swift Rise

"He wanted to 'make use of his attainments,' as he put it to me; but all he did was to give all his real thought and attention to his teaching instead of to our work. A man only has about a certain amount of ambitious energy and I thought I was paying for it—and I was paying for it; but he gave his ambition and thought to the school, which had no future at all to offer him. His idea was not to throw himself, body and mind, into his work for us until we should give him big work to do. And so it works out that he hasn't any job at all.

"Now," he went on shrewdly, "if a man in my employ goes to a night school to learn I push him ahead. He's the right kind. It shows he's got the right thing in him. I gain by all he learns and I make him a gainer too. Some of our best men came up out of the ranks, with only a night-school or correspondence-school training.

"Just a few years ago the man who held the big position of chief engineer of the New York Central Railroad was one who had only that sort of technical training, and he quit that job to be promoted to a vice-presidency of the same company; but from his very youth, in a little New York town, that man had thoughts of nothing but being an engineer."

. . . . . .

"To what do you attribute your success?" once asked an American reporter of Henry Irving.

"To my acting," said Irving simply. He didn't have to give a list!

. . . . . .

The first of the employers referred to above is a striking example of the success of his own theory, for he rose to his present place from a humble beginning with the house and from the first devoted all his ambition to it. It is to him, indeed, that the great store very largely owes its appearance and prosperity.

"I have tried to make the store one that smiles at you," he said. As he spoke, visions came to me of various shops that scowl at you!

Somehow, that's a good idea—a store that smiles! And as I walked around with him he pointed out this and that point that illustrated his advanced ideas.

Making a Shop Smile

"First," he said, "see how splendidly the place is lighted; for there's not only every chance taken of using the daylight but there is plenty of electricity wherever the daylight doesn't quite reach over this huge floor-space.

"And see our white paint. See the banks of elevators—frame and cars all white! Picked that idea up one day in Philadelphia. Tried just one first, to see what it would look like here; and the clerks all joked about it—said it was the bridal elevator! But we went ahead and did 'em all.

"And here's another thing—biggest thing of all. Don't you notice a general cheerful brightness everywhere that's something more than the lighting? It comes from the glass-fronted counters. Some other stores have adopted this modern idea to quite a degree, but none to the extent we have. Every counter is a showcase, with glass clear to the floor, and it not only makes for cheerfulness but is a splendid use of what used to be lost space, for it gives a chance for great display along both sides of every aisle.

"Even yet some of the biggest stores have long lines of wooden-fronted counters into whose dark recesses the clerks reach to draw out one box after another; but that's only the case with some who have long-established and what is called conservative trade. No house could begin in that way nowadays and hope to succeed.

"And then there are notions—all sorts of those little things, you know, that most stores just keep in bunches or boxes, sort of shabby and messy. I determined this class of goods should be displayed in a variety just as complete as the bigger things; so we've had little racks and frames made to set them on, in well-finished mahogany, so that a customer can see all sorts and sizes and qualities of novelties at a glance. And it has paid—that's the best part of it! The cost of the outfitting has been much more than made up in increased sales. And it's even better than that, for if the little necessities are attractively found the customer gets a feeling of satisfaction, a feeling of having been well treated, that makes strongly for sales in other departments."

. . . . . .

Originality is a quality that all the business world seems to be looking for, but originality is by no means all that is necessary.

"My two best assistants," said an advertising man whose displays are seen daily in the New York newspapers, "are a continual contrast and problem to me. By far the better one of the two, so far as original ideas is concerned, is by far the worse in results. He bubbles with bright ideas, but there is always an incompleteness about carrying his ideas out. It's the hardest thing in the world for him to get an advertisement rounded up and completed on time. He can't constitutionally quite push himself through. I keep him on because his ideas are often so clever, so novel, that I don't want to lose him; but the other man, with not nearly so much cleverness and originality, is getting right ahead because his work, though not brilliant, is always good and he always has it full and complete and finished to the minute. And nothing is more certain, from a business standpoint, than that a good advertisement finished is worth more than a better one unfinished."

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Tennessee Military Institute Sweetwater Tennessee

One of the Most Successful Military Schools in the South

A school of national patronage, in the mountains of East Tennessee. Gives thorough preparation for college, Government Academies, or business. Individual instruction. New buildings, designed especially for a military school, with modern equipment. Campus of 45 acres, athletic field, gymnasium, bowling alleys. Most healthful climate in U. S. 35 states and five foreign countries represented past session. Encampments in mountains, practice marches, cavalry trips. In every respect a high-class school, with the moderate terms of $350 for board and tuition, full session.

Send for illustrated catalogue. Address

COL. O. C. HULVEY, Superintendent

Verbeck Hall St. John's School

Manlius School

MANLIUS, N. Y.

DESIGNATED by the War Department as "Distinguished Institution, 1904-'05-'06-'07-'08-'09-'10-'11," this being highest honor paid by U. S. Government. Most successful application of military principle to preparation for college or business, because this high grade of military work is attractive and thoroughly stimulates and produces results in home system, building of character and habits of study not attained in such degree by most military or civilian schools.

WM. VERBECK, President

Kentucky Military Institute

The School with a Winter Home in Florida

Educate your boy in this school where the system endeavors a ... development ... without ... —with ... advantages of the "Gay Life" of large cities. Founded 1845; Chartered 1847. For sixty-five years the K. M. I. has been training boys for useful lives—making boys square men, so to speak, by developing their character, moral integrity, mental ... and physical welfare. Preparatory and Collegiate Courses. Special Courses in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. ... per year. Board, tuition, ... Write for our catalogue and ... booklet. Address

The President, K. M. I., Lyndon, Ky.

The Bingham School

Orange County, near Mebane, North Carolina

Established 1793.

A busy and lovable home for boys, on Southern Railway, in the country. A location famous for safety, health and beauty. Strong graduate faculty of Christian men, giving constant and individual attention. Military discipline, but yet affectionate. Outdoor life, with Tents and other healthful sports. Horseback Riding, Physical Culture and fine Penmanship specialties. Full Classical, Commercial, Scientific and Music Courses. Small classes. Terms reasonable.

For illustrated catalogue, address

PRESTON LEWIS GRAY, B.L., Principal, Box 5.

YEATES SCHOOL

For Boys. Endowed. Box 529, Lancaster, Pa.

Ideal country surroundings. Fine athletic field. Stream for canoeing and all winter sports. Gymnasium and pool. In short, all kinds of recreation essential to vigorous youth. All boys are given systematic training in sports. $700 per year.

Frederick Gardiner, A.M., LL.D., (Harvard) Headmaster

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Founded 1853 — Year opens September 21, 1911

Boston, Mass.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, DIRECTOR

The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music

Located in the musical center of America. It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, its imposing Conservatory Building, splendid equipment, and the Residence Building offer exceptional facilities for students.

The free privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student. A number of free Violin scholarships are available for 1911.

GRAND OPERA SCHOOL

This school gives a *practical training* for Grand Opera in regular professional rehearsals. The conductors, stage managers and répétiteurs are of the staff of the Boston Opera House. Pupils of the Opera School will have the opportunity to obtain a début in the Boston Opera House when they demonstrate sufficient ability.

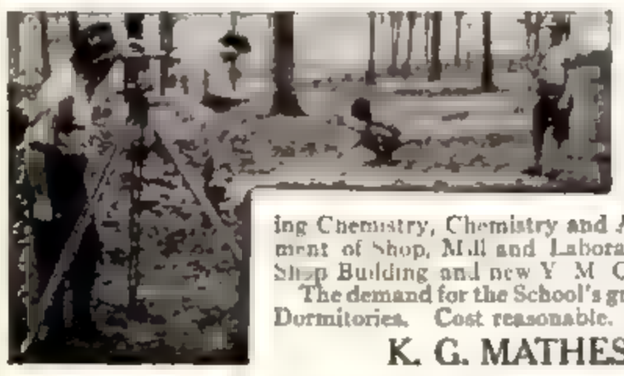
For particulars and year book, address RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

The Ely School

For Girls
Greenwich, Conn.

One of the best equipped schools for girls in the country. Beautifully located overlooking Long Island Sound, 50 minutes from New York City. Building new and specially designed for the school. College Preparatory and general course. Modeling, drawing, painting choral and sight singing included in every grade. A Department of Domestic Science. Gymnasium. Athletics. Outdoor Sports.

GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY



Atlanta, Georgia

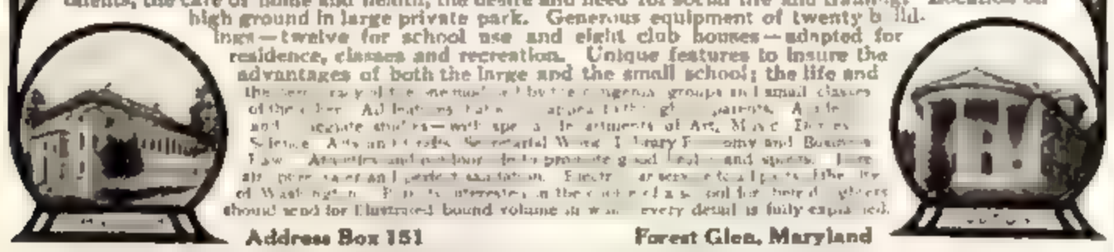
An engineering institute of the highest rank, in the heart of the progressive South. 1050 feet above sea level. The climate is healthful and delightful. Advanced courses in Mechanical, Electrical, Textile and Civil Engineering, Engineering Chemistry, Chemistry and Architecture. Extensive and new equipment of Shop, Mill and Laboratories. New Hospital, new Engineering Shop Building and new Y. M. C. A. Building.

The demand for the School's graduates is much greater than the supply. Dormitories. Cost reasonable. For illustrated catalog, address

K. G. MATHESON, LL.D., President

National Park Seminary

FOR GIRLS, WASHINGTON, D. C. (SUBURBS)



A real school for real girls, taking account of their general education, growth of special talents, the care of home and health, the desire and need for social life and training. Location on high ground in large private park. Generous equipment of twenty buildings—twelve for school use and eight club houses—adapted for residence, classes and recreation. Unique features to insure the advantages of both the large and the small school; the life and the [illegible] of the home in [illegible] groups and small classes of the older. Advantages [illegible] girls' parents. Academic and [illegible] courses—with special departments of Art, Music, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial Work, Library Economy and Business Law. Athletics and outdoor life promote good health and sports. [illegible] all pupils receive careful medical examination. Electric [illegible] the City of Washington. Parents interested in the [illegible] should send for illustrated bound volume in which every detail is fully explained.

Address Box 151 — **Forest Glen, Maryland**

The MacDuffie School

For Girls
185 Central St., Springfield, Mass.
Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Four attractive houses in beautiful grounds.
Fine new gymnasium, all outdoor athletics.
College preparation and entrance by certificate. General high school course.
Postgraduate work.
Music and Art. Domestic Science.
Practical course in personal accounts.
Year book and pictures on request

Sea Pines — A HOME SCHOOL

For Girls Desiring Individual Attention

Genuine happy home life with personal, affectionate care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is exceptionally favorable for an **outdoor life**, which we make attractive and rewarding. Seventy acres [illegible] seashore [illegible]. Hygiene and [illegible] are observed especially for results in health, character and [illegible]. New equipment. Gymnastics, Music, Handwork, Domestic Arts. French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study. Patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address

Rev. THOMAS BICKFORD, Miss FAITH BICKFORD, Princs., P. O. Box M, East Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY

(Concluded from Page 17)

that most of them should turn, here, to digging city sewers or working in mines. The country needs them and they need the country; and the cities need to be freed from increasingly gregarious massing. The whole problem of the immigrant, the *Einwanderer*—I love the delightful German word—is pregnant with perplexity and offers a splendid field for the public-spirited man of wealth. The population of Manhattan, where most immigrants land, has increased in ten years from 131.8 inhabitants an acre to 166.1; and some of the most crowded city blocks have increased at the rate of three hundred an acre, and now show an acreage total of from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand, or over.

Congress awoke a few years ago to the importance of distributing immigrants away from the great centers and in 1907 established a bureau that would give information to incoming foreigners in regard to conditions and needs in any part of the country. The bureau reports that its information guides some thousands annually, but that many, anxious to take advantage of opportunities in distant parts, are unable to go on account of not having money for passage and for settlement. Charitable organizations help in some cases; in others, employers advance the money; but the situation points out important need.

Some of the railroads, with that enlightened selfishness that is at the root of so much of the progress of the world, try to hold present farmers and win new ones by showing the profits in good farming. One road employs a specialist to educate the dwellers along its line, free of charge, in points regarding the best use of soils, the use and selection of fertilizers, and other farm subjects. Another road has a farm bureau as part of its system, maintaining two model farms—abandoned farms, taken in hand to show what can be done; and it has an expert who travels about giving advice on farm topics. This railroad is also actively engaged in the highly interesting work of tempting farmers back from the West, where land is dear, to parts of New York, where it is cheap!

In California and Colorado there are colonies established by the Salvation Army—colonies in regard to which Rider Haggard, the novelist, sent over by the British Government to investigate them, reported enthusiastically. Commander Booth Tucker believed that if some fifty million dollars, now spent in giving temporary relief, could be spent in settling three million people on the land, immense good would be done; they would produce annually, he declared, one hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of food, and their land would increase fifty per cent in value in ten years.

The Salvationists could not command fifty million dollars, but they established colonies on the basis of physical and moral soundness and recognition of the Bible; and that unexpected difficulties were met with and the results have not been up to expectations is mainly due to the fact that they experimented with city derelicts and also selected poor soil.

Still more interesting is a colony of Italians in Arkansas—a colony that won prosperity from bitter discouragement and stands as a splendid example of able and unselfish leadership, with a loyal following.

The host of Italians who on Long Island and Staten Island are with huge success growing vegetables for New York City is further proof of what can be done; and Italians are now making a great part of the wine of California. Nor is it only Italians, for Germans, Slavs, Dutch and Scotch are doing splendidly with farm work.

The old-fashioned idea of charity was at bottom the picturesque one of Haroun-al-Raschid, who went about in darkness and disguise seeking opportunities to do good. Napoleon, when emperor, day-dreamed the turning of his empire over to his son and spending his later years in driving about the country, listening to the church bells and seeking out people who needed aid. It would, indeed, be a change from such ideas to think of spending money in philanthropic efforts to relieve pernicious congestion at the population centers and to induce people to live out where there are open sky and open fields and fresh air.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Pennsylvania College for Women

Boarding and Day School, located in the Woodland Road District. Standard the same as that of all Eastern Colleges. Unusual advantages in Music.

Dilworth Hall, a Preparatory School, offers three courses, fitting girls for all colleges—same management. Literature sent on application.

Pittsburgh, Pa. — **H. D. LINDSAY, President.**

ASHLEY HALL

FOR GIRLS. Charleston, S. C.

College preparatory, general and special courses. Resident French and German teachers. *Athletics*—Gymnasium, outdoor sports all winter, athletic director. *Buildings*—Extensive, with modern equipment. *Situation*—Healthful location in a city of educational and social advantages. Address

Miss M. V. McBEE, M. A., Principal.

Pennington Seminary — School for Boys

Now in its 74th year. A boys' school with a brilliant record, whose graduates take front rank in the affairs of men. Alumni include Congressmen, Senators, Governors, and men prominent in all the walks of life. A.B. A.S. and commercial courses. Electives. Vocational Guidance. Music. Pipe Organ. Thorough courses in English. Educational trips to Boston, New York and Washington. **Separate Military Junior Department** for boys under 14. Athletics [illegible]. Rates $400 to $500. For catalog, address **FRANK MacDANIEL, Headmaster, Pennington, N. J.**

Randolph-Macon Academy

For Boys and Young Men. Front Royal, Va.

A branch of the Randolph Macon System. Liberal gifts make unusual advantages possible. Equipment cost $100,000. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Gymnasium, physical culture and outdoor sports. Terms, $250. 20th session opens September 19, 1911. For free catalogue and illustrated pamphlet, address

CHARLES L. MELTON, A.M., Principal, Box 411, Front Royal, Va.

MONTICELLO SEMINARY

[illegible] year opens Sept. 20th. A [illegible] school for [illegible] mothers [illegible] Preparatory and [illegible] College [illegible] Courses. Elective [illegible] Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Modern equipment. Gymnasium. Athletics. Tennis courts, archery range, basketball and [illegible]. Rates moderate. Music and Art extra. Send for catalog. **Miss Martina G. Erickson, Principal, Godfrey, Ill.**

Sullins College — Conservatory

For Girls and Young Ladies. Located in a beautiful mountain valley, altitude 1800 feet. Delightful and healthful climate. Modern brick buildings. Fine gymnasium. Outdoor sports. Regular and Special Courses, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Conservatory of Music unsurpassed in the South. 200 music pupils. Experienced European and American teachers. Faculty of 26. Founded 1870. Write for catalogue.

W. S. NEIGHBORS, A.M., D.D., Pres., Box I-138, Bristol, Va.

Elmhurst — Connersville, Ind.

One of the highest grade, non-sectarian schools for girls in the Middle West. Preparatory, Academic and Advanced courses. Music. Only school in the United States with Mensendieck Physical Training. Estate of 170 acres. Private lake, [illegible], golf, tennis. Address

ELMHURST SCHOOL, Box 9, R. D. 6.

Powhatan College — Charles Town, W. Va.

Largest woman's college in the State. College preparatory and full college courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Teacher's and Business Courses. Healthful location near Washington, D. C. Rates $150, and [illegible] catalogue. Address

S. P. HATTON, A. M., LL.D., President.

Sweetwater College — FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

College Course, Preparatory dept., Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Culture and Expression, Commercial dept. Beautiful buildings and furnishings. Large Campus. Rates $250.00. Catalogue.

MRS. ELIZABETH M. ROWLAND, Principal, Sweetwater, Tenn.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington

Academy of the Holy Cross

A select finishing school for girls, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Recognized as the [illegible] and religious training. Imposing new building. 23-acre campus. [illegible] all forms of athletics.

HOLY CROSS ACADEMY, Dumbarton, Washington, D. C.

Glendale College — FOR WOMEN

GLENDALE, OHIO. Suburban to Cincinnati

Location ideal. **Equipment** ample. **Expenses** moderate. **Preparation** for all colleges. **Collegiate Courses** arranged for High School graduates. **Special Courses** with Art, Music, Expression, Household Economics. Careful arrangements for younger girls.

Miss R. J. DeVore, Pres't.

Washington Seminary

[illegible] established 1836. Boarding and Day School for Girls. [illegible] College Preparatory and Special Courses. Music, Art, [illegible] gymnasium. Tennis, Basket Ball. Certificate admits to [illegible]. For catalog and [illegible]

MISS LILLIAN M. ROSENKRANS Principal, Washington, Pa.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

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A LEADING LADY'S IMPRESSIONS OF RICHARD MANSFIELD

Continued from Page 9

was one of the most appealing and pathetic that I ever listened to. He said he had made no friends in the Palmer Company, for he didn't care to carouse with the younger members and the older ones paid no attention to him. So, when his great triumph came and he was recalled again and again, there was no one near him to slap him on the shoulder and say: "Well done!" And, after the audience finally let him go and the lights were out at the theater, he went home to the little room over a grocery where he lodged and had a cheese sandwich and a glass of beer all alone.

There were so many lovable qualities about Mansfield that it is a pity he was so disliked by most of the people surrounding him. He was very generous and really kind-hearted; but his irritable temper made a number of his company hate him so that I used to wonder how he was able to act, with so much ill-will in the atmosphere.

I suppose, though, he was in a position not to mind the lack of superficial affection, having fame and wealth, a charming and brilliant wife and a perfectly wonderful child. I saw Gibbs only once—when I dare say he was about eight years old. He was uncanny, he was so clever; and I think that boy must be destined for great things.

There was hardly a city we visited that some toy or curio was not dispatched to this beloved son; and, in fact, Mr. Mansfield was a great shopper. All the dealers in antiques knew him well. He had exquisite taste, but often he was overcharged and cheated. On reflection he would sometimes grow suspicious; and after having given a shopkeeper an order on Mr. Stevens in payment for some costly trifle he would countermand it before the article was delivered.

The Human Side of a Taskmaster

One day an old woman rushed into the box-office, hatless and breathless, bringing a necklace and an order from Mr. Mansfield to receive and pay for it. The order was undoubtedly genuine, the money was paid and the woman departed. About five minutes later Mr. Mansfield walked in. He said he had just come from a shop where he had selected a necklace, but had decided not to take it after all and wished to tell them at the box-office not to receive it. He was amazed when he found it had already been delivered. The old woman must have passed him on the way. She hadn't given him time to change his mind.

It was about the end of November when we reached San Francisco; and we played at the old Grand Opera House that was completely destroyed a few months afterward, during the earthquake. It was about three times as large as an ordinary theater, and it was Mr. Stevens' idea that it would be a good thing for Mansfield to have a place large enough to hold all the would-be seat-purchasers instead of turning many away; but that tremendous place was taxed to the utmost capacity and the orchestra sent under the stage at every performance. My remembrance of figures is always so hazy that I couldn't state what the receipts were, but they broke all records.

Father was naturally in a very good humor, and on Thanksgiving evening he gave a supper in the theater's foyer. There were about two hundred covers laid—every member of the company, all the attachés, ushers and stagehands of the theater being present. There were speeches by everybody—songs and recitations—and it was a very happy affair. The stagehands looked at Father in wonder—they never had seen him in one of his genial, boyish moods. Only a few nights before, when the curtain had fallen on the last act of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, all the members of the company, realizing that he was in a very "Hyde-like" mood, scurried to their dressing rooms so rapidly that when he rose from the floor, where Hyde had passed away, there was not a soul in sight but the property man; the stagehands had seen him throw all the bottles on the table at the poor property man for goodness knows what small offense—and now here he was chatting gayly and dispensing his hospitality with so much charm that I overheard one of the carpenters whisper: "Gee! Dicky's a human being after all, ain't he?"

I think he showed at his best at the little suppers on his private car. He was a fascinating raconteur and would talk unaffectedly of his work and his ideals. One night he was saying that he had been misunderstood and misrepresented more than any actor alive; and he cited what he called "the base fabrication" which every one had believed about his having thrown chops at a waiter in Chicago. "If he throws bottles, why not chops?" I thought, but I didn't say it.

"But, Mr. Mansfield," said one of the ladies ingenuously, "don't you think that all such stories have helped to make your reputation?"

Mansfield the stage director would have annihilated her for such an undiplomatic observation, but Mansfield the host only said, "Tut, tut!" and let it pass.

Another time, though, he was very much provoked over a most harmless *faux pas*. While serving some roast chicken he remarked that it was too cold, and the girl on his right unfortunately failed to hear what he said; so when he asked her, "How do you find that chicken—too hot or too cold?" she didn't know what to say. She had to say something, so she said "Too hot." And he wouldn't speak to her again for two weeks.

At Christmastime we played in New Orleans and there were jolly holiday parties on the car. There was a Christmas tree in honor of Orey, the little girl who played the Duke of York in Richard III; and her present from the star was a doll as big as herself. She was fairly wild with delight, and she simply adored Mr. Mansfield. Most children did, and he was kindness itself to all of them.

He gave handsome Christmas gifts to the principal members of his company and candy and fruit to all. My remembrance was an antique tortoise-shell comb, mounted with a crown set with garnets. It is a beautiful memento, showing the ever fastidious taste of the donor.

It was in New Orleans that it was decided to revive The Scarlet Letter, which had been produced first by Mansfield ten or twelve years before—and we began rehearsals at once. Four weeks later it was brought out in Philadelphia. Hester Prynn was one of the most exhausting rôles I have ever portrayed. Most of the scenes were with Dimsdale and the rehearsals were very trying; but I was given special praise by the critics, and when Mr. Mansfield himself said complimentary things I felt that I had succeeded indeed—for generally the only way one knew that he was pleased was when he failed to say he was displeased.

What Came of a Dancing Lesson

One morning, about three days before the dress rehearsal, Orey, who was cast for Little Pearl, was capering about according to the business of her part in a very awkward manner, and Mr. Mansfield seemed to notice it for the first time.

"Dance," he said. "You know how to dance, don't you?"

"No, sir," said Orey.

"Well, your sister must teach you."

The sister, who traveled with the child, was called.

"You can teach your little sister to dance, can't you?"

"No, sir," she said decidedly.

"Well, well; this is very annoying. She must dance—she must be taught to dance. Isn't there any one who can teach her to dance?" There was dead silence on the part of the company while he walked up and down grumbling under his breath. Then he burst forth: "It is amazing how obstacles are always thrown in my way. Here my production is to be completely ruined because this child cannot dance and nobody can teach her!"

The little girl, who was an awfully sweet, earnest little thing, was trembling with fright and her tears were beginning to fall; so I impulsively stepped forward and said: "I'll teach her, Mr. Mansfield."

"Good," he said, and for him the incident was closed—but it wasn't for me. If I had realized what I was undertaking I'm afraid I would not have volunteered. Orey had never danced a step in her life. She didn't know what I was talking about when

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I explained—she couldn't follow me when I danced the steps over and over; so I had finally to get down on my knees beside her and move her feet with my hands—and we only had three days! But how that kiddie did work! She tried with all her soul: she practiced every hour of the day, and her sister had to rub her tired little legs with oil so she could sleep at night. She would come to my dressing room between my scenes in the other plays and I would dance for her and with her; and she made surprising progress. When the dress rehearsal arrived, and Father saw the dance for the first time, he beamed. He told Orey he never had seen anything so pretty—but he never even said "Thank you!" to me.

I was amply repaid, though, in the happiness the little girl felt over her success and in her gratitude to me.

An incident very illustrative of Mr. Mansfield's character occurred just before this dress rehearsal.

It was to be on Sunday, and he said: "I'll put it to a vote of the company as to whether it shall be in the afternoon or at night, and the majority shall rule."

Thinking, I suppose, of the Carlos rehearsal which finished at about three A. M., there were votes from all sides for the afternoon. "But," said Mr. Mansfield, "don't you think it will be better to have the whole day for rest and preparation and give it at night, exactly like a performance? What do you say?" "Afternoon," came the obstinate response. "But," he persisted, "I don't hear from any one but the men. What have the ladies to say?" "Afternoon," they all cried promptly. "So you all think it would be better in the afternoon?" "Yes, sir," unanimously. "Well, I don't; I prefer it at night. We'll have it at night."

Dimsdale was one of Mansfield's best characters, though his embodiment was very little like Hawthorne's delineation; but it was a vital and very moving picture, and there was an exaltation and an uplift about the play that was enthralling. The intensity of Dimsdale's suffering was depicted by the actor in a masterly way, but one didn't get the impression of weakness. Instead, in the death scene, his voice rose with a sheer strength that made me shiver with appreciation.

I wish it could have been possible to have preserved some of those vocal flights of Mansfield in phonographic records. I would give a great deal for instance to listen again to the lyric beauty of his tones as he recited the little verse in Le Misanthrope.

And then I said to King Henri:
"Take back—take back your grand Paris;
I love my love too well!"

I was not in the cast of Le Misanthrope and I used to like to watch it from the front, for Mansfield seemed just to be acting himself.

Our New York engagement was played at the New Amsterdam Theater during the five weeks preceding Easter; and when, on the day of our opening, I sent to the box-office to get a seat for my grandmother, who was anxious to see me as Portia, the best that could be had was in the last row of the orchestra for the last matinée of the engagement. It is always a pleasure to play in the New Amsterdam, for the stage is large and roomy, and the dressing rooms are arranged so that one can really breathe in them with comfort; but they have to be reached by an elevator—and, oh, the troubles there were over that elevator! None of the actors wanted to ride with the star, and the elevator man had a difficult problem to manage always to be where he was wanted, for Father wouldn't tolerate waiting an instant.

One night I came from the stage just in time to see the elevator start, and before I thought I called sharply: "Wait a minute!" and the man came back. Whatever made him do it I don't know, for when I stepped inside there, in lonely state, stood Father. My act of lese-majesty, however, was not commented upon, but he scolded me for not wearing a shawl when I passed through the drafty corridors and immediately sent to my room a dose of the Irish whisky he had bottled for himself, with the command that I should drink it all and not catch cold. It was so strong I felt as if the top of my head would come off and I was quite sufficiently punished for any of my misdeeds.

He certainly used to coddle himself and thought every one should do likewise. For exercise he took long walks every afternoon without an overcoat; but at night, going to and from the theater, he had a carriage, no matter how short the way or how mild the weather; and he wore a long coat, and a muffler over his mouth and nose, like the veil of an oriental lady.

The walls of the New Amsterdam would reverberate with the sounds of the fray on Doctor-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde nights, for the good Doctor Jekyll didn't seem to endure so long as the devilish Hyde. One night there were veritable roars and, opening my door, I heard his peroration: "Go to the police station, sir, and say Mr. Mansfield sent you to be arrested."

Trying as his furies were, they were not so disagreeable to the company in general as the lectures. These used to occur every few weeks. He would line us all up and give us a sorrowful little talk about his injuries and our shortcomings, as if we were school-children. About the middle of the year he had finished one of these causeries by promising a hundred dollars at the end of the season to the one who was voted by the majority of the company to have been the most "faithful and competent in the discharge of duty."

When the season was nearing the close the men of the company suddenly recalled this promise, which Father seemed to have forgotten; so they got together and voted for a young fellow who had played a number of important parts on short notice and who really deserved the prize. They informed Father of their action in a neatly typewritten letter and awaited results. That night, in his own handwriting, this appeared on the call board: "Mr. Mansfield has awarded the prize of one hundred dollars to Miss Blank"—naming a woman whose life he had made miserable during the entire season by his positive abuse at rehearsals. I suppose he thought she deserved some recompense for all she had stood.

I was sincerely sorry when the season finally closed. I was engaged for a modern play for the following season, for which I had great hopes; so I felt that it would be some time before I could—if I ever did—play with Mr. Mansfield again. And the year had been a glorious one. To have been leading woman for the greatest star of his day, playing splendid parts before the finest audiences in the land, was a satisfaction, and the feeling of accomplishing something worth while far outweighed the memory of any petty annoyance.

I never saw him but once after the final curtain of that season fell. It was on Riverside Drive one afternoon, while walking near my home in New York. He was at that time rehearsing Peer Gynt, and I was playing at Wallack's in Popularity. We chatted pleasantly and he told me that when he revived Cyrano de Bergerac, as he intended to do, he wanted me to play Roxane. I said I thought it could be arranged—and how I wish it might have been! Later in that season, while I was playing in The Mills of the Gods and rehearsing for The Roundup, he decided to revive his previous repertoire to add to Peer Gynt, and was dissatisfied with the rehearsals. He sent me word that he would like me to return because, he said: "I am ill and tired; and I wish to be sure that everything will be well done."

Both of my managers refused to release me, however, so I could not return; but I appreciated such a message from Mr. Mansfield and I'm so glad he sent it to me, for it was only a short time afterward that he broke down and never acted again.

The reason I got along so well with the so-called tyrant was, I think, because at first I was not afraid of him and in the end I revered and liked him.

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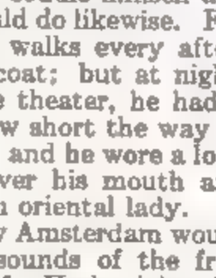

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Sense and Nonsense

The Postgraduate

I'M BACK from the country, all freckled and red, and ready for schooldays again. I was pale when I went, but my Uncle Bill said I have changed quite a good deal since then. My nose is quite freckled from hoeing the corn and being all day in the sun; my feet are all brown and my trousers are torn—but I never had half so much fun. My hair wasn't cut from the middle of June, but I don't seem to mind it at all. I never saw summer get over so soon and I hardly can think it is fall. Sometimes I would eat maybe four meals a day, with apples and berries between; and my cheeks are so fat people pull them this way, and they all want to know where I've been. I guess I wore out five or six pair of pants and most all of the old shirts I had. There's nothing like farming and uncles and aunts to teach a small boy to be glad. Sometimes after dinner, which was a big meal, I would work till it almost was night; and after I worked for a while I would feel I was getting a new appetite. I chopped so much wood and I pitched so much hay that no wonder I'm covered with tan; and my aunt understood Uncle William to say I am almost as good as a man.

I TOOK a bath often two times in a day, in the creek where it came up chin-high—where you do not need towels or soap, and you lay in the sun on the creek-bank to dry. I rode on a horse from the field to the yard when the sun would be pretty near gone, and sometimes I fell off when it trotted too hard and sometimes when it walked I stayed on. Sometimes I would milk a big cow in a pail that was gentle and kind as could be, unless there were flies that it swished with its tail and would upset the milk over me. One time a big goose knocked me into the creek with its wings and I got pretty wet, but my Uncle Bill said he would show him a trick—and he'll get it Thanksgiving, you bet! I learned about lizards and crickets and frogs, and blow-snakes that do so much harm, and what kind of fleas you can get off of dogs, and hornets you bind with a charm. And school for a part of the time is all right, to learn how to read and do sums; but you learn something new both in daytime and night on the farm when vacationtime comes.

AND I can churn butter, and freeze the ice-cream, and poultice bee-stings on your legs, and tell if the hens lay an egg when they scream—and fool them with doorknobs for eggs. I learned to pick geese for a big feather tick, and where the wild strawberries grow, and how you stuff straw into clothes, with a stick in its arms, so's to scare off a crow. Sometimes I shelled peas for my aunt in a dish and snapped the wax beans so's to cook; and learned to dig worms that will catch you some fish and how to put them on a hook. And don't trust a goat when it comes up behind, no matter how friendly he seems; and treat the farmhorse all thoughtful and kind, and don't let him drink when he steams. And grease the well rope if it squeaks when you pull, and don't leave things out in the wet; and duck an old hen in a rain-barrel full to cure her of wanting to set. And nobody knows all the things you can tell without any table or rule; and Uncle Bill says I can do twice as well in my books when I go back to school.

—*J. W. Foley.*

An Edible Footstool

ONE of the waiters in a hotel, who did not understand English very well, came to the head waiter and said in German:

"That gentleman sitting over there says his wife is not feeling very well and she wants some hash."

"All right," directed the head waiter. "It's not on the bill, but go out and get her some minced chicken."

The waiter presently came back with a plate of chicken hash.

Both man and woman looked astonished. They examined the hash critically and laughed. The head waiter, regarding them sternly, did not know what to make of it.

The head waiter walked over to the table.

"Is not the service satisfactory?"

"Perfectly."

"I do not understand why you laugh at my efforts to please," he said with much dignity.

"Don't get sore," protested the man. "It's this way: I told that waiter my wife was not feeling very well and wanted a hassock, and he went away and came back with a plate of hash!"

A Toothsome Tale

FAT JACK MURPHY was a hackman in Helena for many years. Fat Jack wooed the fickle goddess at the faro table. After years of study and losses he evolved a system that was sure to win. He scraped together a roll of money and went at it.

After he had played for a time he was down to the cloth. He hadn't a chip left. He hurried out to borrow some money. The first man he met was an old friend who was in the money-loaning business.

"Lend me ten dollars," said Jack.

"What on?" asked the friend.

Jack scratched his head.

"I ain't got nothin'," he explained; "but I got to have ten. My system is comin' out. I only got two more bets to make. I'll win sure! Let me have ten."

"No security—no ten," said the friend coldly.

Fat Jack took out his false teeth.

"Can I get ten on them?" he asked anxiously.

"Sure!" said the moneylender, and he passed over the ten dollars, wrapped the teeth in a handkerchief and went on his way. Fat Jack lost, of course. The system didn't work. Next morning he came round to the moneylender's place.

"Say," he said, "I got to eat."

"All right," the moneylender replied. "Pay the ten and you can have your teeth."

"I ain't got no ten."

"Then you get no teeth."

"Ain't there some way we can fix this up?" pleaded Jack. "I got to eat and I can't eat without them teeth."

"How much have you got?"

"Fifty cents."

"All right; I'll hire the teeth to you for breakfast for that fifty cents!" And he went round to an eating place with Jack and stood by while Jack ate his ham and eggs. Then he collected the teeth. Every time Jack was hungry he paid fifty cents and hired his teeth. It took him a month to raise the ten dollars in a bunch and get the teeth back.

The Donkey Engine

You hear him puffing loudly on the freighter in the dock
As he swings the cargo in her to the clacking of the block.
He pants and chugs and chatters as he lifts a ton or two;
But he'll tackle any labor that they find for him to do,
From hoisting ladies' bonnets to handling kegs of shot—
The sassy donkey engine,
The brassy donkey engine,
The classy donkey engine
Is Johnny on the spot.

High up upon the bridges that grow through empty air,
You find him lifting girders and doing all his share;
And where the city buildings go soaring to the sky
The little donkey engine is sure to meet your eye—
Yes, where the hammers clamor and the rivets sizzle hot,
The "ducky" donkey engine,
The lucky donkey engine,
The plucky donkey engine
Is Johnny on the spot.

You sing about your power plants, ten thousand horse or more.
I chant the donkey engine on the sea or on the shore,
The puffing little giant that does his nifty work
And never seems to weary and never cares to shirk;
But chugs and pants and sputters—and does an awful lot—
The "candy" donkey engine,
The handy donkey engine,
The dandy donkey engine
Is Johnny on the spot.

—*Berton Braley.*

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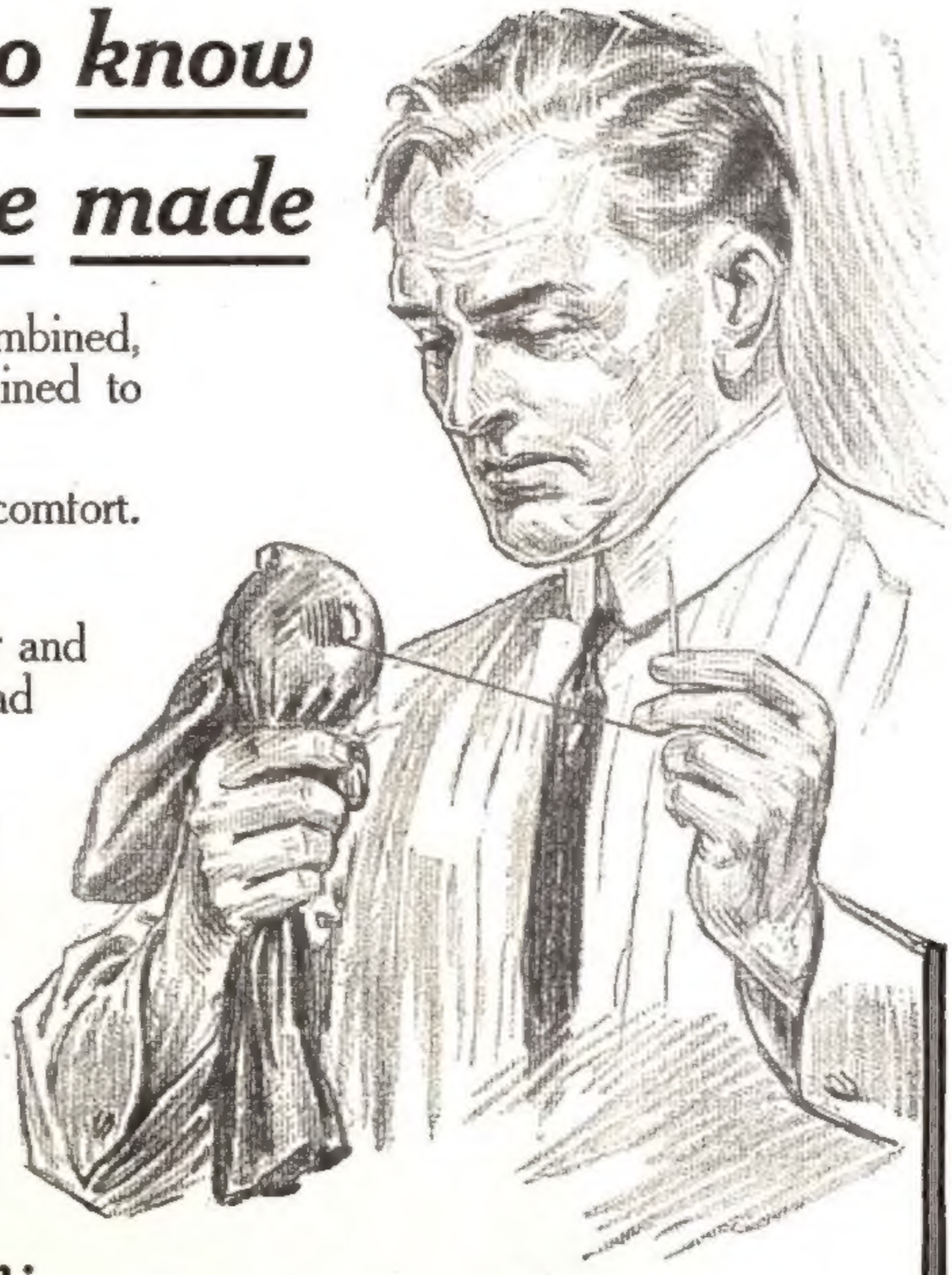

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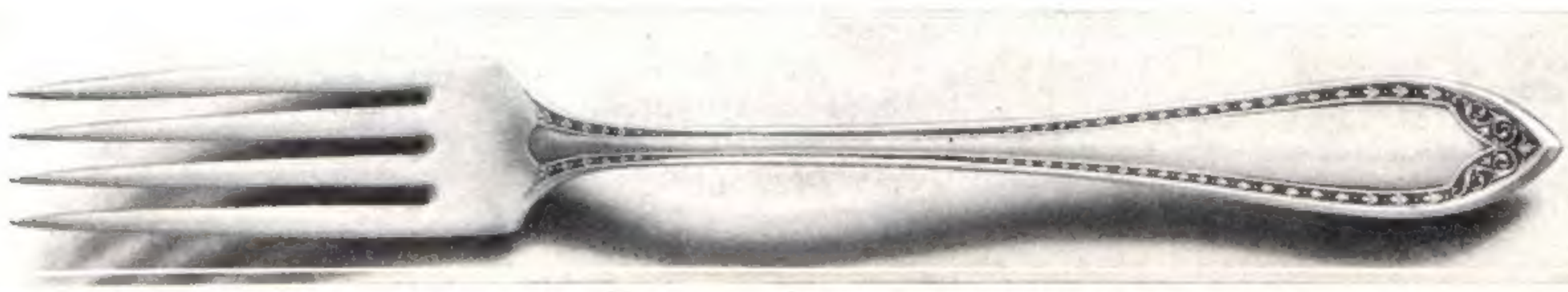

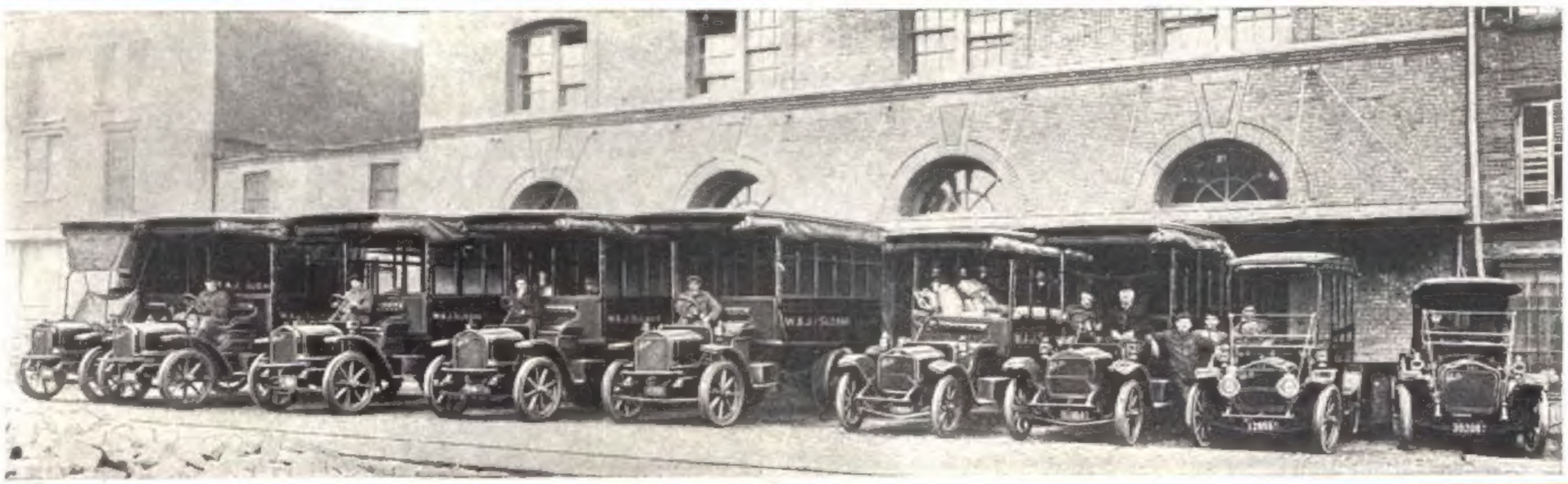

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